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THE AVE MARIA

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BLESSED VIRGIN



NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



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\$2.50

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 7.—SS. Cyril and Methodius, BB. St. Hedda, B.	TUESDAY, 10.—The Seven Brothers, MM.
SUNDAY, 8.—SEVENTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Elizabeth of Portugal, Q. W.	WEDNESDAY, 11.—St. Pius I., P. M.
MONDAY, 9.—Bl. Thomas More, M. Bl. Adrian Fortescue, M.	THURSDAY, 12.—St. John Gualbert, C. SS. Nabor and Comp's, MM.
	FRIDAY, 13. — St. Anacletus, P. M. St. Mildred, V.
	SATURDAY, 14.—St. Bonaventure, B. C. D.

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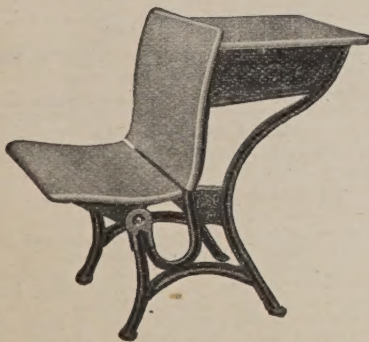
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VOL. XVIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 7, 1923.

No. 1

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Clove-Pinks.

BY ELISABETH MAYER.

THE rare carnations, Mother—
Their spicy fragrance sends
My thoughts to your dear garden
And clove-pinks, when day ends.

The eve of First Communion—
Odor of reverence,
The swift and haunting symbol
Of passing innocence.

The convent graduation—
The young and studied skill
That marked the final essay—
Your smile is wisdom still!

The vigil of my bridehood—
A glance at whitened hair;
Eyes caught in poignant meeting;
Blessings and anguish there.

Mother—the rare carnations
Must ever fail to tell
The fragrances of twilights
Where clove-pinks keep their spell.

Caldey Island and Its Passion Play.

BY F. J. BOWEN.

IT is now ten years since the strange experiment made to graft the Benedictine spirit on to the Anglican stock ended in dramatic failure when (practically) the whole community of Caldey monks seceded to the Church of Rome. "Rome," with its traditional wisdom, allowed the brave community to continue its separate life as a self-

contained unit without incorporating it into the existing English province; and so for ten years, the white-robed monks of Caldey Island have continued their corporate existence as true Benedictines of the primitive observance.

The little island off the south coast of Wales has much in it, accordingly, to attract the intelligent visitor and thoughtful observer of contemporary life. With the exception of a government lighthouse, the entire island belongs to the community. It is, therefore, like a survival of the monastic settlements of the Middle Ages, when the monks were the great landowners, and worked continually for the improvement of the land and the well-being of their tenants. A visit to Caldey, indeed, is not unlike an adventure into the Ages of Faith,—a stepping out of our smoke-begrimed, restless, material civilization into the purer atmosphere of a simpler and healthier time.

The noble abbey—an imposing block of buildings of picturesque design—dominates the place. Around it clusters the village—a single row of cottages,—the post office and general store of the island, the fruit and vegetable gardens, the farm and ancient priory, and parish church, a few scattered dwellings, and the guest house, where visitors are housed in frugal comfort combined with monastic quiet and simplicity. There is but one uncertain post a day, and an occasional paper. The island is dependant, not only for its news, but

for much of its food, on the mainland, from which rough weather often deters the boats; and though, by a strange anomaly, there is an excellent supply of electric light, there are—O joy of joys!—no telephones or trams, no trains or motor-cars, or any of the other “indispensable” requisites of our nerve-racking up-to-dateness, to disturb the serenity of the place.

True to their monastic traditions, the monks of Caldey have been busy developing the resources of their island home, and have done much in recent years. The prior, a man of ideas, has many plans for future improvements. There is need; for “faith,” the pearl of great price, was not purchased by the monks without the making of great sacrifices. The assured income of their Anglican days was cut off at its source when they “came over”; and they have, I fancy, many anxious moments devising how to make both ends meet. The island yields a fine limestone for building purposes, and one of the schemes on foot is to enlarge the existing quarry. An island boat, also, is an urgent necessity. With the aid of the Board of Agriculture, which is sympathetic, it is intended to build a harbor and to settle a number of Catholic families on the soil. But for all these excellent plans, the monks are sadly handicapped for want of means.

The Christian memories of the island reach back to far-off days, and to the glories of the Celtic Church. The great Saint David made it, according to tradition, his place of Lenten retreat; and the old priory church contains a stone marked with Ogham characters. A plentiful supply of water from its one good well made the island habitable, and an ideal spot for the hermit life. Its Benedictine connection began about A. D. 1133, when the priory, with its fish ponds and primitive buildings, and little church, were erected. This

church is a Celtic structure, and is still in use for the benefit of the farm hands.

The abbey with its church is a noble structure, built in Anglican days, and is very picturesque, like the buildings one sees in South Germany or the Tyrol. Its simplicity wears a Celtic look, though it is of no particular style of architecture. The plain arches and windows are round; but one does not think of “styles” at Caldey; one is content to drink in only the beauty of the whole. It is the simplicity that mainly charms. The light-colored walls, the timbered ceilings and the red-tiled roofs, the oak-flooring and panelling, the few but appropriate decorations and pictures;—these make Caldey a thing of beauty and delight.

The devotional abbot's chapel and the abbey church have a picture each—no more: the one, a Russian icon of the Madonna and Child richly embossed with gold; the other a beautiful reredos, encased in gold, with painted figures in the manner of the old Italian altar-pieces. Particularly interesting is the altar of the abbey church, which is composed of stones taken from the old English monasteries. The beautiful altar requisites, tabernacles, sanctuary lamps and candlesticks of ivory and silver, give a refreshing sense of relief from the all too-prevalent modern use of brass.

The abbey is a hive of industry. The Office is sung in choir according to the strict Solesmes chant; outside the church the monks are everywhere to be met occupied in digging, or otherwise employed, with neat blue overalls worn over their white habits. Painting, weaving or glass-making, gardening or fruit-growing, are all practised; but the most successful industry appears to be the manufacture of incense.

It was while at Oberammergau that I first heard of the Caldey Passion Play. My curiosity was aroused, and I men-

tally registered a resolve to see it, if I could. The opportunity came in time, and on the 9th of March, the fourth Friday of Lent, I was privileged to witness the first performance of this year.

There is no need to compare the Caldey production with that of Oberammergau. The latter, elaborate and complicated, is a realistic performance that takes one back by its vivid setting, local color and careful acting, to the times of the Gospel story, which is reproduced to the life before one's eyes; the former, simple in the extreme, is a purely spiritual and idealistic conception. Both, in their different ways, are beautiful.

The Caldey play is a remarkable production in many respects. It is very simple and very original. It is a true act of devotion, where, by means of the simplest devices, without any attempt to secure illusion in the usual theatrical ways, a true work of beauty is evolved, and a high degree of artistic excellence attained. Though of the simplest, the scenery is sufficient for all purposes; and goes to show that modern methods are not indispensable for securing the best effects. With the aid of only four light-colored "pylons," an archway, screen and sliding walls, a green curtain, and a few table requisites of an Oriental character, with cushions that give a welcome note of color, striking effects are obtained; and some of the scenes, especially those of the banqueting hall at Bethania and the Crucifixion, are, indeed, of quite remarkable beauty.

The idealism is enhanced by the fact that the monks, who are the sole actors, perform in their everyday habits. This is an innovation, for, till last year, the customary "costumes" were worn. The experiment has been more than justified by the result. The whole performance, it has been remarked, by one who has seen both, has been raised to another altogether higher plane; and what has been lost in realism has been

more than counterbalanced by the gain in spirituality. The sight of the clean-shaven "disciples" of Our Lord and the beardless Christ—a part sustained with great dignity and reverence by one of the younger monks—comes at first with a slight shock of surprise. The feeling, however, soon passes away. The only distinctions made, apart from the carrying of staves and spears, are the wearing of a white alb and a stole by the Christ, while the women—Our Lady and Mary Magdalen—have white veils cast over their heads.

Another peculiarity is, that the actors do not speak their parts, which, together with the story of the Passion, in the simple, unadorned words of the Evangelists, are chanted by voices off the stage, somewhat in the manner of the Passion sung in Holy Week. The music, based on that of Schütz, a Seventeenth Century composer, is by one of the community, and adds not a little to the general excellence of the performance. An English setting of the "Stabat Mater," sung between the words of Christ from the Cross in the supreme scene of the Crucifixion is particularly moving. This adds much to the devotional nature of the work, which is further accentuated by the recital of the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary in the intervals between the different scenes.

The play is preceded by a short prologue, in which the prevailing note of tragedy is struck with the words "Who is this that cometh with dyed garments from Bosra?" and is divided into thirteen scenes, beginning with the banquet at Bethania and ending with the supper at Emmaus. All are brief except that of the Crucifixion; and the tragedy moves on rapidly to its great climax on Calvary. This is a scene of much power and beauty. The robed Figure on the solitary cross, before the green-curtained background, with the traditional

"three" at its foot, and the groups of soldiers and spectators beyond, forms a memorable picture. The deepest emotions are stirred; and when, after the last word from the Cross, the head of the Christ sinks in death, and darkness falls upon the stage, the audience sits hushed in silent awe. But the play does not conclude with a note of sorrow; it ends in the supper room at Emmaus, just as the risen Christ reveals Himself to His astonished disciples.

It may be well to remark in conclusion, that this Passion Play is not the only mystery or morality play produced at Caldey. A Nativity Play, also, is performed at Christmas. It was written by one of the inhabitants, and is acted by the people of the island. Thus under the inspiration of the monks, the Church at Caldey, as in some other places, is again showing herself a true patron of the drama, which, if well used, she knows to be one of the best and healthiest instincts of human nature, and well adapted for the instruction and the recreation of her children. Any account of the revival of the old miracle plays, which seems already to have begun, would be incomplete if it failed to recognize the good work done, and the remarkable results achieved by these white-robed monks.

The object and scope of the life at Caldey, as explained by the present prior, is primarily the living of the contemplative life under the Benedictine Rule, and secondly the incidental purpose represented by the arts and crafts and various industries encouraged on the island. "Avoiding all activity beyond the precincts of the monastery and the natural enclosure of the island, we desire in our work to embody that ideal of the contemplative life which for ever stands behind the vast external authority of the Church, and which upholds it through the incalculable spiritual forces of prayer."

A Tool of Fortune.*

I.

THE banking-house of Samuel Lewin & Sons sustained business relations with every financial establishment of importance in the Russian Empire, as well as in foreign countries. It might almost have been termed one of the powers. Although W—— was a flourishing city, and could boast of a beautiful old cathedral, an episcopal palace, a *powiat*, or sub-prefecture, the residence of the *natchelnik*, or sub-prefect, the Lewin bank gave no hint of the opulence of its proprietors. It was a low, square structure, with four windows in front, surmounted by a tiled mansard roof.

When a child, Lewin had often sat on one of the three wooden steps leading up to the front door, beside his mother, Thekla Levek, who, her basket on her arm, offered for sale eggs, butter, and vegetables. Thekla had died when he was a youth; Mordka, her husband, a peddler of small wares, had survived her but a short time; and the two sons, Zachariah and Samuel, had equally shared the modest inheritance. The older brother had devoted himself to study and become a rabbi.

Samuel for a time continued his father's occupation. In the country, people still remembered his old bryska drawn by two bony horses. But, like so many others of his race, he developed a decided talent for business, possessing daring, tenacity, cunning, penetration. Soon he was able to purchase the old building on the corner of the street, and the Lewin bank was established. Later, when a series of successful operations had given his house a reputation for solidity and reliability, he had had the shabby walls of the old building freshened up. But he was a Jew of the old

*"The Master of Wola," by Count Janewski. Translated for THE AVE MARIA by H. Twitchell.

school, who sacrificed little to fashion and superficial elegances. Still, he changed his name Levek to Lewin; and, apart from rare appearances at the synagogue, he rid himself of the encumbering requirements of the Mosaic Law.

Everything without marketable value was deemed superfluous by this practical man of affairs. His wife, the daughter of rich *méchés*,* had influenced him toward Catholicism. She died too soon to see her zealous hopes realized, however. Lewin remained a Jew, but he allowed his sons to grow up in perfect liberty regarding matters of faith. The elder one, Leopold, at present his right arm and business partner, had had himself enrolled at the last census as professing the "reformed religion"; the other one, little Jacob, had inherited all the religious fanaticism of his ancestors. This state of things caused a feeling of animosity between the brothers and furnished a constant subject of disagreement. The father hesitated between the two, being drawn to the one by his secret affections, and to the other by his vanity, which had developed in proportion to the growth of his fortune.

Like his mother, Leopold had ambitious desires: he dreamed of an alliance with the nobility, when all traces of his Jewish origin should be washed away by the full current of the Polish aristocracy. Jacob, on the other hand, absorbed in the study of the Thora and the Talmud, silent and concentrated, expressed in his flashing eyes all the hatred of the *hassyte* against the *ghoja*. And while old Samuel, prompted by his pride, publicly favored the elder of his sons, his heart, or rather his paternal yearnings, drew him toward the younger. He recognized in Jacob that something which, in the inmost depths of human nature, constitutes the very essence of race, with its

prejudices, preferences, and instincts. He therefore permitted his younger son to follow the impulses of his faith; assuring himself, as if to excuse his weakness, that Leopold would be left to continue his work, divert it into other channels and toward other horizons, urged thither by the march of events. As there is a strain of fatalism in all of the descendants of Sem, Samuel closed his eyes to the antagonism of the two brothers; realizing, however, that the stubborn convictions of the one would be a stumbling-block which the high aspirations of the other would encounter at every step in his career. It was a sort of counterpoise that existed between the two forces striving for the control of the future of his race. The future, then, could settle it.

As for himself, he continued to live modestly, according to his habits and traditions. His business was managed with the strictest economy. Always an indefatigable worker, he foresaw and provided for everything. He employed but three clerks, and yet this powerful banker held in his grasp nearly all the important landed proprietors of the country; he saw them file through his office, where nothing had changed for the past thirty years.

This was a long, narrow, gloomy room, with but one window looking out on the street. In the centre, a table of black wood, loaded with papers and documents, served as a desk for the head of the house. On each side of the door, facing the desk, pigeon-holes, labelled and numbered, were ranged along the wainscoting. Above the door, a cuckoo-clock, an old family relic, marked the rapid flight of the hours with its joyous notes. Two sofas and a few chairs completed the simple furnishing of the apartment.

On this December afternoon a good fire was burning in the stove. As it was twilight, a kerosene lamp with a green

**Méchés* are Jews converted to Christianity.

shade lighted the table at which Samuel sat writing, bent low over his paper; the rest of the room was nearly dark. In one of the corners could be distinguished a black spot—something like a human form crouching in a heap on a sofa, in that abandon of pose caused by a long period of waiting in an atmosphere of silence. Doubtless, it was only one of those clients whose precarious condition was well known, and whose tearful solicitations had to be discouraged by this studied indifference and lack of consideration; for Lewin's hand kept on moving across the large blue sheets; and the scratching of his pen and the rustling of the leaves as he turned them were the only sounds to be heard, except the dull roaring of the fire that reddened the door of the little stove.

Samuel raised his head occasionally, as if he were seeking an expression exactly suited to his thought. The lamplight then fell full on his sallow countenance; straggling locks of grey hair hung down over his temples, while his bald cranium, with its protuberances that a disciple of Lavater would have eagerly noted, took the tints of old ivory. His mustache reached straight back to the base of large, flat ears, inclined forward as if listening. His chin was carefully shaven. The thick lips denoted strong passions and sensual appetites; but the bulging, retreating forehead, the pointed chin with the maxillary angles strongly accented, the nose hooked like the beak of a bird of prey, showed that the innate instincts of rapacity, suspicion and artifice dominated and controlled the promptings of the senses.

From time to time, with a nervous gesture, he adjusted his spectacles under the bushy eyebrows almost joining above his nose, and glanced at a door through which could be heard the subdued murmur of voices, the discreet

coming and going of clerks who felt themselves under the watchful eye of the master.

There was no fire in this room, where they sat bent over their writing; pausing occasionally to blow on their stiffened fingers, to stretch out their numb limbs, and to cast furtive glances at the door, at which Lewin was wont to appear a little before seven o'clock and pronounce the magic words "Go now!" on ordinary occasions, and "Go to the devil!" when a good business transaction had just been completed.

They feared there would be a delay to-day. The patron had a visitor, and this old Councillor Raz was well known to them. Once there, he was hard to get rid of. Of course he was after a fresh loan. As if any one cared to loan money to a man who could not pay for his bread and meat! But he still lived on his own estate, and was addressed as "My lord!" (*Jaspie pan!*) He was a pretty lord, indeed! For that matter, Isidore Schmulek, the errand-boy of the bank, had as much right to the title, so far as wealth was concerned. And what a sight this pauper lord was as he walked through the office, trying to straighten up his gaunt old frame, wrapped in a rag of a cloak, for which Isidore's mother, who bought old clothes, would not have given him ten roubles! But wait! The patron would soon force him to give up his estate, like so many others; and after him there would be others still, until the time when the seigneurial lands, the last refuge of the ruined members of a society gone forever, would have passed into the possession of the sons of Abraham and Jacob.

But for this evening, the all-important consideration was that old Raz should take his leave before seven o'clock. They had frozen long enough. Doubtless by a phenomenon of suggestion, these thoughts of the clerks re-

acted at a distance on the poor old Councillor. He felt a breath of hostility coming through that door along with the rays of light that held his gaze. How wrongfully they judged him! He would not have hurt a fly. He certainly never gave himself grand airs as he crossed the counting-room. Perhaps an innate sense of superiority existed in his breast without his knowledge; but since, unfortunately, one needed the services of the Jews, it was necessary to conform to their rules of conduct.

What Lewin's clerks considered pride was, on the contrary, an excess of timidity. He was ashamed of himself. Like all men gradually reduced by adversity, his humility was in proportion to his former pride. The blood rushed to his pale cheeks as the remarks of the clerks reached his ears like a confused buzzing: "There is Father Raz again! He has come to bow and cringe before the patron so as to get a renewal of his note."

That was the truth, alas! He had the note with him, in the pocket of his shabby cloak; and, worse than all, it was his last resource. If Samuel took it into his head to refuse his signature, before a month he and his daughter would be homeless—driven out from that cherished Wola that had been the home of the Raz family, from father to son, for three hundred years. What would become of him then? Could he hope to find even the most modest employment? He could do nothing. A little French, a little music, the superficial polish given to noblemen's sons of the last generation, were his only acquirements. One does not earn his living with such aids. In these matters his daughter Wanda—his Wandaziutka, as he called her—could have become his teacher. It was she who would have to work for both, and whom he saw reduced to a position of governess—

stooping to all sorts of services in the family of some vulgar rich man.

Ah, what a cruel fate! And to think that it should befall him in his old age! He had done nothing to provoke the misfortunes that had gathered over his head, threatening to crush him with their weight. His life had passed along regularly, without passions to combat, extravagances to restrain, or vices to conceal. He had inherited the paternal domain loaded with mortgages. That was the beginning of the evil.

He certainly had not done wrong in marrying a penniless bride for love. No: it was she who did wrong in dying, leaving on his hands two motherless children, and all those details of interior management which only the skilful hands and practical instincts of a housewife could master. Misfortune had not ceased to pursue him. For this he blamed neither God nor man. He had even made for himself a system of philosophy on the subject. Life was a game in which there were winners and losers. He was on the unlucky side. A series of years more unproductive than the seven years of Holy Writ, constantly increasing taxes, tillage made more and more difficult and precarious because of foreign competition, the constant debasement of the rouble,—all these had been his real enemies! He had but yielded to the influence of these multiple causes, economical, political and social. Could he struggle against them? The country was henceforth to belong, not to the ancient feudal owners of the soil, but to the representatives of commerce, of science and industry. These broad lands were waiting to be stirred up to their very foundation layers: to be furrowed by railroads, fertilized by steam, transformed by the smoke of factories and mills.

In the future, everything was to belong to engineers. For this reason the worthy Councillor had decided to

make one of his son. His preparation having been made at a gymnasium in one of the neighboring German towns, Jean Raz was now taking a course at the Polytechnic School of Riga. A few weeks more and he would be graduated—with honors, of course,—and then he would probably be appointed by the government to superintend the construction of one of the immense railroads that were to serve as arteries through which new blood was to be infused into the body of the great Muscovite Empire. Then they would be saved: that would mean fortune. Three weeks more to wait—only three weeks,—and Jean would be able to assure the future of the family, find a husband for his sister, and make it possible for his old father to live peacefully, happily. And what was needed to make the realization of this beautiful dream possible from the present even? But few things surely. Raz thought of the chief one. Samuel would only have to sign this note for five thousand roubles,—a mere nothing for the banker, but to him a matter of life and death.

And why should Lewin refuse him this service? His affairs were in no worse condition to-day than they had been a year ago. Wola, his estate, was there as a guarantee. Lewin would be sure of payment at last. Then why should he refuse? That the banker continued his writing without paying any attention to him was not a mark of ill-will. Bankers in general, and Lewin in particular, were busy, painstaking people. That was well known. To interrupt him, to remind him of his presence by a sign, might perhaps be injurious to his cause; and the old man decided to have patience.

His period of waiting was nearly at an end, however. The clock above the door slowly struck six. The cuckoo disappeared within his door, garlanded with roses and foliage; the echoes of

his voice at last ceased to vibrate through the silent room. Then Samuel laid down his pen and turned abruptly toward his solicitor.

"Pardon me, sir!" he said, speaking rapidly, as if he were still urged on by the fever of work; "but, you know, with us time is gold in the bar,—yes, my dear Raz, gold in the bar."

(To be continued.)

A Notable Biography.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

TWO notable biographies of religious women, belonging to our own times, have been recently published,—Mother Cornelia Connelly, foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, and Mother Janet Erskine Stuart, Mother-General of the Society of the Sacred Heart. Born Protestants, both were received into the Church in their young womanhood; became fervent religious, with the education of children as their chief object; and both were called upon to govern their respective communities. Spiritually, they have, in common, the solid virtues that make an exemplary religious; but here the resemblance ceases. It is of the more peaceful life of Mother Stuart that we would write.

There can be no doubt that, in common with the servants of God, Mother Stuart did not scale the heights of holiness without suffering; but she was spared the peculiar difficulty that attends a new venture; her life, framed by rules that had over a century's existence, pursued its course on lines solidly laid down beforehand.

The wonderful charm of Mother Stuart's personality—cultured, sympathetic, many-sided,—gave distinction and saintliness to all that she touched. Almost unconsciously, in spite of her natural shyness and humility, she influenced those who approached her.

The woman of whom Cardinal Bourne writes that, "to her it was given to attain an intensity of religious faith and purpose, to live a life of intimate union with God, such as has not often been surpassed," was a power for good. Scarcely less enlightening as to her value is the Cardinal's allusion to her friendship, "that was to many of us the great possession of our lives."*

Janet Erskine Stuart was born at Cottesham Rectory, in Rutlandshire, in 1857. Her father, the honorable and reverend Andrew Stuart, was descended from Walter High Steward of Scotland in 1117. He was twice married; his second wife, Janet's mother, being a Noël, cousin to Lord Gainsborough. She died in 1859, but the gentle and loving influence of her half sister, Theodosia, made Janet's childhood a happy one; for her aunt seems to have filled the mother's empty place with a wisdom above her years.

Janet grew up keenly interested in country pursuits. She was remarkable for her "vigorous personality, her attention to details, her love for, and appreciation of, nature, combined with a gift for teaching that is still remembered by some of her former pupils." Together with the active, healthy existence of a country-bred child, Janet, from the age of twelve, led an interior life that was governed by an intense wish to grasp the reasons for religious faith. The neighborhood of her cousins, the Catholic Noëls, first made her acquainted with Catholic books; and these, in a measure, acted as an antidote to the freethinking philosophy imbibed from her German governess.

In 1879, she had, after much thought, prayer and reading, drawn very near the Church; and, that same year, she

consented to meet Father Gallwey, S. J., whose influence over many souls was considerable. From the first, he realized that the neophyte, who came to him for enlightenment was one in a thousand, and his treatment of her was essentially prudent and generous: "Let your father have every chance," he said, when Mr. Stuart, an upright man and an affectionate father, desired that, before taking the final step, his daughter should read Protestant books, and talk over matters with Protestant friends, among whom was Mr. Gladstone. She complied with his wishes; but her mind was now satisfied, and her decision was taken. On March 6, 1879, she was received into the Church.

The price Janet paid for the gift of Faith was separation from her father. He continued to write to her; he provided generously for her needs; but, from conscientious motives, he thought it wrong to let a Catholic child of his live at the rectory, except on a passing visit. Her brothers, who knew that the step she had taken was no caprice, but the result of years of study, took her part in the matter.

For three years and a half after her conversion, Janet Stuart made her home chiefly with Catholic friends. She led a strenuous life. Hunting was her passion, and her power over horses was extraordinary. But, if hunting and fishing filled up her days, many hours of the night were devoted to prayer and to study. Father Gallwey's letters to her are very charming. He encouraged her love of nature, was interested in her out-of-door pursuits, approved of her studies; and never, even by a passing word, touched on the question of a religious vocation. Better than any one, he probably realized that her soul was daily gaining in depth and earnestness; yet, when she declared her intention of following a retreat that he was to preach, he only acquiesced.

* "The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart, Superior-General of the Society of the Sacred Heart, 1857-1914." By Maud Monahan. Longmans, Green & Co.

The call to a religious life came to her during that retreat. She sat on the convent terrace and asked herself: "Could I face the idea of never mounting a horse again?... Could I accept life in thirty-three acres of ground?"—"She could not foresee," adds her biographer, "that she would one day, for God's sake, girdle the earth in her travels."

On September 8, 1882, she entered the novitiate at Roehampton. Father Gallwey feared only for her health, and, prizing her so highly, wondered: "Will they appreciate her?" The day of entering seemed to Janet "like death," but also "like the intensest day of life." She was a model novice: shy, humble, silent, self-sacrificing; but at heart she suffered intensely. Mother Digby once said to her: "Do you feel as if God's air would never blow upon you again?"—"Her looks," added Mother Stuart, when relating the incident, "said the rest—that it would come right."

We gather that Janet Stuart's renunciation was as complete as it could be. She sacrificed her love of nature, of study, of solitude. There was a "great gravity" about her, but her trust in God never faltered; and her own words, written when her experience had ripened, prove that this trust was fully rewarded—"it came right." Mother Digby had a rare power of penetration, and, though her training of the new novice was somewhat austere, she selected her as her own sub-secretary, and taught her, among other things, to wage war against her shyness. "Shyness was not an apostolic virtue; it had to be given up." But for a long time it cost Sister Stuart very much to take part in conversation at recreation time.

In November, 1884, she made her first vows and was given an English class, where she revealed herself a born teacher. Her aim was to give a "personal worth to each child." She made her pupils think, and her quiet au-

thority created an atmosphere of peace.

In 1888, the young religious spent six months at the mother-house in Paris, to prepare for her final vows; and, the following year, she was made mistress of novices at Roehampton. It is amusing to notice that her advice to her young Sisters is expressed in terms that recall her old pursuits. To an anxious-minded, somewhat scrupulous Sister, she says: "Sit your saddle more loosely"; to others: "You must be thorough-breds, Sisters"; to one who found the yoke heavy: "Handle your rebellious nature as your father taught you to handle your Arab chestnut."

We can easily realize Mother Stuart's influence, as her soul grew closer to God. She developed liberty of spirit, and delivered to those who lived with her "a message of joy and hope unconquerable." She seems to have combined a high ideal with an eminently practical mind. Herself a "mystic and a genius," she prized fidelity, thoroughness, and, above all, simplicity. She once answered a long, unreasonable and complicated letter on spiritual matters by three words, written in pencil across the sheet: "Pray for sense."

In 1894, Mother Digby left Roehampton, having been appointed first assistant of the Society of the Sacred Heart; the following year, she became mother-general, and Mother Stuart was named superior of Roehampton and vicar of the houses in England. She accompanied Mother Digby to the United States, and, two years later, was sent to visit the convents in South America and in the West Indies,—an experience that, she owns, "dragged off her shyness bit by bit."

Her letters to Roehampton during these journeys are delightful. She enjoys the scenery, notes, with a botanist's fervor, new trees and flowers, is amused at the traits of national speech and character. Some of her expeditions

are real adventures. Such is the one where, on the traces of the saintly Mother Duchesne, whose "Cause" had been introduced, she crosses the Missouri, not without some risk, on an "antiquated ferry boat." The letters that describe these experiences to the Roehampton nuns and children are characteristic, blending humor with devotion.

In Mexico, the nuns were the guests of the archbishop, who lodged them in "a ghostly suite of rooms once occupied by the unfortunate Maximilian and his wife, the Empress Charlotte. To Manhattanville, N. Y., came a great gathering of vicars, superiors and mistresses of studies, from Canada and even Australia, as well as the United States. To these, Mother Stuart gave a conference every morning on the method and spirit of the teaching in the Sacred Heart convents. She had a great respect for sound first principles, but an equally quick comprehension of the necessity of sometimes allowing minor matters to be modified by national habits and temperament.

On May 12, 1899, Mother Stuart returned to Roehampton, where she remained for nearly two years, at the end of which she was sent to visit the convents in the West Indies and South America. A pilgrimage to Mother Barat's birthplace was the fitting prelude to this long journey. At Joigny, the little house of the Burgundian vine grower, whose daughter was to found the Society of the Sacred Heart, spoke to the visitor of "lowly beginnings, humble thoughts and hidden life."

On February 16, 1901, Madame Stuart embarked at Bordeaux and visited in succession, the convents of Porto Rico, Cuba and Havanna; then across Panama to Lima. At Panama, she and her companions were received by the Sisters of Charity, who put a bungalow at their disposal; the daughters of St.

Vincent and those of Mother Barat spent the recreations in happy companionship. The receptions at Lima, Valparaiso, Santiago, and other South American cities, were marked by many picturesque, sometimes humorous, incidents. The "old children"—former pupils of the Society—were always in great force to welcome her, and the South American bishops were not behindhand in their manifestations of cordiality.

Mother Stuart writes that she has learnt to go through these varied greetings with "a fair amount of fortitude and gravity"; and no trace of her former shyness was visible when the episcopal carriage, drawn by milk-white horses, and the bishop himself, surrounded by canons, secretaries, friends and ladies, waited at the station to escort her to the convent with due honor. On another occasion, she had to walk through a double line of priests and ladies, along a path strewn with roses with an enormous bouquet in her hands. It felt like "being a fool for Christ's sake."

Her exterior life, so full of occupation, responsibility and intellectual work—for even on board ship, Mother Stuart wrote her books—was combined with an inner life that fed on prayer. Something of this is revealed in the letters that she wrote to Father Daignault, S. J., who won all her confidence, in spite of her "solitary shyness." The quotations that are given of her letters to him are typical of the blending of the supernatural and natural gifts that characterized her. Questions touching on spiritual matters are put in clear and forcible language, with simplicity, humility and directness; and her resolutions go straight to the point; they generally may be summed up in her intention "to put more prayer" into her life. In this resolution, faithfully carried out among manifold occupations, lies the

secret of Mother Stuart's mental balance, and also of her wide influence over souls. She lived very close to God.

Her letters are one of the great charms of the book under consideration. She had an enormous correspondence, and made it a duty to answer all personal letters herself. Indeed, her written as well as her spoken words were a source of light and strength to many souls; they are brimful of natural and supernatural elements: kind, tactful, thoughtful, affectionate, full of life, color and the sense of humor. Mother Stuart's power of work was enormous; it made it possible for her to keep in touch, without at all neglecting other duties, with her correspondents throughout the world.

As a teacher, she was inspiring. A friend of hers asked a Jesuit Father, whose opinion was of weight in the educational world, what he thought of her first book, "The Education of Catholic Girls." "The mind of two men and a half," was the answer. When Mother Stuart visited the convents of her society, she took an alert and attentive interest in the studies; she stimulated the zeal of teachers and pupils by her suggestions and sympathy.

That her remarkable intellectual powers were combined with a most loving heart is proved over and over again in the book before us. The death of her secretary, Sister Violet Ashton Case, is an episode that will bear reading more than once. The childlike faith of this young sister, her absolute abandonment to God's will, her sweetness and trust, are as beautiful as the strong and tender support with which Mother Stuart led her "White Violet" to the portals of the unseen.

The letters from Rome, where Mother Stuart was sent as a witness in the "Cause" of Mother Duchesne, are delightful. Some one, having pitied her for being obliged to assist at what are

known as "dull" meetings, she humorously protests; and her picture of the sessions is anything but dull. Those who have been called upon to act as witnesses in similar cases, will recognize the happy blending of attention, reverence, prudence and common sense that the Church brings to bear on such matters, without excluding a human element that prevents sameness.

In 1911, Mother Digby was called to her reward. Mother Stuart, who hastened to the mother-house in Belgium, found, on arriving, that she was appointed vicar-general of the Society until the election of a new general superior. This came as a shock and a surprise; we hear that she bore it with a tactfulness and a sweet humility that deeply impressed those who surrounded her. Three months later, on August 27, the general election took place, and Mother Stuart became Mother Digby's successor as superior-general of the Society. She was comparatively young, only forty-four; and we are told how winning was her filial attitude towards the venerable mothers, who were associated with her in government.

Although the new superior-general seemed qualified, morally and physically, to carry during long years the burden laid upon her shoulders on that August day, she was, in the designs of Providence, to bear it only during three years and eight weeks. Of these, she spent about two years in visiting convents in Europe, Asia, America, Egypt, Australia, New Zealand, etc. Out of her 6500 religious, she saw individually 4700. Mother Digby had wished to visit the distant houses, and her successor felt that she was carrying out a sacred duty by keeping up the contact between the centre of the Society and its far-off outposts. There is little doubt that the journey round the world indirectly caused her death. But, when we count up the blessings brought by

her presence, the renewed zeal that followed her visits, the living picture that, unconsciously, she presented of a perfect religious, it seems as if her short period of government was magnificently filled up with lasting results.

Her first journey after her election was to Rome, Holland, Austria, Hungary, Poland. The picturesque incidents of her reception in Poland, where she was driven by a coachman in white linen and crimson, whose fur cap was adorned with peacocks' feathers, and escorted by peasants on horseback, are duly related for the Roehampton stay-at-home nuns and children.

After Poland, Mother Stuart went to Riedenburg, Kientzheim, Montigny, Metz, Liège, and other Belgian houses; then, after an interval, to Spain, the Balearic Islands, Majorca, Valencia, Seville and finally Madrid, where her reception was "tremendous," but where we detect, almost for the first time, traces of fatigue. Yet Spain delighted and interested her in a special manner: she notes Queen Victoria's "beautiful face" and "charming" simplicity, the learning and kindness of the Spanish Jesuits, and the great welcome at Saragossa, where the archbishop said Mass for her in the famous pilgrimage church of Our Lady of the Pillar. Her sympathy for, and understanding of, Spain are expressed in her letters. She found it a "most lovable country." "The little moments of insight that one had here and there into the life of all classes—rich, poor and clergy,—are unlike anything I have seen elsewhere, and carry one's thoughts back to their wonderful past. Life must have been simply intoxicating in Spain at the end of the Fifteenth Century. Then I loved their expressive words and grand ways of devotion, and the faith and reverence that make their religion so great and so true."

After nine months' stay at the

mother-house of Ixelles, a journey to Rome and one to England, Mother Stuart started on her greatest and last journey round the world. She embarked at Trieste on October 17, 1913, visited the houses of the Society at Cairo, Ramleh and Heliopolis, and then went to Melbourne, visiting the four convents of Australia, and finally those of New Zealand. Her life on board during these long sea voyages was regulated in every detail. If possible, she travelled by boats on which Mass was said. In any case, her days were divided between prayer and strenuous intellectual work, for she kept up her writing, and, in addition to this, answered many letters which accumulated by hundreds in the ports where she landed.

More of a strain, perhaps, than the writing accomplished under these conditions, were the receptions that she was bound to hold. The ecclesiastical and civil authorities, the "old children" and the nuns' new friends, the communities and the pupils,—all had to be seen individually; and, in discharging this arduous duty, Mother Stuart was incomparable. Always gentle, courteous, tactful, never hurried or absent-minded, she quickly mastered all possible situations; the bishops of South America, the civil authorities of Spain, the educational leaders in Japan, the Iroquois of Montreal, whose hearts she won when she kissed their babies,—all, in their different spheres, felt her charm and her influence. Her receptiveness also showed itself in her keen appreciation of nature. Although burdened by grave responsibilities, she could note and enjoy the sunsets at sea, the birds of New Zealand, the peculiar atmosphere of Egypt and its Gospel reminiscences, besides many trivial, but picturesque incidents, that appealed to her sense of humor, and often made her smile.

On February 7, 1914, she left Sydney for Tokio in a small boat, that, in course

of time, landed her in Japan, where she met many of her Roehampton novices. Her reputation as a writer on education had gone before her, and she was invited to visit the high schools for women in Tokio. Then, by Vancouver, she went on to Montreal, where some Iroquois Christians came to see her. A priest who met her on this occasion was especially struck by her "motherliness." "When she left the Canadian convents," writes one of the nuns, "not one of us but felt her departure as a personal loss. Her very manner of coming up the steps to greet us on her arrival had such a winning appeal in it that it went straight to each heart."

Her charm and courtesy kept her physical weakness concealed when she had a duty to fulfil, but now and then, at the close of the journey, she betrayed fatigue. One of her nuns, alluding to the surname given to Father Bréboeuf by his Indian converts, *Echon*—"he who bears the burdens,"—once said to her: "You are our *Echon*." She looked up with tired eyes, and answered very gravely: "Yes, I am *Echon*." The four weeks or more that she spent in the Vicariate house of Manhattanville, N.Y., were among the most strenuous of her pilgrimage. The convent was filled in turns by the superiors and mistresses of studies of the houses in the States and Canada. Mother Stuart spoke to each one and to all, forgetting no one, never seeming hurried or preoccupied; and, towards the superiors, in particular, she showed a confidence and an intimacy that deeply impressed them. A doctor was called in to see her in New York, and she seemed, now that her mission was fulfilled, glad to return to England. On June 26, 1914, she was back at Roehampton, evidently very weary, but on July 9, went on to the mother-house at Ixelles, whence she wrote for the last time to Roehampton—the spot that she probably loved best.

Then the war broke out, and the invasion of Belgium cut off all communications between Mother Stuart and the houses of the Order, except those of Belgium. She organized, as far as she was able, assistance for the wounded in her convents there; but, as superior-general of the Society, she was torn with anxiety for her scattered daughters, so many of whom were living in countries, where the war was raging. On September 3, a friend of the Society called at the mother-house. He had arranged for Mother Stuart's journey to the coast where she could embark for England. It seemed right that she should, if possible, be where she could keep in touch with the greater number of her convents. This was impossible in Belgium and the assistants, who shared the Mother-General's responsibilities, believed that she ought to avail herself of an opportunity that might not occur again. She yielded to their arguments and, with two companions, left Brussels the same day. The journey had its risks, but Providence watched over the travellers.

From Roehampton, Mother Stuart wrote her last circular to the Society; it told of her illness; it begged pardon for any omissions, and assured the nuns of her love for all. Having thus, as far as lay in her power, provided for the welfare of the Society committed to her guardianship, she showed no further anxiety, and gave herself up, with the docility and unconcern of a little child, to whatever treatment was decided upon. She only asked for prayers, and when her weakness increased, she wished prayers and hymns read to her. An operation was attempted as a chance of saving her life; it did not have the desired effect. Fervent and loving were the prayers that rose, not only from the houses of the Society, but from Mother Stuart's innumerable friends throughout the world. They were not

granted, in as much as God called her to Himself; but the heavenly influences that hallowed her deathbed were surely an answer, sent in God's own way—the best way, Mother Stuart would have said,—to the petitions of the many that loved her.

Her last spoken words seem to point that the happiness to which she was hurrying was partly revealed to her. Her "radiant simplicity" and complete peace were noticeable. She often murmured: "Very happy,—oh, so happy!" She had once said: "If we love well and much, we shall need no other preparation for death, squandering ourselves and what we have on God and our neighbor." This she did to the very end. Once, Father Roche, a friend of many years, asked her if she would not be "glad to stay, if God willed it so." She only laughed and said, sweetly: "Yes, yes."

During the few hours that followed, she spoke of God alone. "God is good,—don't be afraid of God"; and, after receiving Holy Communion: "Dear, dear Lord, how lovely!...How He loves me!" Once, opening her eyes, she looked up, her face glowed, and she seemed to gaze at some sight invisible to others. "If you only knew, He is so very beautiful!" she murmured. On the 21st of October, she could not communicate, but Father Roche held the Sacred Host above her head and blessed her. Two hours later, she silently passed away. Those present remembered words that she had written about death as "a glorified sorrow,—not a sunset, but a dawn"; and they realized that in her case,—the words were fully justified.

Among the tributes paid to her memory, we have quoted the striking words of the Cardinal of Westminster. No less appreciative is the estimate given of her by one who knew her well, Father Goodier, S. J., now Archbishop of Bombay. He noticed "the fineness

of her nature, the completeness of her training, the sensitiveness of her tastes, the breadth of her horizon, the perfect balance of her judgment... her absolute simplicity of vision"; and, towards the end of her life, he saw her "revelling in the sunlight of heaven." Mgr. Brown, Vicar-General of Southwark, writes, that "she had, in a high degree, what Newman has beautifully called 'Solicitude of heart' for all those in whom she took an interest." Alluding to her journey round the world, a Jesuit, who knew her well, believed that "it did more for the advancement of religion and for the Society of the Sacred Heart than many years of quiet government at home."

The book, of which we here give a brief summary, shows us where lay the mainspring of Mother Stuart's influence. Her natural gifts were many and most attractive, but the chapters, "Inner Life" and "The Closed Garden" are illuminating; they bear out Cardinal Bourne's words on the "intensity of her faith and purpose and intimate union with God."

A Harp is the Tree.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

A HARP is the tree
In the door-yard that stands,
And, a minstrel, the wind
With invisible hands,
Plays ever and ever,
In varying moods,
The music I love
On this lyre of the woods.
A minstrel, the wind
Over mountain and sea,
Comes wandering afar
To my harp and to me.
I sit by my door
And I hear him above,
Awake with his fingers
The music I love.

"So Much Good in the Worst of Us."

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

I.

WHEN Father Mattingly succeeded Father Doyle at Spring Lake he found there a pretty little church, a weather-beaten parish house, and Mrs. Hennessy. Mrs. Hennessy had been Father Doyle's housekeeper for twenty years, and considered herself as much a part of Father Mattingly's inheritance as the debt on the church, or the leaks in the roof of the house; and he accepted all three encumbrances with the same good-humored determination to make the best of things.

The money which Father Mattingly received in his Easter collection the first year he was at Spring Lake he spent for repairs on the parish house, and month by month he paid a few dollars on the church debt. As for Mrs. Hennessy, the truth is that, while he suspected she was both inefficient and extraordinarily lazy, he did not know where to find another housekeeper. So, whenever it was plain, even to his unobservant eye, that dust lay conspicuously thick on every chair and table, he reminded himself that, at least, she was not always in evidence with her broom and duster, like the servant whom he had had before he went to Spring Lake; and if his meals were late, he thanked heaven that the food was never burned or greatly underdone; all of which proved him the most amiable of men, and verified Mrs. Hennessy's boast, that she never allowed work to make a drudge of her.

One hot day, late in June, Father Mattingly waited until two o'clock before his dinner was served, and was consequently late in attending to some business which he had planned for the afternoon. It was almost six o'clock when he reached home, overheated and

very tired, to find that Mr. Cassidy, one of his parishioners, was waiting to see him. The two men talked earnestly for half an hour, and parted with a fervent, silent hand-shake. Afterward, when he went to the dining-room, Father Mattingly looked unusually weary, and hardly touched his supper.

An hour later, sitting beside an open window in his small study, the priest heard the sexton slam down one window after another in the church, and close and bolt the doors; and a few minutes afterward, saw him cross the lawn toward the little porch behind the house, where Mrs. Hennessy spent her Summer evenings.

"Hottest day we've had this season," Father Mattingly overheard him say, by way of greeting, as he scraped a chair across the porch to a corner where there was a faint suspicion of a breeze.

"Yes, too hot by ten degrees," Mrs. Hennessy agreed. "But you're not the one, Jim Toole, to feel this kind of weather. Wait until you're as stout as I am, or even as big as Father Mattingly, and you'll learn what discomfort is. He was worn out this evening, and had no appetite. He hardly touched his supper. I had made biscuits, and they were as light as a feather, if I do say so, and he loves biscuits, if ever a man did; but, do you know, he ate only one or two. The heat had spoiled his appetite; and he looked tired and worried, besides. I hope those sodality women are not squabbling again. They are apt to: they're going to have an election next month."

Father Mattingly sighed. "Are all housekeepers like her?" he wondered. He tried to read his paper and to forget her and her visitor; but the sexton's voice was so loud and rasping that no one within a hundred yards of him could escape from it.

"Sodality women!" Jim Toole re-

peated, mimicking Mrs. Hennessy's tone. "They are not Father Mattingly's latest worry. It's plain you haven't heard the news about Mr. Cassidy."

"Mr. Cassidy!" echoed Mrs. Hennessy. "He was here this afternoon, and waited for Father for more than an hour. I wanted him to go, so supper wouldn't be kept waiting, and I told him three or four times there was no knowing when Father Mattingly would come home; but he waited, and waited, and waited. What's the news about him? It's strange I haven't heard it. I manage to hear nearly everything that's being talked about."

"This is real news, and no mistake! He's going to New York to live. It has just been decided. I heard it yesterday, and again this morning. It's a pity. He's the only rich Catholic now in Spring Lake."

"If that's the truth, I'm not surprised Father Mattingly looked worried. No one else comes to see him half so often as Mr. Cassidy. They're great friends, and no one else in the parish gives half—"

In his annoyance, Father Mattingly slammed his study window as he closed it. "That sexton is as big a gossip as any old woman in the parish! Even Mrs. Hennessy can't outstrip him," he muttered. All that he had overheard was true, which only made their comments more provoking. Mr. Cassidy was going away, and he was grieved and troubled to lose him, the most congenial friend he had in Spring Lake, and the only man there both willing and able to give generously to the church. As things were, it had been difficult to make ends meet; and Father Mattingly wondered a little how this would be possible without his benefactor's help. He could think of no way of economizing more strictly: his clothes were few and shabby, his meals of the plainest, he had no automobile.

II.

Three busy months had passed, and cold weather was at hand, when Father Mattingly and the president of the parochial members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society spent an evening together, making plans for the Winter's relief campaign. In the course of their conversation, Mr. Cassidy's name was mentioned in connection with his share in the work during the preceding Winter. One of the men said admiringly:

"He was our best member — both zealous and kindly. It was a loss to every activity in the parish when he went to New York."

"Indeed, it was!" Father Mattingly agreed; "a loss to the parish, and to me personally. We are good friends." Then, he laughed, and added more lightly. "Although there is one way in which I miss him less than I had expected. There was always a ten-dollar offering in the Sunday collection, along with the pennies and nickels and dimes, and an occasional twenty-five cent piece; and I took it for granted that Mr. Cassidy gave it. Perhaps, some one told me so. When he went to New York to live, I wondered how I should manage with forty or fifty dollars less every month; but I have learned that some one else gave it. It is still in the collection, Sunday after Sunday."

"But Mr. Cassidy *did* give it!" the man contradicted. "I have knelt beside him many a time, and seen him drop a ten, or two five-dollar bills into the basket. He did it unostentatiously, but I could not help seeing."

"But the money is there every week; and he left two months ago," Father Mattingly insisted, greatly puzzled.

"I can't account for that. All I know is, that he used to give it. I don't know who is doing it now—certainly, not I!" And the man laughed heartily. He had seven children, and earned but thirty dollars a week.

The conversation drifted back to the work in hand, but, after his visitor left, Father Mattingly puzzled over the matter of the ten-dollar offerings.

The following Sunday afternoon, when he counted his offertory collection, Father Mattingly found something over twenty dollars in change, and two five-dollar bills. Staring absently at them, he thought of one family after another in the parish, trying to decide who was giving so much more than any one else. "I should like to thank him; it is very generous," he murmured, and took down the book in which the parish records were kept, thinking that it might remind him of some one whom he was overlooking. He skimmed through it, and laid it aside, with no result except that he had soiled his hands. Evidently the book had not been dusted for a week or more.

"Mrs. Hennessy is too careless!" he said to himself. "I'll have to call her attention to the dust and disorder. Yesterday, when I took Mr. and Mrs. Martindale into the parlor, the chair in which she sat almost ruined her white dress. She was good-natured about it, but I was none the less embarrassed. And Father Doyle bore with the poor woman for twenty years! Surely he shortened his purgatory!"

Father Mattingly poured his change into a stout bag, which he carried to the bank on Monday mornings. He was about to put the bills with it, when he chanced to notice that one of them had been torn across the corner, and neatly mended with transparent paper. There would seem to have been nothing unusual or extraordinary in that; but he stared at the bill in amazement, examined and re-examined it, dropped it into the bag, and took it out again. At length, with it in his hand, he went to the kitchen in search of Mrs. Hennessy.

"Mrs. Hennessy, I should like to speak to you for a few moments, if you

are not very busy," he said, in a tone of suppressed annoyance.

She was at the window, watching two women across the street. The dinner dishes had not been washed; and if the floor had ever been swept, no one would have guessed it. Smiling good-naturedly, she turned to answer Father Mattingly. "I always have time to talk," she admitted truthfully, not noting the implied reproach in his words.

"Yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Hennessy, when I laid out your week's wages, I found that I had only two five-dollar bills in my possession. One of them was badly torn, so I mended it before I gave them to you. I have just found that bill—the one I mended yesterday—in the collection basket. How do you explain that?"

Mrs. Hennessy's smile faded, and she looked a little frightened; but, drawing herself up to her full height of five feet, one inch, she answered, with a dignity equal to his own, "Explain it, Father! I don't explain it at all. But I'm wondering if you think you are the only one in the world who ever mended paper money with a bit of paper! I saw my poor husband do it more than once—though it wasn't often he owned a bill for more than an hour or two. Mr. Fisher, down at the corner, does it; so did poor dear Father Doyle—God rest his soul!"

"Perhaps so; but none of them mended this bill. I did; and I gave it to you yesterday, and to-day I get it back in the collection basket. You put it there," he concluded, in a tone of conviction.

"Well, and what if I did," Mrs. Hennessy admitted, laughing a little, in spite of her desire to be as calm and dignified as Father Mattingly. "It was *my* money, wasn't it? I had worked hard for it, hadn't I?"

"The second five was yours, too. I

am certain of that, although I can not prove it. I hope you are ashamed—" He was ashamed, as he glanced at her ragged shoes, and patched gingham dress. "My good woman, I hope you are ashamed. You have been doing this for weeks, and you need your money. It's outrageous! Do you imagine that I am willing for you to work day and night (which was a slight exaggeration)—day and night, for no pay?"

Once more Mrs. Hennessy assumed a dignity that sat strangely on her fat, round shoulders. "Did I give my hard-earned money to you, or to the church?" she inquired.

Father Mattingly laughed, in spite of himself; then said seriously, "But this must not go on: you understand that, Mrs. Hennessy."

Seeing that he meant every word he said, she weakened instantly, and began earnestly to plead her own cause. "But, Father, Mr. Cassidy went away, and he had always given ten dollars on Sunday, and you had a hard time even with it,—what with the debt on the church, and so many men out of work, and everything so expensive; and—and you're young, and you've no one but me to take care of you, and I try to do it. I don't need the money. It's a joy to me to give it to God—and to you. What would a homely old body like me care for fine clothes? And I haven't seen a picture show for so long that I've almost lost my taste for them."

"You must keep your wages, or the greater part of them, Mrs. Hennessy. I can not allow you to work for nothing. I've heard you say that you have saved only a few dollars," Father Mattingly answered, gently but firmly.

After a moment's thought, Mrs. Hennessy proposed a compromise. "Suppose you pay me four dollars a week, instead of ten. I got four when I began to work for Father Doyle; but everyone got higher and higher wages, and so

did I. Four dollars would be enough; hard as I work, it would be enough."

"I'll think about it," Father Mattingly answered; and, seeing that she looked grievously disappointed, he added: "You're very generous—too generous, and devoted, and faithful. You must not think I do not appreciate it all; but—well, I'll think about it."

Going back to his study Father Mattingly took a worn-out handkerchief and cheerfully wiped off the most conspicuously dusty parts of the table, desk, and chairs, saying to himself, "The poor old soul is good through and through, and kind-hearted, and generous, but has faults so glaring and so vexatious that they almost hide her virtues. What strange creatures we are! Only God, in His infinite love, is always patient with us."

The Bells of San Gabriel.

OF the twenty-one missions dotting El Camino Real, or the Royal Road, from San Diego, in Southern California, to San Francisco Solano, seven hundred miles northward, San Gabriel Mission is the one best known to tourists because of its great interest, both historic and romantic. Its favorable location in the fertile San Gabriel Valley gave it a prestige and prosperity that caused it to be known in its early days as "The Pride of the Missions." The building possesses many interesting features, one of the most prominent being the arrangement of its bells, each having an arch of its own. Originally there were six of these bells; now two of the arches are sadly empty. About the casting of these old Spanish bells a charming legend is related.

Among those who came over from Spain early in the Eighteenth Century to try the fortunes of war in the new country, was one Don Rafael, a soldier of noble birth and great wealth, be-

trothed to a maiden by name Augustias. This soldier-lover was killed by hostile Indians soon after reaching San Gabriel. When news of his death was brought back to Spain, Augustias was prostrated with grief.

One day, as she sat sorrowfully gazing at a golden cross given to her by her lover, and turning her betrothal ring on her wasted finger, she was told that a chime of bells was about to be cast for the newly-founded Mission of San Gabriel in distant California. Rising hastily, she repaired to the place. A throng of people had already gathered there, eagerly awaiting the moment when the molten mass should be poured into the molds.

Passing through the crowd, Augustias dropped her golden cross and ring into the crucible, saying to herself as she did so: "It may be that when the bells ring out the Angelus for the first time above his far-off grave, his heart will hear the sound, and will know that I was faithful to the end." The legend tells us that her example fired the enthusiasm of the people, who cast in their gold and silver ornaments, their most treasured heirlooms, for the making of the bells, which delighted all who heard their first tones.

Soon the bells were sent across the waters, and the pious donors impatiently awaited news of their safe arrival in California. Ere long word was brought back that on the very day on which Augustias passed away "the bells were baptized and their consecrated tongues for the first time pealed forth the Angelus from the campanile of San Gabriel, the resting-place of Don Rafael." "What wonder that their voices are so sweet," exclaimed the listeners, "since they are sanctified by love and faith!"

ONE example is worth a thousand arguments.—*Gladstone.*

The Cardinal and the Cake.

CARDINAL FLEURY possessed a valet named Barjac, who was the very personification of good nature, and so faithful and devoted that he enjoyed many unusual privileges, which enabled him to make the Cardinal's old age very pleasant and peaceful.

One day the master, who was generally cheerful, addressed Barjac in a somewhat disconsolate way.

"I am ninety," he said. "I think Death has quite forgotten me. My usefulness is over, and it can not be but a short time before I am imbecile and helpless."

"Why, my dear master," answered Barjac, "you are not so old! A little sociability will do you good. May I have the pleasure of arranging a quiet little dinner for you and some of your more intimate and oldest friends on the approaching festival?"

"Arrange whatever you like," said the Cardinal.

"And the list—"

"Invite whom you choose. Only don't bother me about it, I entreat you. At my age even the exertion of selecting a few friends to sit at my table would be too much."

"As you please, your Eminence," said Barjac, a plan instantly forming itself in his wise head.

The festival came round, and the guests gathered. They were eight in number, and all were in merry mood. No one had sent a refusal. Toward the end of the dinner a large birthday cake, without the usual candles, was brought in. It was then the custom for the youngest person present to divide that toothsome delicacy, and so the host said, with a smile:

"It devolves upon the one who has the fewest years to cut the cake. Barjac will hand a knife."

"He need not hand it to me," an-

nounced the guest on the Cardinal's right hand; "for I was ninety-two years old last January, though I feel like a man half that to-night."

"And I," said his left-hand neighbor, "must plead guilty to ninety-four years."

Then each one told his age; and, to the Cardinal's astonishment, he found that he, who thought Death had forgotten him, was the youngest person present!

"Then, I suppose I must cut the cake?" he asked.

"Why, certainly, your Eminence!" answered all present, delighted beyond measure at their host's gratification and surprise.

"Ah, I can't understand this!" he said, plunging the knife into the triumph of the cook's art. "So many dear friends all older than I am." Then, catching sight of the valet's smiling face, he saw through his stratagem, and exclaimed: "Ah, Barjac, you dear old rascal! I had thought you to be one of the best of men. I am not so old that you can not make me happy."

Not Incapable of Civilization.

A missionary who had resided for some years in the interior of Africa, was once asked if he thought it possible to civilize the natives. "Quite so," was the prompt answer. "I have known Negroes that thought as little of lying and stealing as any white man. They were not what you would call constant, though they never deserted their wives. Their table manners left something to be desired, but I must do them the credit to state that they never talked when their mouths were full, or used toothpicks in public."

ONE who would enjoy the nut must go to the trouble of cracking the shell.

—*St. Jerome, quoting Plautus.*

A Consoling Sign of the Times.

IT is gratifying to observe how common expressions of reverence, even of tender admiration, for the Blessed Virgin are becoming among non-Catholics of every shade of belief. Those who are watching the religious signs of the times must have observed this marked change in Protestants. Hitherto those outside the Church seemed afraid to speak of the Mother of the World's Redeemer in terms of respect, fearing to dishonor God; and we have seen Protestant catechisms in which our Blessed Mother was referred to in a way that is painful to remember. Catholics were accused of Mariolatry for their praise of her of whom it was prophesied, "All generations shall call me blessed"; for honoring her whom the Almighty honored so exceptionally. And to invoke the patronage of her through whose intercession Christ wrought His first miracle at Cana of Galilee was regarded as savoring of idolatry. Now it is different. Non-Catholics are beginning to realize that the homage we pay to the Mother of Our Lord is her due, that our praise of her is fully merited, and that our devotion to her is well grounded.

We could fill pages with quotations from recent sermons and writings by Protestants praising the Blessed Virgin in terms that might be employed by the most fervent of her clients. The Rev. Dr. McLeod, Presbyterian, would have Mary extolled from Protestant pulpits. "Surely her life and character," he says, "ought to suggest many a tender and instructive discourse." The Rev. Alexander Whyte, D. D., another Presbyterian minister, lecturing in Edinburgh, set an example to his confrères in this respect. It would be a pleasure to quote him at length, but we must content ourselves with one short extract, which reads like a paragraph

from some work of Catholic doctrine. He said: "For my own part, I do not know the grace or the virtue that woman ever had that I could safely deny to Mary. The divine congruity compels me to believe that all that could be received or attained or exercised by any woman would be granted beforehand, and all but without measure, to her who was so miraculously to bear and so intimately and influentially to nurture and instruct the Holy Child. We must, therefore, give Mary her promised due. . . . Mary must surely wear the crown as the Mother of all them who believe in her Son."

A pamphlet by a Unitarian minister, entitled "Mary the Mother of Jesus," affords another illustration of the growing reverence for the Blessed Virgin outside of the Church. "Is it not strange," he writes, "that she who cradled the world's Christ in her maternal arms should receive so little thought? That she who nursed the Infant Jesus at her pure breast should be almost forgotten by the millions who worship her Son?"

It may be that among the many Protestants who now pay honor to our Blessed Lady there are comparatively few who invoke her intercession; but this will come in time—it is coming. Even the Unitarian whom we have just quoted closes his tribute to the Mother of Jesus with these fervent lines of a Catholic poet:

"Hail Mary!" lo, it rings through ages on;
 "Hail Mary!" it shall sound till time is done.
 Hail Mary, Queen of Heaven! let us repeat,
 And lay our love and tribute at her feet.

Yes, the new Visitation of Christ's all-holy and ever-glorious Mother has begun. Her light is come and the darkness is disappearing. The drought is now past; "a little cloud has come out of the sea." The flowers have sprung up in a land which knew them not—the tokens of love and peace.

Notes and Remarks.

Dr. A. H. Desloges, director of insane asylums in the Province of Quebec, is of the opinion that the matter of individual and national sanity is closely bound up with the observance of the Ten Commandments. "Insanity," he declares, "is increasing at an enormous rate. In individual cases, the symptoms are: (1) A breakdown of the moral standards; (2) an excessive desire for publicity, such as causes young boys to go in for house-breaking, women for sensational divorces, and youths and young girls for Marathon dancing contests; (3) an extreme effervescence or insane intensity in all things, which causes the victim to overdo both work and play. Among nations there are symptoms of collective insanity, such as led the European nations to the outbreak of the World War, and such as permit the Russian millions to be dominated by a group of Bolsheviks. On the American Continent the dominant symptoms of collective insanity are madness for money and an extraordinary vogue of spiritualism, demonism and all sorts of fakes and frauds masquerading in religious guise. People who scoff at the sublime religious beliefs of their forefathers are afraid of black cats and tremble at the thought of such things as haunted houses."

That the Doctor has correctly diagnosed the malady will scarcely be denied by any student of the subject who is familiar with statistics concerning the insane.

All who read the latest bulletin issued by Near East Relief will be impressed by the practicality of the Justice Committee, who declare that it is not enough to keep the suffering refugees alive; that they must be helped to provide for themselves, otherwise thousands who are hungry, homeless, and

half clothed will perish. "If a man is out of work and starving, we first relieve his hunger by feeding him. That is the prime necessity. Next we get him a job, so that he will not be hungry again. If we do only the first of these things, our work is half done. On the other hand, we can not do the second unless we do the first. We must see to it that when his life is saved, its future shall be guaranteed."

The situation in Russia is much the same as in the Near East. The famine is over, but poverty still reigns. Further help is yet needed to enable those who have survived to recuperate, and to provide for orphans, the sick and the aged. Not soon does a country recover from famine and revolution.

Reliable statistics regarding the Catholic population of the United States, as well as interesting facts about the Catholic press, are furnished by Mr. Joseph H. Meier, of Chicago, in his "Catholic Press Directory," published last week. We say 'reliable statistics,' because he is thoroughly competent, and for many years has made a careful study of them. He places the Catholic population of the United States proper at 20,103,761. These figures do not agree with either the Census Bureau (1916) or the "Official Catholic Directory"; but Mr. Meier has been more painstaking and systematic than the census gatherers or the editor of the Directory, and in all probability is more correct in his estimate,—which to us is no surprise.

One of the most eminent among present-day German scientists is Dr. Plate, successor of Haeckel in the chair of zoology at Jena University. Some sixteen years ago, Dr. Plate posed as the champion of Monism (the confounding of the Creator and the creature),

and was an opponent of Father Wassmann, when the latter delivered his famous lectures on evolution in Berlin. He has progressed, however, since that period, as is clear from this, his most recent pronouncement on such matters: "The Natural Sciences confront all ultimate problems hopelessly. They can do no more than register facts and phenomena in their mutual dependencies, and are powerless to reveal the first cause of being and becoming. There is profound wisdom in the old dictum that religion must be preserved among a people. A nation without religion will, sooner or later, inevitably succumb to inward corruption; no merely ethical training is sufficient. I trust that I have shown how the battle so long waged by materialists against the fundamental principles of Christianity gains no support from the findings of Natural Science."

Interesting and most gratifying information about post-war Germany is furnished by a correspondent of the *London Tablet*, who lately visited that country, and declares that he gathered this information from reliable sources. He writes in part:

The present Government is very favorable to the Church. The Jesuit Fathers have established houses in Berlin, Munich, and Aix-la-Chapelle, as well as in Saxony. In the Grand Duchy of Baden, where, before the Revolution, the Protestant authority interfered with the appointment of bishops, the Holy See has now no difficulty in this important matter. There have been about 20,000 conversions in the last year, including well-educated, intelligent people of middle age, a Protestant deaconess, and many others who had been brought up outside all religious influences. The works of Cardinal Newman have been well translated, and are studied greedily. With the retirement of the Kaiser to Doorn, the Lutheran Church remains without a visible head, and has lost all social prestige. The solid piety of Catholics everywhere is most striking, the churches are always full, and the clergy devoted to their duties—well-read, intel-

ligent, and anxious to help outsiders. The "Old-Catholic" sect is practically dead.... The professor of dogmatic theology at Freiburg University, when not employed at his lectures, spends many hours in the confessional, and receives numbers of converts into the Church. He is revered by all around him. Not long ago, at a Luther anniversary at a certain historical spot, though invitations were sent out to all parts of the land and the fact much advertised, there were hardly more than a score of the admirers of the arch-heretic present. On the other hand, priests and professors at the Catholic universities are constantly invited to lecture to the students of the Protestant universities on Scholastic Philosophy, etc., and the young men throng to hear them, and form most appreciative audiences.

"The Germans are suffering terribly," concludes the writer, "but their defeat has been all gain to them in the spiritual order, and has brought out their best qualities." And that they possess good qualities is no longer denied even by those who, during the war, regarded the Germans as barbarians.

Retorting an argument, turning back an accusation on its originator, is not only an effective but an amusing method of confounding a polemic or disputant; and it is matter of surprise that really able men so often lay themselves open to such retorting. A recent instance occurs in a sermon by Dean Inge, and the comment thereon by the *London Universe*. "A certain religious body," said the Dean in St. Paul's Cathedral, "takes the child at an age when the mind is unformed, and teaches it dogmatical rather than general religious facts pertaining to that body alone, with the result that by the time it is twelve the child is a thorough little bigot." The religious body referred to is of course Catholics, and our London contemporary is accordingly quite justified in commenting: "'Rehearse the articles of thy belief,' Dean Inge and all other clergymen are required to say to all children of their parish or other juris-

diction, and the child has to reply with that dogmatic formula, the Apostles' Creed. So, if any clergyman declines thus to train 'unformed minds,' and to bring up 'little bigots' who believe in 'dogmatical facts,' he is taking his stipend and declining to do the work in consideration of which he is paid."

As the man in the street would say, that is an effective "come-back."

The announcement of a book of "Selections from Ruskin" reminds us of one of his most characteristic sayings, recorded by Mr. Henry Holiday, on the authority of Gladstone. Declining to reissue "Sheepfolds" on account of the religious views expressed in it, Ruskin said: "The fact is, I was brought up in the Protestant faith, and consequently know nothing whatever about Christianity."

Many such sayings of the Sage of Brentwood might be quoted. Referring, in a private letter to one whose conversion to the Church had caused great grief to Protestant friends, he wrote: "Far from regretting the step he has taken, I should rejoice if some others I have in mind were to do likewise. I feel sure it would be good for their morals." More familiar is Ruskin's response to an appeal for a contribution toward the erection of a Presbyterian blind asylum: "Sir, your letter indicates to my mind a stonier condition of blindness than you can ever hope to relieve. I am, etc."

There was a Methodist conference at Hamilton, Ontario, recently; and Bishop Burt, of Buffalo, one of the speakers, paid his respects to the Church. He declared that it is not "one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic," because it has different rites, different orders, different names, and because "Papal infallibility was not discovered until 1870." We

like the fashion in which the *Northwest Review* takes the Methodist prelate to task. After a summary refutation of his charges, it proceeds to show that Brother Burt, in speaking as he did, was in direct conflict with a number of other Methodist clergymen. Fairly lengthy quotations from ministers of his sect in Illinois, Georgia, and Ohio, contain ungrudging eulogies of the Church and unstinted praise of her activities. The *Review* concludes its article with this paragraph:

Because Bishop Burt saw fit to distribute his "Cheshire Cheese" at a Methodist conference, it is possible that some Catholics may assume that his bigotry expressed Methodist opinion generally. To disapprove so uncharitable an assumption, we have offset the statements of Bishop Burt by quoting the opinions of other ministers of his Church.

That there is less disposition now than there has been for generations to settle international disputes by arbitration is the opinion elaborately expressed and emphatically defended by Prof. Edwin M. Borchard, in an article contributed to the current number of the *North American Review*. Many readers will think that he has judged the temper of the world correctly, and agree that there is more faith in the efficacy of arms than in the potency of international justice. Readers who think otherwise must admit that the Professor makes statements that can not be questioned, and presents facts that can not be blinked. The article abounds in passages like this:

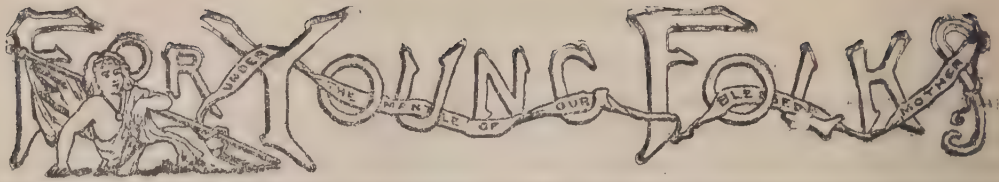
Nations desire an international tribunal, and have had no difficulty in establishing one *ad hoc* when the occasion arises, when the dispute is unimportant, or would not justify the expense of war, or when political considerations dictate submission to arbitration rather than recourse to war,—in short, when they feel that they have more to gain by arbitration, or other form of peaceful settlement, such as mediation, than by war. The hundreds of arbitrations that have been held illustrate this fact. But when the issue is such that peaceful adjustment

seems inappropriate or inadvisable, the belligerent method is chosen; not because there is no machinery for peace, but because there is no will for peace. When President Wilson, in 1914, launched the Vera Cruz expedition, he had just been concluding some thirty so-called Bryan treaties providing for the submission to a Commission of Inquiry of the disputed facts of an incident likely to cause a conflict. The alleged insult to the American flag by two Mexican subordinates in Tampico was eminently suitable to this method of adjustment. Yet President Wilson, irritated at the refusal of President Huerta to abdicate his office, and oblivious to his own declared principle of a peaceful settlement of disputes, found in this incident that overt act which was deemed to justify the making of war, and the sacrifice of the lives of numerous Mexicans and Americans.

Another writer in the same periodical states that in round figures the standing armies in Europe number at present 4,355,000 men, an increase of over 600,000 men as compared with the year before the war. "In the meantime Austria has practically ceased to exist as a military state, and Germany, Hungary, and Bulgaria have been compelled to reduce their forces by 700,000 men. For the rest of Europe, this means an increase of over 1,300,000 men who are now serving in armies." Yet the World War was to end war!

Concluding an editorial on President Harding's speech on Prohibition, delivered last week in Denver, the *New York Herald* remarks: "The important thing is to find out if, with a very substantial fraction of the public—nobody knows how large a fraction—more or less hostile to the national prohibition law, that law can be enforced. If it can be enforced, it should be enforced; if it can not be enforced, the people of the country should find that fact out, and not permit any law to be in force which can not be enforced."

This is what Lord Lytton called "gumption," common sense.



The Marigold.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

① FLOWER in the garden bed,
You are not sweet as others are,
You can not balm and sweetness shed;
O golden-spotted star!

And yet I love you just the same
As people loved you when of old
They gave you Mary's blessed name,
And called you Mary's Gold.

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

I.—ARTIE.

IT was an old house, one of those big old houses of Brittany, surrounded by trees and pastures, with here and there a pond, just such a place as would delight a crowd of schoolboys during holiday time. What splendid opportunities it offered for games of all sorts,—hide and seek in the multiplied rooms and hallways and garrets of the house itself, or in the clumps of bushes scattered about the grounds; fine stretches of meadows for foot-races, or baseball diamonds; and then the ponds, the smaller ones just right for fishing, and the larger ones the very thing for paddling about in canoes or skiffs, and even furnishing a good course for boat-races.

The interior of the house, however, despite its array of staircases and corridors, its rows of chambers, and its many unexpected closets and corners, wore anything but a cheerful aspect: it was decidedly sombre and gloomy. To animate it, it needed to resound from cellar to garret with noisy cries and

shouts and scurrying feet and jumps and bumps,—in a word, with all the racket which so often causes boarders in Summer hotels to protest on rainy days against the incessant activities of "those terrible boys."

Instead of all this, there was no noise of any kind; from basement to roof, there reigned a mournful silence. Just because of this silence and of the emptiness of the spacious dwelling, the impression conveyed was that of abandonment and hopeless grief.

True, there was in the house, if not a whole troop of boys, at least one little fellow who trotted about its apartments, going up and down stairways, and wandering through the corridors; but he went about as if in fear, his little feet, as he tiptoed along, making scarcely any more noise than would so many mice. He was scarcely more than ten years of age, somewhat frail, and, with his fair and delicate face framed in luxuriant yellow curls, rather suggestive of the little Lord Fauntleroy type. The expression of the face, however, was of a different character; it was grave, with that melancholy peculiar to children, boys as well as girls, who live too much alone, without companions, without protectors, and especially without tenderness.

Was this the case with this little lad? His neat sailor costume and his patent leather shoes did not, indeed, suggest a neglected child, or one dependant on poverty-stricken parents. No; but in the arrangement of his dress one did not recognize the hand of a mother whose tender solicitude is seen in a hundred little details, mere nothings like the knot of the necktie and the folds of the collar.

He had apparently no particular object in making his way about the house. He stopped before each of the closed doors, looking at them in a species of fright, and emitting heavy sighs. Most of these doors were forbidden to possible intruders, not by ordinary locks, but by bands of canvas placed across them. At the extremities of each band were great waxen seals which would have to be broken before admittance became practicable. The little fellow looked fearfully at these mysterious emblems, about which, no doubt, he had received repeated instructions. He had probably been told: "Don't touch those seals; don't you dare to open the doors."

Whether or not he had been so warned, he refrained from touching the seals, and made no attempt to enter any room marked off by the canvas bands.

Now that his local habitation has been sufficiently described, it is perhaps time that our young hero should be dowered with a name. That which he had received some nine or ten years previously in the church of Ste. Anne d'Auray was Arthur, and the baptismal register of that church supplied the additional information that he was the son of Georges Rolante and Mary Connor; but whenever he was asked, "What's your name?" he always answered, "I am Artie."

For a long time, however, this affectionate diminutive had failed to reach his ears with the tender and caressing tones which only mothers know how to manage. Rough and harsh voices pronounced it without the slightest shade of affection.

On this day, more than ever, he felt himself alone in the world, since the only relative of whom he had any knowledge, "grandpa," had died three days before, and it was then that those canvas bands and those seals were placed on the doors.

Grandpa! For the greater number of children, that name calls up the vision of a wrinkled face, a white head, an indulgent smile, and loving looks and words. In the case of Artie, however, the vision was quite otherwise. His grandfather had been a gloomy and morose old man, who had rarely spoken to him, and whose voice, when he did address him, was almost a growl. As Artie closed his eyes to recall the picture of Monsieur Rolante, he saw a tall old man only slightly bowed, with dark, sunken eyes, shaded by thick grey eyebrows, dominating a face criss-crossed with wrinkles and wearing an expression of habitual sternness.

Of taciturn character, and fond of solitude, he used to shut himself up with his books in the library, angrily cursing whenever any noise interrupted his reflections or disturbed his reading. Now, it seemed to be a genuine fatality that little Artie, who had whole acres of ground for his games—such as they were,—felt himself invincibly drawn towards that side of the house which contained the library with its open windows. It was there, under those windows, that all his walks and runs eventually brought him. Yet experience should have taught him that it was not the most agreeable place to frequent. As a rule, he was quiet enough, but occasionally, in the height of some game played with his only companion (to be introduced with all due formality later on), he forgot the nearness of his grandfather, and indulged in joyous cries and shouts. Then the old M. Rolante would appear at the window, gesticulating indignantly and "shooing" him away. The boy with drooping head would depart, followed by his grandfather's scolding.

He fled from the storm; but, once he turned the corner of the house, Artie would find himself confronted by an old woman still more angry than

grandpa, and more violent also. Warned by the shouts of the boy, and the loud remonstrances of M. Rolante, she would come running with clenched fists, and, uttering dire threats, seize the poor boy and cuff him unmercifully. It was too much! Artie would burst into tears, and as soon as he could escape from her clutches would run and hide himself in a clump of bushes, to weep at his leisure and rid his bosom of a load of heavy sobs and sighs.

Ah, how much he feared her, this "Harnisette"—a grizzled, sullen old creature who served as his grandfather's housekeeper! And how he feared also—much more, indeed,—her son, known as "Nassimar," a great, savage-looking peasant, with wicked little eyes and bushy red whiskers, who did all the work of a man-servant; for the whole staff of Tellivot consisted of his mother and himself.

Grandpa! Harnisette! Nassimar! Theirs were the only faces seen by Artie; his little life was shut up in their hostile or indifferent circle. Grandpa scolded him. Harnisette and Nassimar beat him and filled him with terror. How could he escape them? Where could he hide himself? They enjoyed the full confidence of M. Rolante; they reigned as masters in this domain of Tellivot, lost in the midst of primitive woods, and seemed to be, not so much servants, as guardians, charged with preventing the approach of any outsiders. It really looked as if this sombre house held some mystery which the big peasant and his mother were there to protect from the curiosity of strangers. For that matter, nobody ever came near this isolated domain surrounded by a wall built of cobblestones and, better still, by a hedge of thorns.

And now that grandpa was dead, Artie remained all alone with Harnisette and Nassimar. Shivering with fright, he roused himself from his sorrowful

dreaming and once more began wandering through the house. Coming to a door on which there were no bands or seals, he opened it and stole inside. It was the great salon, or parlor, dark and forbidding because of the closed blinds and the furniture, covered with brown holland, scattered here and there over the floor bare of carpet or rug.

Closing the door, Artie made his way among chairs and tables to one corner of the room where, getting on a divan that rested against the wall, he thrust one of his hands behind a picture hanging above his head, and drew out an object which he wiped with his handkerchief before raising it to his lips. Then he hurried over to a window, and seated himself in a big armchair. A ray of sunlight had entered through a hole in the blind, and in this light the boy held the object he had just secured, a large medallion containing a portrait of a young woman dressed like a Madonna, holding on one arm a baby, while from her other wrist hung a rosary. On the back of the medallion were three words traced in big childish letters: "Mamma and Artie."

On the glass which protected the picture Artie softly placed his lips; and then surveyed with delight the two golden heads so close together, as he murmured, "Mamma! Mamma Beads!" His eyes filled with tears, clouding his view of the picture; but he did not need to see it; it was graven on his memory and in his heart. He had contemplated it so often that he knew all its details, even to the setting of a pretty landscape, a rocky platform with a background of a blue sky and sea. Artie knew that the baby was himself, but he could not recall much about the happy time when the sight of the rosary in the picture had caused him to call his mother "Mamma Beads."

The sound of voices and approaching footsteps, outside, suddenly roused the

boy from his reverie. Hastily putting the medallion in his pocket, he ran to another window and turned one of the slats of the blind so as to get a view of the garden. Coming up the main alley he saw two solemn-looking gentlemen about whom hovered Harnisette and her son, obsequious and fawning. They were the judge of peace of the district and his clerk, coming to remove the seals.

"His honor the judge will see that we have been faithful guardians and have obeyed his recommendations," Harnisette hastened to remark. "All the seals are unbroken; not a door has been opened."

"I'd like to see anybody touch them," growled Nassimar, clenching his big fists. About as pleasant looking as the wild boar of his native forests, he lacked the supple tongue of his mother, and could not disguise his sullenness and brutality. Fortunately, Harnisette was there, quite ready to speak for both of them.

"Ah, the poor dear master! How it grieves me not to see him any more! How empty the house seems without him! Ten years we've been in his service, your honor the judge. Ten years we've taken care of him. And didn't he have confidence in us? He would have nobody about him but his old Harnisette, and her son to look after the property. Alas! Tollivet without the dear master, what will it become? And what will become of us? Tell me, your honor the judge, am I to be thrown out and obliged to beg my bread at my age?"

"Why, no," replied the judge, waiving aside these importunate lamentations. "Whoever they may be, the heirs will no doubt keep you here. Moreover, M. Rolante has probably remembered you in his will."

Harnisette's eyes glistened.

"Of course, he was not ungrateful or

blind, the poor dear master.—And where do you wish to begin, your honor?"

"In the first place, we will see if everything is in order as the law requires; and then we shall proceed to an inventory of the papers and documents."

"Then the library is where you must go, your honor the judge," said Harnisette, exchanging a rapid glance with her son. "All his writings the poor dear M. Rolante kept in the drawers of his desk. There is the library door, your honor."

Judge and clerk removed the seals and opened the door. They entered the library, Harnisette and Nassimar following them. Artie, who had left the parlor to follow these strangers at a distance, hurried up to the library door and stole a glance at its interior. It was the first time he had ever seen it, as grandpa's library was forbidden ground to his little grandson.

The judge's search lasted only a minute or two. He found in one of the drawers a large envelope with five seals upon it, and, opening it, he exclaimed: "Ah, here we have the will."

The countenance of Harnisette and her son showed lively emotion, and Artie, standing outside the door which was ajar, experienced a thrill of mingled curiosity and fear.

(To be continued.)

Arithmetic in Dahomey.

In Dahomey values are measured, not by dollars and cents, but by actual goods, five yards of cotton being the equivalent of a dollar,—or five bars of soap or ten china plates. The Dahomians use the decimal system for counting, numerating on their fingers until they reach a hundred, which they call *nkama* (pronounced *nkah-mah*), meaning "nothing higher."

Conquered by Courtesy.

IT has sometimes happened that the habit of courtesy has been of great advantage in times of danger. Of the famous French writer Montaigne this anecdote is told:

It was a time of great public disturbance, and Montaigne had fled to his well-fortified castle at Périgord. One day a man, running in breathless haste to the castle, announced that a marauding band of the enemy was after him. By that statement he readily received admittance into the building, and a little later was brought before its amiable master.

"Tell your story," said Montaigne. And the man related that, while he and a party of friends were travelling, they had been surprised by a number of armed men, their goods seized, and several of their party killed. Those who had been fortunate enough to escape death, he said, were scattered in all directions.

As he spoke a servant announced the arrival of other strangers at the castle gate. "Some of my friends, without doubt," said the man. And Montaigne bade them be admitted also. As they filed slowly in, the number of the new arrivals was made manifest, and presently the castle yard was filled with men holding horses.

"I've been a simpleton," said wise old Montaigne to himself; "these are all undoubtedly robbers."

Not in any way, however, did he betray that he had discovered their secret; but immediately gave orders to have them served with the best the place afforded, and escorted them about the premises, showing them its beauties and treasures. This kindness and courtesy so melted the hearts of the bandits that they held a little council, and agreed to refrain from pillaging the premises, as they had intended. The

leader himself went to Montaigne, disclosed the plot, and confessed his original intention. "But we could not," he declared, "rob so gracious a host; and if we can ever serve you in any way, pray command us."

Then the band rode off; and Montaigne, a true Frenchman, bade them the most polite of farewells.

A Triumph of Justice.

It happened one day, in a town of Holland, that a knife-grinder went to the police and declared that a certain ragpicker had stolen his dog. The authorities gave the matter due attention, and learned that the ragpicker in question really had a dog, though he refused to tell how he had acquired possession of him. The case finally came to trial; and the judge, after hearing a statement of the facts, said: "Let the dog himself decide the matter. He certainly will know his master."

A long table was arranged, the two claimants sitting at opposite ends, and halfway between them the bailiff, holding the dog by a stout cord. The judge clapped his hands, the men began to whistle and call, and the bailiff let go the rope. The animal gave one look about the court-room, gazed into the faces of both knife-grinder and ragpicker, then jumped over the table and scampered out of the door as fast as he could. There was great consternation. "Search for him," said the judge, who was now greatly interested in the matter. So a hunt was made, and the dog was found lying peacefully upon a hearth-rug in the house of a gentleman, from whom the knife-grinder, the original thief, had stolen him months before. The ragpicker, of course, had robbed the knife-grinder.

Thus it sometimes happens that those who accuse others of wrongdoing, are guilty themselves.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Admirers of Jean Henri Fabre will welcome "The Wonder Book of Chemistry," translated by Florence Bicknell and published by Fisher Unwin. In this work the great French naturalist tells his young pupils, Jules and Emile, in his charming style, something of the wonderland of chemistry.

—In his work entitled "Unwritten Sayings of Our Lord," the Rev. Dr. David Smith quotes the inscription which Dr. Alexander Duff found on the gateway of the Mohammedan mosque near Agra: "Jesus, on whom be peace, has said: 'The world is merely a bridge: ye are to pass over it, and not to build your dwellings upon it.'"

—"The Art of Phrasing in English Composition," by Paul T. Carew, Ph. D. (Stratford Company), should prove a welcome addition to the textbooks of all students in composition classes—and to their teachers as well. It has the additional merit of furnishing interesting and instructive reading for journalists, especially novice journalists.

—The stone block on which, according to tradition, St. John the Baptist was beheaded, and which is said to have been brought to England by King Richard, Lion Heart, in the Twelfth Century, may be hidden beneath the floor of the church at Charing, the last halt on the Pilgrim's way before the final journey into Canterbury. The Rev. D. R. Fotheringham gives his reasons for thinking so in "The Charing Relique," lately published.

—The great majority of intellectual persons agree in the opinion that if a book is worth reading at all it is worth reading more than once. In so far as treatises are concerned, those that are at all superior contain some passages to which the reader may care to recur weeks or months after their first perusal. If the book has an index, this recurring is a simple matter; if it has no index, the discovery of the passage or passages wanted becomes not infrequently a great annoyance. Accordingly, the author of a treatise, which he thinks worth publishing, should, in justice to his prospective reader, take the trouble of making out an adequate index. This preamble emphasizes our disapproval of the lack of an index to the authorized translation of "The Three Sacraments of Initiation," by the Rev. L. Labouche, S. S., an octavo volume of 500 pages published by Blase Benziger & Co. Of

the contents of the work, 115 pages are devoted to Baptism; fifty-four to Confirmation; and the remainder to the Eucharist. The author's method of presentation differs somewhat from the plan commonly followed; the doctrine is, of course, the same as in other Catholic works of similar scope.

—The fire of true love of wisdom will burn brightly in the heart of any student who sets up a shrine of particular devotion to Alcuin, the gentle, self-disciplined English scholar, the kindergarten teacher of Ninth-Century Europe. Therefore, "Alcuin," in the "Catholic Thought and Thinkers" series, edited by C. C. Martindale, S. J., M. A., is to be hailed with enthusiasm and satisfaction. It would be hard to imagine a student of history, education, biography, Catholic thought—what you will,—who could read this small book without having caught the compelling contagion of its truth and the impelling contagion of its significance. Charlemagne, Pepin and numerous others among the great grown children of the Franks are here, sitting at the feet of Alcuin, learning their A B C's, as it were, of this most humble and self-effacing teacher. The excellence which one expects from Father Martindale is everywhere about the present volume. Published by Kenedy & Sons.

—Readers of the *Ecclesiastical Review* will certainly not have forgotten the series of brilliant articles contributed thereto during recent years by the Rev. Dr. William J. Kerby, of the Catholic University of America. One does not easily forget things of extraordinary beauty and excellence: they simply refuse to leave the memory; they persist in returning whenever thought takes on a serious mood, or the æsthetic sense thirsts for a draught of the ideal. Hence, the gratification of having these essays on priestly life and character in book form. (Longmans, Green & Co.) "Prophets of the Better Hope" is the happy title. It has been said of treatises on some subjects that there is nothing wrong with them but the whole of them. One puts down Dr. Kerby's treatise with the converse sentiment,—that there is nothing good in it but the whole of it. In lieu of anything like an adequate notice of a volume that is *sui generis*, let us quote a passage from it: "The habit of edification, of discovering and enjoying goodness in the lives of others, can be cultivated as readily as the talent to appreciate beauty in nature or

art, and to enjoy symmetry in line or proportion in mass or unity in composition. . . . Many of us all but lose our souls by not taking the soul's point of view in the world, and by not realizing that God deals with us as having souls, and that we must accept our souls with all of their implications, if we are to know God's ways at all."

—"The Psychology of Power," by Capt. J. A. Hadfield, is one of a series of "Little Books on Religion" published by the Macmillan Co. Though the psychological is much more in evidence than the religious, still, like so many other neurological psychologists, the author—who disclaims any special knowledge of theology or predilection for a "creed"—shows well how a knowledge of psychology can be made of great service to religion. "The purpose of my study," he writes, "is to direct attention to the problem of the sources of human energy and power." These sources, contrary to the common opinion, he finds not primarily in the will, but in the instincts and emotions. Hence the "conversion of the instincts" becomes a matter of primary importance. Scholastic-minded readers will not wholly agree with Dr. Hadfield, we think, on what he says concerning the will and the relation of instincts to morality, and certainly not at all with his explanation of mental fatigue,—that the mind, being in a relatively later stage of evolutionary development than the bodily organism, more quickly succumbs to strain. Nevertheless, the student of psychology and the director of souls will find helpful suggestions in this volume.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.

"The Life of Cardinal Gibbons." Allan Sinclair Will, Litt. D. Two volumes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$10.

"The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.

"From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon." Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. (D. Appleton & Co.) \$5.

"The Life and Times of John Carroll." Peter Guilday. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$5.

"Liturgical Prayer: Its History and Spirit." Dom Fernand Cabrol, O. S. B. \$4.65.

"The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature." George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

"Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.

"The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.

"Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Marie Chappeldaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii. 3.

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The style as well as the contents make it one of the best apologetic works which we have come across; and it should prove of great value in dealing with Protestant objections.—*The Southern Cross* (Adelaide, Australia).

... We learn from the title-page that the convert was at one time President of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges, and afterwards Father Fidelis of the Cross, Passionist; we gather from the dedication that he is still alive; we are told that the light came to him in the autumn of 1868, and that the bulk of the book, the "apologetic" part, was written fifty years ago. But after that the author strictly confines himself to the story of his own spiritual evolution, except in the last few chapters. ... Such stories have a perennial interest, and in the hands of Father Fidelis his loses nothing that clarity of mind and intensity of conviction can give it. ... In spite of the heights to which Anglicanism has climbed since, and the mists evolved from Modernism, the simple issue remains, now as then—where is the teaching Church Christ founded? By what authority? That question is answered fully and satisfactorily in this able book.—*The Month*.

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... A life story covering more than fifty years, and of the most intense and un-

usual interest, is related in a most charming style. This book is a noble and almost unique contribution to the literature of autobiographical apologetics. ... The fifteen chapters written fifty years ago constitute one of the clearest and most illuminating brief defences and explanations of the Catholic Church against the misconceptions, errors, and misrepresentations of the Protestant tradition that this reviewer knows of. The second portion of the book, dealing with the missionary experience of Father Fidelis, are of another kind of interest, but are no less fascinating.—*Catholic Columbian*.

... The volume is exceptionally well written and of great interest from the psychological and the apologetic point of view. Nothing more effective or convincing could be put into the hands of a truth-seeking Protestant, especially of the Anglican persuasion, than this book.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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A FAMILY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF
THE BLESSED VIRGIN

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND MONTHLY

THE AVE MARIA is the only periodical of its kind in the language. Its primary object is to honor the Blessed Virgin and to make her better known and better loved; and it thus commends itself to all who venerate the Mother of God and who wish to see devotion to her widely extended. The Holy Father has given his special blessing to all who, as subscribers or in any other way, contribute to the support of this Magazine. **THE AVE MARIA** has readers in every part of Christendom, and is encouraged by prelates and priests all over the world.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 14.—St. Bonaventure, B. C. D.	WEDNESDAY, 18.—St. Camillus de Lellis, C. SS. Symphorosa and Comp's, MM.
SUNDAY, 15.—EIGHTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Henry, Empr. St. Swithun, B.	THURSDAY, 19.—St. Vincent de Paul, C.
MONDAY, 16.—Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. St. Helier, C.	FRIDAY, 20.—St. Jerome Emiliani, C. St. Margaret, V. M.
TUESDAY, 17.—St. Alexius, C. St. Kenelm, M.	SATURDAY, 21.—St. Praxedes, V. M. St. Julia, V. M.

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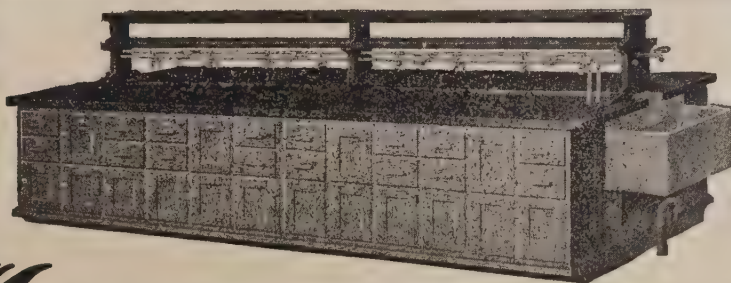
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE. i., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 14, 1923.

No. 2

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Prayer After Communion.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

TO find my place, O Lord, is all I ask,
To have my place in Thy strong serving band;
Forbid, O Lord, that I, with head or hand
May do, in daily rage, an irksome task;
Or soft in splendid luxury, careless bask,
In pride of palaces or leagues of land;
Or weary in the market-place should stand,
Waiting for hire, wearing a patient mask.
Since now, Friend in my heart, I may ask all,
Give me the solace of a calm content;
Not ruling men, unless it be Thy will
To chasten me; but let me hear Thy call,
So that my mind, my heart, my temperament,
Accord in music one small space to fill.

The Lady Chapel: Its Position and Importance.

BY M. NESBITT.

HERE are those outside the Church, who hold that devotion to God's most holy Mother is of more or less modern growth, and that during the earliest period of ecclesiastical history it was practically non-existent. Nothing could be farther from the facts. Christian writers in all lands, from the very beginning, have "exhausted every epithet and title they could find to express the perfect sanctity" of her who, to quote the words of Sedulius:

Bore in time, the world's eternal King,
And peerless in the human race, has found
A mother's joys by virgin honors crowned.

Moreover, any one who has visited the many glorious cathedrals, collegiate and parish churches in countries, which have now, alas! fallen away from the true Faith, can not fail to notice that each and every one of them possessed a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, which chapel went by the name of the "Lady Chapel." Even in the smaller parish churches an altar of Our Lady would invariably be found.

The exact position of the Lady Chapel seems never to have been defined by any authoritative decree; at least, we may venture to hold that opinion, seeing how it varied in different cathedrals. At York, for instance, the chapel of Our Lady stood due East, behind the choir and high altar, as it did in the Benedictine abbey church at Norwich, where it is still pointed out, desolate and desecrated, bereft of its once lovely image of her who is the *Aurora Consurgens*—"the rising morn of the day of salvation"; bereft, too, of its costly shrine, its many votive offerings, its crowd of fervent worshippers, yet still bearing in its name lasting proof of the love and faith of past times.

In many of the old French cathedrals, we find the Lady Chapel in like position behind the high altar. It is the same in Germany. At Freiburg, in Baden, the exquisite minster is another example, richly decorated with wonderful, modern carved and painted woodwork, the gift of the Grand Duke.

Let it be remembered, too, in this connection, that as Our Lady has been described by the Fathers as the *Aurora Consurgens*, so also, has she been called *Stella Matutina*,—"the Morning Star"; and a writer of the Fifteenth Century tells us the reason in quaint yet pious language. "At Prime," he says, "there appeareth a star before the sun, as if it were the leader, or bringer forth of the sun. And Our Lady came before, and brought forth to mankind that Sun of Righteousness that is our divine Lord Jesus Christ."

Again, that holy Martyr, John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, thus writes: "This Blessed Lady Mary as a morning star goeth between our night and the day of Christ, between our darkness and His brightness, and lastly, between the misery of our sins and the mercy of Almighty God."

It seems fitting, therefore, that the chapels dedicated to the Virgin of virgins should have been placed at the east end; but, on the other hand, we see that it sometimes stood at the west; whilst it occupied the south choir-aisle at Elgin, and in some parish churches. We also discover it in the south transept at Wimborne; again at Ripon, it is just over the chapter-house, south of the choir. At Ely, that lovely aspiration in stone, it was detached; at Mildenhall in Suffolk, it was over the porch, as is proved by the following bequest made in the year 1519: "to the reparacon (repairing) of the chapell of owre Lady over the porch, xxd.; and Alice Bateman, in 1527, left xiid. for the same purpose." On the east side of the old church at Glastonbury, St. David of Menevia built a chapel, which he dedicated to Our Lady, and to which he gave the celebrated gem known as the "Great Sapphire of Glastonbury." This shrine was one of the earliest Lady chapels in England, where, as a learned authority tells us, chapels dedicated to God's Mother

"were coeval with the introduction of Christianity."

There was also a chapel or oratory of Our Lady at the east end of St. Augustine's ancient monastery at Canterbury, built by Ethelbald, the son and successor of King Ethelbert. Here Ethelbald and his wife, Emma, were buried, and here, too, St. Dunstan "had his visions," and heard "the voices of angels and the melodious strains of holy virgins."

Very often the Lady Chapel would be at the east end of the south aisle, and it must be noted that an image of Mary not seldom found a place on the north side of the high altar; because, according to an old established belief, Our Lord was crucified with His face to the West, and His back to Jerusalem, and Our Lady stood at His right hand, and consequently on the north side. For the same reason, Lady chapels were frequently erected in the north aisle; whilst the north doors of many cathedrals were dedicated to "St. Mary."

It is interesting to learn that in the still beautiful church of St. Andrew, in Norwich, the chapel of Our Lady of Grace was under the steeple. Many bequests were made to this sanctuary, where a light was always kept burning before the altar and image of the Queen of Heaven. A guild of St. Mary had its meetings there, and in 1509, Agnes Est left "a pair of beads of silver to Our Lady in the steeple."

The famous chapel of Our Lady at Canterbury, generally called "Our Lady Undercroft," has thus been described by Erasmus: "I never saw a thing more laden with riches. When lamps were brought, we beheld more than a royal spectacle, which, in beauty, far surpassed that of Walsingham." At Durham, the Lady Chapel is in that part of the cathedral known as the Galilee. But certainly in a very large proportion of the parish churches, in England at

least, the north side seems to have been most frequently chosen. "One coat of golde for Our Lady at ye north Dore" is mentioned in the inventory of the Abbey of Westminster, taken at the dissolution of the monastic houses. Again, the statue of Our Lady of Grace, at the north door of St. Paul's, London, was one of the most venerated images in the country.

The celebrated image of Our Lady of Chatham is believed to have stood in a niche over the entrance arch to the north porch of the old Norman church, no longer in existence; whilst in York minster, there was a statue of the Blessed Virgin at the door of the north aisle of the choir, and another image, or painting, of her, on the north side of the church; for two painters were paid £5, in the year 1518, for painting "an image of the Blessed Marye at the door of the north aisle of the choir, they finding the gold, bice, and other colours in gross."

Quite as interesting, perhaps, as the chapels within the churches were those dedicated to Christ's holy Mother, to be found in woods and other isolated spots, but all noted as places of pilgrimage.

A very small, yet much-frequented chapel was that of Our Lady on the Mount at King's Lynn, in Norfolk. This remarkable little oratory is perfectly cruciform in shape, although it stands within an octagonal wall; its extreme length is seventeen feet by fourteen feet wide, and many and costly were the offerings made to it by the pilgrims, who resorted thither on their way to the famous shrine of Walsingham. Another curious feature of the devotion was that everyone was obliged to make a complete circuit of the chapel before entering it.

"Our Lady in the Park," at Liskeard, in Cornwall, was another of these ancient chapels; and it is interesting to find that, in 1441, Bishop Lacy

granted an indulgence to "penitent persons," who contributed to the repair of the road leading to it. There is also mention of certain lands "given to ye said chapel, a garden with an orchard, and one half acre of ground; and in the said chapel was great oblations sometye." Leland thus describes it: "About half a mile," he writes, "before I came to Liskeard, I passed in a wood, by a chapel of Our Lady, called Our Lady in the Park, where was wont to be great pilgrimage." Sometimes these little chapels had a hermit living beside them. Mention is made of "David Waryn, heremyte of the Chapel of Our Lady of Grace at Quarrywell, within the boundaries of Plymouth."

We learn from Polwhele's "History of Devonshire," that the Chapel of Our Lady of Plymbridge had been given the indulgence of Portiuncula, and the Roman Stations. To all who said three *Paters* and *Aves* before the images of the Blessed Virgin, and St. Peter and St. Paul in this chapel, on Christmas, Circumcision, Epiphany, Good Friday, Easter Sunday, the Ascension, Pentecost, and the Nativity, Annunciation, and Assumption of Our Lady, Pope Boniface IX. granted these great indulgences. Yet another noted chapel, and one, also, "haunted with pilgrims," was that of Our Lady of Grace on the shore of Hamelrise Creeke, near Southampton.

In the village of Burgham, near Edon Water, in Westmoreland, stood a chapel frequented by large numbers of pilgrims, and held in much veneration. There was also a chapel in the woods at Molsa, to which many offerings were made.

But enough has been said to prove that devotion to the Blessed Virgin, as shown by these chapels erected in her honor, was precisely the same in the earlier ages of the Church, when pious Saxons built "the comparatively rude

structures of the Seventh Century, as it was later on when, with the growth of religion, came civilization, the arts and letters. A wider culture inspired men to raise those splendid abbeys, cathedrals and parish churches which have ever been the glory of Catholic Christendom, and which, even in the lands that have fallen away from the truth, still speak in their desolate beauty of the faith and fervor of those who left them as symbols of that sweet devotion which shall never die.

A Tool of Fortune.

II.

THE man who had been familiarly addressed as "My dear Raz" rose and walked up to the table at which the all-powerful banker was sitting. On seeing the two together, one could instantly recognize in them the representatives of two distinct races. One seemed the embodiment of prudence united with shrewdness and the instincts of gain and covetousness; also with order, economy, and industry; in him remembrances of humiliations transmitted from father to son had become transformed into sullen rancor. In the other, the blood had become refined by long possession of comforts and the privileges procured by birth and habit, by might and right; the pride of caste shone in the clear blue eyes, on the smooth brow, scarcely wrinkled by care. There was a conscious probity in the fine, straight nose, with its sensitive nostrils; while the sensual mouth, smiling under the silky beard, once blonde now grey, bore witness to inconsistency, unconscious selfishness, ready to become criminal in spite of outbursts of generosity and thrills of heroic courage.

With a rapid gesture, Raz took the

note from the pocket-book he held open in his hand with its long, white fingers, on one of which shone the pale gold of a ring set with turquoises. He unfolded the paper; his voice had an indifferent, almost cheerful, ring as he remarked:

"I am in no hurry, sir; business is business. Mine is simple enough and will not require much time. It is only this little note again." As he spoke he pushed the paper forward on the table until it lay directly under the glance of the banker, whose eyes had not for a moment been raised to those of the speaker. "I must ask to have it renewed just once more."

Lewin took on a grave air; he sat motionless, and did not rub his hands together as he was wont to do when favorably inclined to a business transaction.

Raz began to feel anxious.

"You know," he continued, with a forced smile, "it is the note for five thousand roubles. You are aware that Jean, my son—"

Samuel interrupted him brusquely:

"Your son has nothing to do with the matter. He can do as he pleases; and I, on my side, shall act as my best interests dictate."

"Certainly, sir; certainly!" stammered poor Raz, struck to the heart by the prospect of a refusal. "You are, of course, free to act at your pleasure; perfectly free."

Then he laughed nervously, making his beard tremble and his thin neck wrinkle, as if he hoped to win over the banker by his good-humor.

"I know very well," replied Lewin, becoming more and more rough in his manner, "that I am free, as you say; and that is why I refuse."

"But, my dear sir," groaned the nobleman, "you surely can not suspect the cruel embarrassment your refusal will cause me. I beg you to reconsider the matter."

The banker raised his head; he seemed to be reflecting, to be undergoing some mental struggle. Raz breathlessly awaited his verdict.

"Sir," said Lewin, abruptly, "what is, in your opinion, the first duty of a father of a family?"

Raz was perplexed, for the question seemed insidious.

"The first duty of a father of a family?" he repeated, reddening.

"Yes," responded Lewin, evidently enjoying the confusion of his questioner. "Is it not to protect the interests of his children?"

"To be sure it is," murmured the Councillor,—"to be sure."

"Then—"

"Then what?" inquired Raz, who did not clearly see the drift of the banker's reasoning.

"Then, my honored sir, I can not, merely to oblige you, deprive my sons of the five thousand roubles you ask of me, and which they should some day find in their inheritance."

Raz hung his head. A wave of blood rushed to his cheeks. In the depths of his heart he felt that the Jew was right, yet his pride made him protest.

"But, sir, my property!"

"Your property! Ah, yes! let us consider it. It is buried under encumbrances. You know that as well as I do. Put yourself in my place. My duty as a good father forbids me to come to your aid."

Raz stood rooted to the spot, lacking courage to cross the threshold of the accursed house. Ah! the clerks would now have rare sport. They could jest at their ease at the expense of the Christian, of the beggar lord. At this moment a diversion outside turned their venomous tongues from their victim to matters of more interest to themselves. A sleigh, whose approach had been announced by the jingling of bells, drew up before the bank.

"It is Master Leopold!" exclaimed Schmulek.

"He will find himself face to face with Raz," observed the accountant. "The patron's cash-box will be in danger."

"Why?" asked Schmulek.

"What a young innocent you are! Because Master Leopold is in love with the daughter of the noble seigneur; because the seigneur is not ignorant of the fact; and, naturally, he will want to profit by the situation."

Just then the door of the vestibule opened and Leopold Lewin appeared, muffled up in fur-trimmed garments. He exactly resembled his father. Short and stout, in spite of his twenty-five years, he had the same yellow, bloated face, the same thick lips, which were outlined by a faint mustache. His hair, which was almost red, was already thin on his temples and forehead. There was nothing attractive about the personality of the heir of the house; yet, by his haughty speech, his acknowledged cleverness in business matters, the prestige accorded him by his fortune, he impressed the employees even more than did the patron himself. When he entered every man was on his feet, bowing. He passed by them without even noticing their cringing greetings. On reaching the office door, he paused and asked:

"Is my father alone?"

The cashier and bookkeeper replied in concert:

"No, sir: he has a visitor."

"Who?"

"Councillor Raz."

"How long has he been here?"

"About an hour."

Leopold passed into the office, closing the door after him. His scowling face lighted up as he entered the room in which the solicitor's fate had just been decided. He took off his cap, tossed his coat over a mahogany chair, and politely addressed his father's client.

"I hope I am not intruding," he said, bowing.

"Oh, no!" replied Raz, with a wan smile. "Quite the contrary. If you had come earlier, perhaps you would have pleaded my cause for me." Then he added, with a gesture of discouragement: "I came to ask a favor of your father; he has refused to grant it."

"That was his privilege," answered Leopold, still smiling. "But you know, sir, that I am the heir-presumptive of the house; and the rôle of such consists in showing themselves more liberal than the present possessors of power."

"What am I to conclude from that?" inquired Raz, anxiously.

A rapid glance was exchanged between father and son, and Samuel hastened to reply:

"We common people, sir, train up our children in the respect of paternal authority. Leopold may boast of his liberalism: that does not change matters. He is the same as the other heirs to whom he alludes, since they no more than he can influence the decisions of the head of the family."

Leopold understood. His bloated face assumed an expression of indifference, and he cautiously evaded the eager eyes fixed upon him.

After a pause, all hope abandoned, the Councillor said, in broken tones:

"Is this your final decision?"

"Very sorry, sir, but it is," answered the banker.

He escorted his visitor to the door, and stood back against the wall to allow him to pass out. Then, abruptly, just as Raz was about to cross the threshold, standing on tiptoe, his lips close to the nobleman's ear, he uttered a few words that, in spite of their jocoseness, concealed a venomous shaft ready to bury itself in the heart of his victim.

"I see only one way for you to arrange it," he said, with an insinuating smile.

"What is that?" murmured Raz, with a heavy heart.

"Why, sir, sign the note yourself!"

The banker turned about with a hearty outburst of laughter, so amused was he by his own wit. This was too much. Raz went out without even turning his head; great drops of sweat stood on his brow. In his ears rang the Jew's words that had cut him like a blow from a whip. So he must sign for him—and that would be *forgery*!

As for Samuel, when the emaciated form of his client had disappeared through the door, he clapped his hands several times, thus giving the signal so anxiously waited for by the clerks.

"Go now, boys,—go to the devil!" he called out gleefully. Then he pushed his son before him into the office, closed the door, and, pointing to a chair opposite his own, said: "Sit down; let us chat awhile."

Leopold sullenly obeyed.

"Don't keep me too long," he muttered.

"Aha!" exclaimed Samuel. "I know the cause of your ill-humor. It proves one thing true, my son; and that is that you have not yet reached your father's level."

"Did you keep me here to listen to your compliments, when I am dying with hunger?" asked Leopold, ironically.

"Supper is not ready yet; besides, I am happy to know that you are dying with hunger. You gave me to understand the other day that your love had taken away your appetite. I note with pleasure that matters are improving, at least in one direction."

"Cease your jesting or I shall go at once!" retorted Leopold, half rising.

"There, there, my boy! Don't get excited!"

And with his hand Samuel made magnetic passes as if to calm the rising irritation of his hopeful heir. He was

evidently unsuccessful, as Leopold settled back into his chair and vented his wrath freely.

"Ah, yes!" he began, "you seem to find great amusement in ridiculing my sentiment. But does it prevent me from attending to business? Has it made me lose sight of the interests of the house? Have you not repeated to me over and over again that so long as those of our faith intermarry we shall remain Jews, be despised and buffeted about in spite of our money? Have I not left the Synagogue to second your views? For you know well that, no matter how large our fortune shall become, or how great the degree of abasement of those whom we wish to displace, never, never, I say, will a Christian woman, a nobleman's daughter, consent to marry a *zyd*,* who eats unleavened bread, chants Hebrew verses, beating the time with his head covered with an old hat—"

"Upon my word, you are going too far!" interrupted Samuel, his hands clasped over his obese form, his thumbs toying with his gold watch-chain. "Wherever did you learn that Goldschmidt, Mayer or Neymann, not to mention others, wore shabby hats? I tell you, on the contrary, they reflected the lustre of the Synagogue as if they had been mirrors."

This evident desire to turn everything to jest irritated Leopold, but it surprised him at the same time. Either some master-stroke was being prepared or else Jacob, the fanatic of the family, had won his father over to his prejudices and views. The young man gazed at his father fixedly.

"Jacob has turned your head," he said at last.

This time it was Samuel who started from his chair in indignation.

"My boy, understand one thing"—and he raised his voice significantly,— "neither you nor your brother nor

cleverer people than either of you have the power to turn the head of old Samuel Lewin."

"But I persist in believing that you have seen Jacob lately," replied Leopold, less aggressively; for his father's superb assurance now began to disturb him somewhat.

"Jacob is studying the text of the Thora with his uncle, the rabbi."

"With his cousin Rachel, rather."

"It makes no difference with which one. I tell you I have not seen him for two days."

"Possibly not, but you are very kindly disposed toward the fanatic — idiot rather; and we shall perish just through him. Remember that, father! All our toils, all our ambitions, will come to naught. Our money will escape from our strong boxes; we shall drop back into that sordid Jewry from which we have scarcely emerged. And it will be the work of this Jacob whom you favor; while I, who comprehend you, who am a true Lewin, capable of success,—I am to be thwarted and ridiculed! You halt when you should go forward; you refuse a few roubles to that poor devil of a nobleman. Ah! it is altogether—"

Without finishing his sentence, the young man rose and struck the table violently with his fist; then he began striding excitedly about the room.

"And how can you hope to have such an opportunity again? You could kill two birds with one stone—crush the pride of that old imbecile, substitute yourself for all his creditors, and then urge me on the daughter as a savior. But you will not take advantage of the situation: you refuse to sacrifice a few roubles. Really, I thought you wiser. You lack what I had supposed you had there,"—and Leopold struck his forehead. "You have no genius!"

"Genius! genius!" grumbled Lewin senior, filled with secret admiration for his son's enthusiasm. "It is easy enough

* Polish word for Jew.

to talk, but have *you* any genius? Yes, I know you can exclaim and rail, but what comes of it all?"

Samuel had risen in his turn, and the two men marched about the room.

"But," continued the father, "explain yourself. What do you mean by killing two birds with one stone? I ask only to be convinced. If you have genius, so much the better for you. I claim some praise for that. It is something to be the father of a man of genius. You want to marry Wanda Raz,—that is understood. But would you also undertake to marry Rachel to the handsome Jean Raz, the rising engineer? Is that also in your plan?"

Leopold turned around abruptly.

"The idea would not be such a bad one."

"But they do not even know each other."

"But they soon will."

"I hope so, indeed. Do you imagine that Seigneur Raz would ask the rabbi for the hand of Rachel solely because it would settle our accounts?"

"If he loved her to distraction, why not?"

"That is all nonsense. In the first place, he would have to love her as you say; and secondly, I am not sure but that he could attain his end by some other means."

"I know Rachel; she is not a Lewin for nothing. She schemes, as you and I do. She knows the value of her beauty. Let her but meet the handsome Jean, and she will know how to fascinate him. She is very clever."

"But you claim that Jacob loves her."

"Oh, don't pretend to be so innocent! You know very well what I mean. Rachel is a girl of expedients. It will be a case of rank and love against money and sympathy. The first two denied, the money will do. That is why we ought to oppose Jacob with the engineer."

Samuel kept up his march and seriously reflected.

"Never mind about that now," he said, after a short silence. "The Rachel question is subsidiary. I will think it over. It is Wanda that concerns us now. Do you really want to marry the girl?"

"I do, as much as it is in my nature to desire anything."

"Well, you *shall*."

"You really are taking a strange way to win her."

"The shortest way, therefore the straightest."

"By refusing to sign her father's note!"

"By refusing to sign it."

"You persist in turning everything into pleasantry."

"I mean what I say."

The father and son halted and looked at each other inquiringly.

"Did you hear what I said to Raz when we parted?"

"That he was to sign the note for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, and what am I to conclude from that?"

Suddenly Leopold's eyes, fixed upon his father's, flashed with comprehension; while the same significant smile hovered about the lips of the two men.

"So you understand me at last!" exclaimed Samuel, extending his arms, then clasping them over his breast as if he already held the instrument of his victory.

"It is impossible!" murmured Leopold, conquered without being convinced; "he will not do it."

"He *will*, I tell you; and now let us go to supper."

(To be continued.)

As a well-spent day brings happy sleep, so life well lived brings us a happy death.—*Leonardo da Vinci*.

Roses for My King.

(The Stigmata of St. Francis.)

BY S. M. M.

IF that my King should say,
 "Fetch me of roses five most fair to-day,"
 Where, think you, could I find
 Flowers to please His heart, to please His
 mind?
 Straight would I go to him
 Who stands forever next the Seraphim,
 And say, "Here, at his feet,
 Are roses, Master, that Thy heart deems
 sweet.
 "And from his hands there spring
 Blossoms that worthy are of Thee, my King.
 "One flower more doth bide
 Within the lovely garden of his side.
 "See how its petals part,—
 O God, it is the blossom of his heart!"
 Dear Master, bid me, pray,
 Bring Thee of flowers the fairest five to-day;
 Look Thou where I will find
 Roses to please Thy heart, to please Thy mind.

Wanderings and Reminiscences.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER, LITT. D.

IT was when "the hounds of Spring
 had been on Winter's traces," and
 lovely May had established her do-
 minion over hill and vale, that my
 wandering feet led me to a spot which
 I had frequently visited in early days,
 "with other thoughts and feelings than
 I shall ever know again," to quote from
 that brilliant essayist, who saw a star
 set over a laborer's cottage on the an-
 niversary of Waterloo. The place and
 its environment were well remembered
 and had often been revisited. "In
 memory's shadowy moonshine"; there
 where they stood on the banks of that
 Yarrow of my youth, the Hudson,
 "which glides the dark hills under." It
 is a river with numberless associations,
 some of which are merely personal,
 others inwoven, like a rich mosaic, with

bits of history, and that "localized
 romance" imparted to its scenes by the
 magic pen of Washington Irving.

Religious institutions have multiplied
 in that region, and of them a separate
 paper might well be written; but space
 is restricted, and my destination was
 the College of Mt. St. Vincent. Its
 academic and collegiate buildings on
 the terraced heights together form a
 splendid pile, amongst which is notable
 that of the administration in the
 centre, surmounted by a graceful spire,
 and the Cross which dominates the
 classic stream. Just below is Fonthill
 Castle, half Norman, half Gothic, with
 its ivied towers, suggesting some donjon
 transported from the Old World. It
 has its history, too, the realization of a
 dream on the part of its owner, the
 gifted tragedian, Edwin Forest. Now
 it is the residence of the convent chap-
 lain. It stands upon the cliff, overlook-
 ing the river. Before it are winding
 roads, bordered by flowering shrubs and
 beds of brilliant-hued flowers. Below
 is a verdant hollow, containing a
 shrine of the Blessed Virgin. Trees of
 colossal height, oaks, elms and beeches,
 arise everywhere about terraces, slop-
 ing down almost to the water's edge.

The extensive grounds have their
 courts for croquet, tennis and archery,
 also for basket-ball, most popular of
 modern games; they are intersected by
 broad, winding roads, such as the "Via
 Angelorum," with its "Wayside Well."
 There are rich meadow lands, a fine
 farm and a grape arbor, all of which
 give an impression of open space and
 cheerfulness. On a hillside is the
 cemetery, and on its wooden crosses are
 to be seen the names of many of the
 Republic's truly great women, who were
 famous in the history of religion, of
 charity, of education. In the simple
 habit of the Sisters of Charity, they
 await the Resurrection.

There are some new and imposing

collegiate edifices, such as the "Le Gras Auditorium," the "Elizabeth Seton Residence," in the Italian Renaissance style, and that enchanting domicile, known as "Marillac Hall," which belonged to the old Randolph estate. It is ideally situated, shaded by groups of the "incommunicable trees," surrounded by green lawns and hedges. Interiorly, it has the attractions of solid, carved woodwork and furniture, tapestries, pictures, and windows, so designed that each one is a landscape in itself. Everywhere, it is made evident that Mt. St. Vincent is now a college, fully equipped, and with the power of conferring degrees, granted by the Regents of the University of New York. For, understanding the needs of the hour, the Mount was one of the first in the movement for higher education.

My wandering feet next led me to the great Metropolis, where I had spent many and happy years, a great part, in fact, of my youth and early womanhood. I saw New York again, and when I say that I had not seen it for twenty years, some idea may be formed of the changes observed. The Grand Central Station itself, at 42d Street had become a miniature city, with tramcars running from one section thereof to the other. Fruit shops, florists, confectioners' shops, and others of various descriptions were under that roof. A flight of stairs led into a luxurious hotel. Trains, to every point of the compass, were starting now from upstairs, now from downstairs.

A drive in Central Park was a pleasant relief from the train and from the bustle and uproar of the congested section. *That* was practically unchanged after the lapse of years. Nature still showed the same green slopes and cool depths, the same winding roads, and rocks, verdure covered. The trees were there, in every variety, the broad lakes, where, as a child, I had watched the

swans. Many new monuments had been added, some relating to the war; but there were old ones, too, that the eyes of youth had seen erected.

To speak of the vastness of New York and of the changes wrought there, even in these two decades, would be out of the question in these limits. In many parts, it is practically a new city and all very wonderful, from Grant's Monument on Morningside Drive, to the Battery, which recalls so many bits of quaint, Colonial history. The Dutch and the English successively looked out of the Fort on that narrow reach of land over the Bay, and changed the name of fortress and town as rapidly as some changed their coats, political or religious, under foreign rulers. Hard by is Castle Garden, once a bowling green and bordered with aristocratic residences, but devoted for many a long year now to the immigrants, arriving, thousands upon thousands of them, from every country in the wide world.

From the bay where the salt breezes from the ocean blew fresh and invigorating, past the Statue of Liberty, everywhere, there was change. That which I could not help deploring was the intrusion of commerce into Fifth and Madison Avenues. In the former, that magnificent sweep, once extending from 23d Street upwards to the beginning of the Park at 59th Street, chiefly consisting of solid, substantial, often palatial mansions, is now dwarfed, diminished, interrupted. Madison Avenue has suffered, too. Park Avenue, on the contrary, having got rid of what was called "the smoke nuisance" from underground trains, is now a singularly fine, broad and imposing, residential quarter; only, instead of the mansions, are apartment houses, modern, luxurious, ultra expensive. As for Broadway, the *Heeren Graten* of the Dutch, it is less transformed; but it has acquired the

Great White Way and the dazzle and wonderment of electric and often revolving signs in every color of the rainbow. These things are—according to the taste of the observer—a decided improvement, or the reverse. Lower Broadway is still impressive, and Old Trinity and St. Paul's stand like sentinels over the past.

The hotels, constantly increasing in number, are becoming more luxurious, more up-to-date, more extravagant, with an unsurpassed service and *cuisine*, though some, I was told, had to close their doors because of prohibition. A few have roof gardens, which, with the radiance of stars overhead and the perfume of flowering shrubs below, are a delight in the hot nights of Summer. One of these—but it is across the East River, in Brooklyn,—represents a ship, with waiters and all other officials in marine costume, with seven bells, eight bells, the captain on the poop, the crew in the forecastle.

Rapid transit had reached its apex in the Subway, which transports the passengers from one end of the Metropolis to the other, and under the two rivers, to points, respectively, upon the Brooklyn or Jersey shores. The elevated trains still convey enormous crowds on the East side and the West side, and taxis—yellow and black, white and black,—dart about everywhere.

A monumental building is the New Library, on the site of what, in olden days, was a reservoir. It has a noble exterior and equally handsome and imposing interior, with an array of books, and a system that offers the maximum of assistance to the reader. On its upper floor is a splendid collection of pictures, which kept me long fascinated. The art gallery would require a separate chapter; and there are a number of institutions, educational or philanthropic, that, viewed by me merely from the exterior, made me realize the

developments in the art of construction and the colossal sums so expended within the last quarter of a century. As for shops and shopping, they are fairly bewildering. The whole glittering mass—the skyscrapers, rivalling the Tower of Babel, the evidences everywhere of human inventiveness, energy, industry, ingenuity, with the expenditure of enormous sums of money—gave me, for the time being, a sort of “Rip-Van-Winkle” feeling, that I had been resurrected into a new existence, differing entirely from the old.

There are many beautiful drives in the environs, of some of which, through the kindness of friends, I took advantage. Upwards, from the fine, broad Riverside Drive, along the tranquil shores of the Hudson, by the windings of that stream, through what was once the quaint, Dutch settlement of Yonkers, now a noisy and thickly populated town, with its fine hospital and school in charge of the Sisters of Charity, to the village of Irvington, where our chariot turned backwards. There are notable places, what may be called estates, bordering the thickly shaded road, where leading financiers, lights of the law, merchants, seek quiet and retirement. The hedgerows, sometimes in blossom, enclose lawns of exquisite green, or gardens, whence, occasionally, masses of flowers overflow into the road, where trees, the growth of centuries, vie with young saplings, and everywhere the majestic river comes into the picture, now dimly glimpsed, now broadly sweeping.

Some of these dwellings have a curious history. One is said to have been owned by a woman of the Negro race, who made a fortune by selling a compound for removing the crinkle peculiar to the hair of the colored people. It was further said that she employed the fortune so acquired in philanthropic work. And so, peace be to her!

The drive on the East side, which was extended as far as Pelham Manor, included the Boulevard, Van Cortlandt and Mt. Morris Parks and afforded glimpses of Long Island Sound, with Hellgate and its boiling waters in the distance, upon the brightness of which fell the shadows of far-off hills. Nature was in high festival, and showed, still delicate and young, the fulfilled promise of the Spring. Harlem River

Upon its pebbly rim

Made music such as childhood knew;

for the "ever-youthful waters" had altered not at all, though all their surroundings had greatly changed since the two, slow-going ferryboats plied upon their surface.

Catholic New York has progressed also with leaps and bounds. Institutions of education or charity are everywhere in the city and its environs; old Manhattan College, enlarged, beautified, where the sons of De la Salle have, for seventy-five years, faithfully labored; the Convent of the Sacred Heart, little changed in its dignified seclusion, and the fine college and other buildings of the Ursulines—old structures enlarged and spacious new ones—hospitals, orphan asylums, day nurseries, etc., far too numerous to be mentioned.

What shall I say of the churches?—of the Cathedral little changed in its beauty of white marble and stained windows and Lady Chapel, nearly completed; of the reconstructed St. Francis Xavier's, where, once more, the Society of Jesus has left its enduring mark upon the Metropolitan life; of St. Paul's, from which great thinkers, preachers, workers have gone into white harvest fields; of St. Ignatius Loyola's, with its graceful, appealing architecture, served during many years by eminent and beloved men; of St. Vincent's, little changed, where the Fathers of Mercy still labor as in the days of Père Lafont and Father Aubril; of Holy Innocent's,

the parish church of my youth, outwardly unchanged, interiorly reconstructed; of St. Peter's, mother of churches, still a centre of spiritual life in the heart of the business section.

On the West side, is the very fine, elaborate Church of the Blessed Sacrament; then there is a church for the Perpetual Adoration, where a relic of St. Anne has worked some of the same prodigies of healing that are recorded at Auray and Beaupré. That is in charge of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. There is another little church, unassuming as to interior, but very complete, in perfect taste within—its every detail being of the best. It is appropriately called "Church of the Guardian Angels"; its pastor jestingly declares it to be international in its boundaries. Indeed, good Father Raymond numbers among his flock many a waif and stray, not to speak of immigrants and tourists from various parts of the world, who worship there.

I visited with keen delight the monumental edifice which the Dominican Fathers have erected on the site of St. Vincent Ferrer's, where, of old, was heard the eloquence of Father Tom Burke. It is solid throughout, in stone, and a reminder of those churches which the religious Orders used to erect in the old countries, not for time but for eternity. Every detail seemed perfect.

Near by is an academy in charge of Dominican nuns, of whom I found the accomplished superior to be a granddaughter of Anna Hanson Dorsey, that pioneer novelist, to whom Catholic America owes so much. After an exceedingly pleasant visit there, I turned my steps, as my heart prompted, to the Academy of the Congregation de Notre Dame, where the beloved habit of Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys made me feel at home.

Of all the innumerable schools and academies which have accumulated in

New York, I visited but two others: first the Academy of the Blessed Sacrament in 76th Street, West, which is under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. It is finely situated, in an excellent neighborhood, and has two houses, one for the Sisters, and the other for the pupils. The last named, with its polished floors, its solid wood-work, may be said to be the last word in comfort and convenience, in sanitation and hygiene. Its curriculum is advanced, and its appliances for study and for recreation, as well as for the pleasure of the students, could hardly be surpassed. The other institute visited was that of Holy Cross in West 42d Street, which long ago I had attended. Holy Cross is now devoted to higher education and preparing pupils for matriculation.

A very beautiful ceremony at which I was present can not pass unnoticed. It was at that wonderful institution, which reflects such credit on the generosity of a former generation of Catholics—the New York Foundling Asylum. The occasion was the celebration of the Feast of the Sacred Heart on the Sunday following. The procession, the hymns, the lights, the beautiful chapel, with its marble altars, laden with flowers, which perfumed all the air, made the occasion one to be remembered. There in the heart of a crowded city is an institution where sin is confronted by the very perfection of virtue. The asylum, so worthy of generous support, is a marvel of perfect orderliness as well as charity. One could imagine the pervading presence in the chapel of the foundress, Sister Irene, one of the most remarkable women that this country of unusual women has produced. Her memory is held sacred. Her successor, Sister Teresa Vincent, was cast in like mould. The present superior, Sister Ann Michaela, was trained in the same school as they were

and is evidently a providential woman.

I accompanied some of the Sisters of Charity to that splendid estate on Staten Island, called "Huguenots," which, by the truly royal generosity of Charles M. Schwab, was placed at their disposal. Staten Island, which I had so often visited in the halcyon days of youth, still lay like a jewel on the face of the waters, though it, too, was changed and changing. Our little party sailed down the Bay while a storm of thunder and lightning was agitating the murky air, and the surface of the waters. We motored through green lanes, gay with "rain-awakened" flowers, rivalling those that lent their fragrance to the extensive and beautiful gardens.

The Schwab estate stands upon an arm of the sea, Bargetat Bay, and from the broad veranda is seen, far off on the sky line, the mighty ocean itself. One portion of the house is connected with the other by a wide colonnade, which recalls the monastic buildings of old. The rooms inside are spacious and admirably constructed for the charitable work conducted, supplementary to that of the sick babies and their mothers, or nurses to be recuperated during the hot months.

The immense farm of more than seventy acres is well provided with poultry and live stock, and many things are grown there that contribute to the support of the house. There are gardens, an orchard, a lake, with lovely, wooded shores. The little chapel is a delight. It is a busy place, where the brave, genial, energetic superior and those other women, in the beloved garb of the Sisters of Charity, pursue their heavenly work.

Before leaving the subject of New York, where my brief stay was overcrowded with such sight-seeing, I must mention some delightful sails. One intensely warm day, I was taken down to Sandy Hook. It was a fascinating ex-

perience, to leave the hot and dusty city for the broad bosom of the waters, with invigorating breezes sweeping over the decks. I enjoyed other sails to and from the Jersey coast, over the north or lower Hudson River, with the wooded heights of Hoboken beyond, from which gleamed as of yore, the cross on the Passionist monastery, a sign and a symbol, against the materialism of unbelief. Facing towards New York, was the wonderful sky line of Manhattan, where church spires contended for the mastery, with such commercial monuments as the Busch Terminal, the Woolworth Building, the Lawyers' Club, and other sky-scrappers, some of them with revolving lights.

In that large city within a city, Brooklyn, bordering the East River, I enjoyed a drive through Prospect Park, which rivals Central Park, and has, possibly, some natural advantages which the other lacks. In striking contrast with the solitude of these sometimes crowded resorts was Coney Island, that miniature Vanity Fair. It was refreshing, however, to pass thence to Seagate, to which entrance by motor, or on wheels, perhaps even on foot, is strictly barred, save to its dwellers, their friends, or some one with power, like a member of our party, to give a mystic sign to the guardian at the gate. It is a charming spot, that seagirt abode of rural peace, with quiet, grass bordered and well shaded streets, handsome cottages, an excellent hotel, overlooking the water, and everywhere the vision of the sea.

The return home was by that delightful shore drive, skirting the Bay, through Fort Hamilton, with its imposing mansions, and outwards, the vast expanse of waters, glittering in the sun. All along the shore, had been erected in war time, huge, temporary barracks, which were being torn down, the edge of the Bay thus restored to the

guardianship of nature. It was interesting to note how swiftly the exterior vestiges of war could be removed, but not alas! the many mental and spiritual scars it had left.

One word of the bridges, spanning the East River. When I was last in New York, there was but one; now there are three, each finer than the other. Over the upper one, I sped on a sacred pilgrimage to that populous city of the dead, Calvary Cemetery, where, in a grass grown plot, encircled by a verdant hedge, under a Celtic cross of granite and marble, lie those who on earth were very near and dear. May the peace of God's Acre, be the symbol of the peace they have found!

Leafy June was still in its prime, when my wanderings led to that famous resort, about an hour and a half's distance from New York—Lakewood in the Pines. The train journey was through Newark, now a considerable town, and such industrial centres as Perth Amboy, Red Bank and Elizabeth, across Newark and Raritan Bays and the river of that name. The charm of Lakewood, which is more particularly a Winter resort, is that it is situated in the celebrated pine belt of New Jersey. It lies beside a fine strip of water, extending for miles through groves after groves of pine trees. The lake has a delightful walk around it, locally consecrated to lovers, which all the world loves, but captivating to lovers of nature as well. The Cathedral Drive through the woods, so called because the avenue of evenly matched trees gives the appearance of a nave, is one of many and beautiful drives in the environs. The houses are very handsome, notably the famous Georgian Court of the Gould family.

The Catholic church is admirably appointed and administered, with zealous clergy and a devout congregation. It was a pleasure to kneel there on quiet mornings and admire the order and

neatness, while the sun peered in through the painted windows. The Sisters of Mercy have quite a large convent at Lakewood and an excellent academy, which attracts pupils from far and near. The hour spent there I shall not soon forget.

A mile or two from the village, in a most delightful spot, is Newman School. Its surroundings are ideal. The beautiful lake, embowered in pines, for boating in Summer, for skating in Winter, together with the Metedeconk River, flowing through the grounds, lend a veritable enchantment to the winding, wooded walks and driveways, bordered by hedges of laurel, rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs. This excellent preparatory school for boys, which has been so recently moved to its present location, was founded by Mr. Locke, a zealous convert, who married a niece of the Rev. Isaac Hecker, the far-famed founder of the Paulists. Another convert, Msgr. Sigourney Fay, was master there, until his lamented death; and still another acquisition to the Church, Mr. E. Delbos, formerly connected with the great Benedictine school of Downside, England, is now in command, with an able staff of assistants and an advisory board of prominent Catholic laymen and women.

From Lakewood, the drive downwards to the coast, is most attractive, through a soft, pastoral country, with the ever recurring pines, farms, and cottages covered with rambler roses. At frequent intervals one meets with pretty villages. Ashbury seemed more like a town. The finest stretch of ocean in the vicinity, however, is at Spring Lake, with its glorious beach, excellent for bathing, and handsome country houses. A notable feature of the place is the mansion erected by Marquis Maloney; a duplicate of "Le Petit Trianon." It would take pages to put in writing the charms of that palatial

dwelling, with its pergola, its winding roads, its marble fountains, and its garden, every corner of which, is modelled with rare taste and discrimination, on some spot famous in the Old World. The beautiful interior would deserve a detailed description.

From Lakewood, I found myself transported to the great South Bay, on Long Island's "sea-girt shore." At Sayville, there is a splendid stretch of water, with Fire Island in the distance, and still more dim and shadowy, Far Rockaway, between which and the coast of Galway, it used to be said, no land existed. I remember in my childhood, watching curiously the wistful faces of nurses and other exiles, gazing across the water as though over the illimitable distance, they might catch glimpses of Inisfail the fair. Sayville has many charming cottages, oftentimes covered with pretty pink and crimson rambler roses, or vines of honeysuckle, and some fine country houses. The motor drives in all directions are rendered truly enjoyable by that quite wonderful Merrick Road, running almost from end to end of the Island. What is called the North Shore Drive is by far the most varied, with steep acclivities, rocky heights, tangled luxurious foliage and a certain wildness that is most appealing.

A pleasant stretch of country road brought us to that fine convent and boarding school for girls, "Brentwood," where the Sisters of St. Joseph now have the headquarters of the Order; formerly it was at Flushing. Brentwood is within easy distance of the neighboring cities, and yet secure from the interruptions of metropolitan life. As most of the community were absent or in retreat, I did not see its various features in detail, but what I did see—the charming grounds and exterior buildings—impressed me most favorably.

Onwards still swept the motor to

Westhampton. How beautiful it was, with its beach of smooth, white sand, where the dark billows with white edges tossed and tumbled! From Westhampton, the way led on to Southampton, a second Newport now, in point of fashion in its luxurious hotel and splendid mansions in various styles of architecture. It has an exceedingly handsome and ornate church. Its shaded streets have quaint, old-fashioned names, recalling bits of Dickens.

I left with regret the neighborhood of the ocean, and the kind friends, who had given me so much pleasure, and returned by motor to New York, passing through such villages of the past, as Rockville Centre, formerly entirely rustic, with groups of small houses and a primitive shop or two, now a town with high buildings, an imposing church, and all the evidences that Progress has come here in his armored car. Then, again, there is Jamaica, once a sleepy, old, conservative country town, with substantial homes of early Long Island families. Now, it is almost a city with all that the title implies, though many of its streets are shaded, as of old:

And the trees that shaded its well known
streets

As they balance up and down
Are singing the same, old song.

To me it was the sweet song of youth.

I paid a flying visit to Atlantic City, said to so much resemble the English Bournemouth. It fairly bursts upon one's sight, with its array of hotels, one finer and more commodious than the other. The Ritz Carlton is the acme of Twentieth Century comfort and luxury. Our meals were served on the broad veranda; so that it appeared we were actually in the water and had the sensation of being on board a fine ship, though the Board Walk was between us and the water, comparatively silent in that exclusive section of the place. A few bathers were venturing out into

the surf, which dashes so gloriously on that magnificent beach. Farther down, the Board Walk was a wild scene of animation, with rows of shops, containing every imaginable sort of wares. One feature of this wondrous place is a miniature Jewry, with men, women and children of decidedly Jewish cast of countenance. A pleasant hour or more was spent in being driven in a chair up and down the walk by chairmen, so as to obtain a very comprehensive idea of the beautiful city and its varied attractions. The numerous piers are a sight in themselves.

But the wonder of wonders was the mighty ocean, there in its full strength and majesty, dwarfing all the rest; the atmosphere charged with the fresh brine, the sunshine extending over the waves in shining paths of glory. The time was brief, and we tore ourselves away to visit the extraordinarily beautiful church of the Augustinians, St. Nicholas. The return journey, about sunset time, was made through Philadelphia, and in the glimpses I caught of the Quaker Metropolis it seemed as though Time had not made such ruthless changes, as in its neighbor of Manhattan. A few hasty glances at various portions of that most beautiful State of Pennsylvania before the darkness fell, wiping the landscape from the map, and we were back in New York, to which I was so soon to bid adieu.

I saw little more of the Metropolis, though I entered the famous Woolworth Building, refusing, however, to be conveyed to the top. It is a symbol surely of the height of prosperity to which the city has attained. I paid a flying visit to Barclay Street, as of old, still the Pater Noster Row of the New World. It was sad to observe how some of the old houses had been submerged, only their names remaining in the traditions of the street.

I have said no word of the many

statues, fountains and other war memorials that have arisen in parks or squares, to the famous heroes. Nor have I spoken of the exquisite statue of Jeanne d'Arc, that arose over Riverside Drive, almost simultaneously with her canonization. The slender, youthful figure, sitting the horse, the admirable poise, the uplifted expression of the face, the sword flashing, like a flame, will be to all time an inspiration.

With that last vision of high spirituality, noble endeavor, religious faith thus honored, I will take my leave of New York, which is now one of the mightiest cities in all the kingdoms of the civilized world, as it is a portion of my early life,—“the treasured dreams of times long past.”

For Time is like a fashionable host
That lightly shakes his parting guest by
the hands,
And with his arms outstretched, as he
would fly,
Grasps the newcomer.

A Flaw in the Iron.

BY B. D. L. F.

BESIDE the flaming forge, his strong frame standing out clearly against the dark background of the shop, stood Jean Fergon, the blacksmith. Since early dawn he had labored hard at the piece of work before him,—a job requiring much patient skill. And now, with a sigh of relief, he laid down his hammer and went to the open door, that he might examine his work by the waning light of day. He had studied it closely for some moments, when something attracted his attention,—a small something which his practised eye recognized with dismay as a flaw in the metal.

What this meant to Jean Fergon will readily be understood; for, to say the least, it meant a whole day's labor expended in vain. And to the blacksmith the loss of a day's work was a serious

one. Indeed, things had not gone well with Jean Fergon since the day, two years before, when Pierre Lebrun had started a rival smithy in the Rue du Linge Vert.

A wily fellow was the new arrival; and, with his slick tongue and his *petits verres* offered at the nearest tavern, he had enticed away many of Jean Fergon's best customers.

For some moments the smith stood staring with unseeing eyes out into the semi-darkness. A sudden thought had come to him. It was not an honest thought, but it tempted him, though Jean was a good man. Only for a moment, however, did he hesitate: his better self soon conquered, and with a sigh he laid aside his tools.

The next morning Jean was up with the lark, whistling as merrily as any bird, when a stranger entered the shop. He was a dapper little man with a very white collar and a very gaudy tie.

“I am M. Leblanc, contractor for the new railroad bridge,” he said pleasantly, approaching the forge; “and I should be much obliged if you could supply me with the article I want. This is the very thing!” he suddenly added, taking up the piece of iron discarded by the smith on the previous evening.

“I am afraid you can not have that piece,” answered Fergon; “but by nightfall I could have another exactly like it ready for you.”

“No,” said the stranger, “I can not wait until then. The work I am engaged upon must be begun at once. And if you will not oblige me—” an expressive gesture completed the unfinished phrase.

Jean Fergon hesitated. For many months he had hoped to be employed on the new railroad bridge, and now here was his chance! He had only to say one word, and M. Leblanc would leave the shop, delighted at having obtained what he required. And, after all, the bar

would hold, unless some very unusual strain were put upon it.

But the blacksmith had always been strictly honest, and the habits of a lifetime now stood him in good stead.

"That bar has a flaw in it," he said at last, the inward struggle he had sustained rendering his tone somewhat abrupt. "You can not have it."

"Very well," replied the contractor, curtly, for he did not believe the blacksmith's excuse. "There is another smithy, I believe, where I shall no doubt find what I require. Good-morning!"

That evening, over their frugal repast Jean told his wife what had occurred.

"Never mind, Jean!" the little woman answered cheerfully. "We were poor before, we are no poorer now; and at least I have a husband to be proud of," she added, looking up at him with so tender a smile, that he almost forgot his disappointment, and smiled back cheerfully at his wife.

Several months had gone by, and Summer had given place to Autumn, when one afternoon, as Jean Fergon stood by his door enjoying the cool air after the hot breath of his forge, a small boy came running up the street, his face ashy pale.

"There has been an accident up the river!" he gasped. "The railroad bridge broke down when the express passed over it, and three of the cars fell into the river! They've sent me for help!" And he ran on, spreading the terrible news.

For a few moments after the boy had gone, Jean stood rooted to the spot; then he hastily entered the shop, told his wife what had happened, and, slinging a bag of tools over his shoulder, set off to render what assistance might lie in his power.

When he reached the scene of disaster, several men were already at work amid the wreckage. Jean immediately joined them, his strong arm and handy

tools rendering his help doubly valuable. It was a pitiful sight. Some of the cars had sunk in the deeper waters of the Vienne; others lay overturned and shattered on the bank, pinning unfortunate passengers beneath the heavy débris.

Among the foremost in the work of rescue was M. Leblanc, the contractor. No longer the dapper little man of a few months before, he stood up to his knees in water, his hands and face blackened with axle grease, and large drops of perspiration running down his forehead. He was working desperately at one of the overturned cars when the blacksmith, very unexpectedly, came to his assistance.

"God knows," said the contractor, as together they carried a lifeless body gently to the shore, "the engineers are not to blame! There must have been a flaw somewhere in the ironwork sustaining the bridge. It is the only possible explanation I can give of this wreck."

That evening, when Jean Fergon came home weary with his exertions, his wife noticed that his face was unusually grave and preoccupied.

"What is it, Jean?" she asked laying her hand upon his shoulder. "Something besides the terrible accident has troubled you to-day."

"Do you know what was the cause of the accident?" her husband asked in a low voice.

"No. What caused it?"

"A flaw in the ironwork."

As he uttered the words, husband and wife silently looked at each other, and in their hearts arose a deep wave of thankfulness as they thought of the moral misery one act of dishonesty would have brought upon them.

Later on they had another cause for rejoicing. When the railroad bridge was rebuilt, all the important ironwork was given, not to Pierre Lebrun, but to Jean Fergon.

"I have learned the value of an honest man," the contractor would reply when questioned about the change, a serious look stealing into his pleasant face as he recalled the heartrending scenes he had witnessed,—scenes which he would never forget, though all outward traces of the accident had by that time entirely disappeared.

Miracles of St. Bennet and a Moral of St. Gregory.

IN the first book of his "Dialogues," St. Gregory the Great expresses his gratitude to "that venerable man Fortunatus, who, coming often to visit me, while he reporteth old stories, continually he bringeth me new delight." Readers of the edition of this famous book, so beautifully produced by the Medici Society, and so ably and sympathetically edited by Mr. Edmund Gardner, will experience a like feeling of gratitude. No matter how familiar they may be with what a distinguished non-Catholic writer calls "the biography of the greatest monk, written by the greatest pope (himself also a monk)," they can not fail to find "new delight" in the miracles of St. Bennet. There is a distinct charm in the old English in which these wonders are related,—the book from which we quote being a reissue of the translation, save for the spelling, published in 1608. "Some there are that be sooner moved to the love of God by virtuous examples than by godly sermons," said Peter, St. Gregory's "dear son and deacon"; and, thus entreated, the saint related these "wondrous deeds" of St. Bennet.

"At such time as there was a great dearth in Campania, the man of God had given away all the wealth of the abbey to poor folk, so that in the cellar there was nothing left but a little oil in a glass. A certain subdeacon called Agapitus came unto him, instantly

craving that he would bestow a little oil upon him. Our Lord's servant, that was resolved to give away all upon earth, that he might find all in heaven, commanded that oil to be given him. But the monk that kept the cellar heard what the father commanded, yet did he not perform it; who inquiring not long after whether he had given that which he willed, the monk told him that he had not, adding that if he had given it away there was not any left for the convent.

"Then in an anger the man of God, Bennet, commanded others to take that glass with the oil, and to throw it out at the window, to the end that nothing might remain in the abbey contrary to obedience. The monks did so, and threw it out at a window, under which there was an huge downfall, full of rough and craggy stones, upon which the glass did light, but yet continued for all that so sound as though it had never been thrown out at all; for neither the glass was broken nor any of the oil shed. Then the man of God did command it to be taken up again, and, whole as it was, to be given unto him that desired it; and in the presence of the other brethren he most severely reprehended the disobedient monk, both for his great infidelity and also for his proud mind.

"After which reprehension, with the rest of his brethren, he fell to praying, and in the place where they were, there stood an empty barrel with a cover upon it; and as the holy man continued in his prayers, the oil within did so increase that the cover began to be lifted up, and at length fell down; and the oil, that was now higher than the mouth of the barrel, began to run over upon the pavement; which so soon as the servant of God, Bennet, beheld, forthwith he gave over his prayers, and the oil likewise ceased to overflow the barrel. Then he did more at large admonish that

mistrusting and disobedient monk that he would learn to have faith and humility; who upon so wholesome an admonition was ashamed, because the venerable father had by miracle shown the power of Almighty God, as before he told him when he did first rebuke him. And so no cause there was why any should afterward doubt of his promise, seeing at one and the same time, for a small glass almost empty which he gave away, he bestowed upon them a whole barrel full of oil."

Solid instruction as well as "new delight" is to be derived from the "Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great." Peter having said to him, referring to the "man of God, Florentius," "Certainly he was a man of great virtue and merit, whose prayers God did so quickly hear," St. Gregory replied: "'He that turneth away his ear that he hear not the law, his prayer shall be execrable.' (Prov., xxviii, 9.) What marvel, then, is it if, when we pray, God doth slowly hear us, when we hear God's commandments either slowly or not at all? And what marvel if the virtuous Florentius, when he prayed, was quickly heard, who obeyed Almighty God in observing His commandments?"

Exquisite Kindness.

A pretty story is related of the Archduke Joseph of Austria. He was once walking in his park when he met with an old peasant, nearly blind, who was trying to catch a stray chicken. "Let me try," said the Archduke, who, after some exertion, returned the fowl to its owner. "You are very kind," said the grateful peasant, unaware that he was speaking to the proprietor of the park. "Here are a few kreuzers for you." The Archduke thanked him, but refused the money; although he did not disclose his identity, fearing to mortify the poor old fellow.

The Noontide of the Year.

DISCUSSING the general theme that the just are secure under the protection of God, the Royal Psalmist assures the fervent soul that "His truth shall compass thee with a shield: thou shalt not be afraid of the terror of the night, of the arrow that flieth in the day, of the business that walketh about in the dark; of invasion, or of the noon-day devil" (Ps. 90: 5, 6). It would appear from the foregoing that there is a special devil to be feared at midday; that is, that there are particular temptations more persistent at that period of the day than at other times. Such temptations may easily enough follow over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table; intemperance in either eating or drinking notably weakens the resistance of the soul when assailed by some of its most persistent enemies. It may be, too, that the lassitude engendered by the heat of the midday sun disposes the soul to yield to negligence and indifference to serious obligations.

Now, as noon is to the day, so is Summer to the year; and a practical Catholic will see to it that additional precautions be taken during the Summer months, lest the devils, or the temptations, peculiar to the season find him in so weakened a condition that he can not successfully resist them. While some of these temptations have to do principally with those who take their holidays or vacation during the Summertime, who spend these months in travelling, in relaxing at mountain resorts or at the seaside, or in camping out in fragrant wood or the open spaces, even the stay-at-homes, those whom either inclination or necessity deprives of a vacation are by no means free from temptations to diminished fervor in the service of God.

As for travellers, it is a commonplace that, especially in the case of the young,

travelling is apt to lower one's standard of spiritual life, to bring about a letting down of some of the bars which, at home, proved an effective obstacle to questionable pleasures. "There is nothing," says a secular moralist, "that a man can less afford to leave at home than his conscience, or his good habits; for it is not to be denied that travel is, in its immediate consequences, unfavorable to habits of self-diffidence, regulation of thought, sobriety of conduct, and dignity of character."

One of the temptations with which the particular devil of the year's noontide is apt to assail the traveller is that the strict line of moral conduct which he has been in the habit of observing in the presence of relatives, friends, and acquaintances may be safely diverged from, in some little measure at any rate, now that he is among strangers. Amusements which he has habitually regarded as dangerous, and indulgence in which would probably have disedified his neighbors, take on an aspect of quite legitimate recreation.

Those whose Summer holidays are passed in the same place, whether in the mountains, by the sea, or in far-away fishing resorts, are periodically cautioned as to the desirability of choosing a resort within easy distance from a church. Deliberately to select a Summer home so far from a house of God that habitual attendance at Mass, even on Sundays, becomes almost, if not quite, impracticable is very surely to deprive oneself of the most effective means of withstanding temptations of all kinds. Attendance at daily Mass, to be recommended in all seasons, is exceptionally worth while during the Summertime when so many circumstances contribute to the weakening of the moral fibre and the lessening of one's spiritual strength. Even with all the multiplied graces which one receives through habitual attendance at the

morning sacrifice, it is difficult enough during torrid days to withstand temptations to indolence, carelessness in the performance of duty, or deliberate lapses into more or less deadly transgressions; and to place oneself in the impossibility of securing those graces is to proclaim oneself, not a practical but a negligent, child of the Church.

Many Catholics, even among those who take no Summer vacation, in the full meaning of that phrase, need to be cautioned about this neglect of Holy Mass. The week-end holiday may be, and all too often is, spent in a locality where observance of the obligation to hear Mass on Sunday is physically impossible; and it is questionable whether the choice of such a locality is not a constructive transgression of the Church's precept. The body may require rest and recreation in Summer as at other seasons; but the soul is, after all, one's main concern, and it should be especially fortified against the particular temptations prevalent in the noontide of the year.

In Contrast.

To most Communists, the right to private property is an abomination—until they themselves become owners. The recent death of one of these worthies, who had amassed a large fortune and didn't leave a penny of it in charity, recalls the example of the great German bishop, Von Ketteler, who did so much to improve the condition of the working classes. He sacrificed the greater part of his income in the foundation of hospitals, orphan asylums, nursing Sisterhoods, *sanatoria*, and help *vereins*. His will was characteristic of him: "Besides what money is in my desk, I have nothing; what I had has been spent for good works, and what remains I desire should be given to the Vincent de Paul Verein."

Notes and Remarks.

Relief of the deplorable situation in the Ruhr may be delayed, but it is sure to be effected, thanks to the intervention of Pius XI. He has pleaded with France to employ less drastic methods in its attempts to collect reparations, and with Germany to suspend any action calculated to prevent normal relations with its antagonist. It would be easy for the French Government, which is strong, to carry out the Holy Father's suggestions, were it not that so many of the people fail to realize the necessity of now considering plans which have been long and indignantly rejected. On the other hand, it is difficult for the German Government, which is weak, to impose its will upon those who have been advocating resistance to what they regard as revengeful oppression. When the tension caused by the Pope's representations to both countries is relieved, it will be seen that his efforts were in their interests and in behalf of the rest of Europe.

It was natural that the Holy Father's action should have commanded the sympathetic attention of all the governments of the world. It was taken wisely—when the relations of France with other countries was nearing a crucial point; it was taken bravely, regardless of the storms of opposition that might be raised or of how long they might be continued. Let us rejoice that Pius XI. has urged a speedy settlement of the problem which has so long retarded the regeneration of many peoples and the establishment of international peace.

Although most writers who discuss the labor problem only repeat what has been said in different words by others, this repetition is indicative of that more popular interest which, in the constitu-

tion of the world as it is to-day, is a necessary prelude to action. That so much theory indicates some practice is indeed a consoling fact. Let us hope that those who write may be so fortunate as to convince those who read that legislative acts do little more than curb obvious rapacity on the one hand, and restrain open violence on the other. Employers and employees who really desire to do what is right and just need a higher incentive for action than Federal or State laws, the enactment of which is one thing, the enforcement quite another. The theorists should never tire of emphasizing the imperative need of moral principles. Referring to those who suffer discouragement because their well-meant efforts seem often to be devoid of any result, the London *Athenaeum* says: "We would remind them that 'the mills of God grind slowly'; and to those who in their pride pit their wealth against the inevitable, we would recall the fact that the quoted verse closes with the words, 'yet they grind exceeding small.'"

Forcefulness and sanity are notable characteristics of the public utterances of Cardinal Bourne; a sort of sublimated common sense runs through his speeches on the platform as well as his sermons in the pulpit. Preaching recently in Manchester, his Eminence called attention to a fact, often forgotten at the present day, as indeed at all periods in history. "Men talk a great deal, and rightly," he said "about the rights of man; but how little they talk about the rights of Almighty God. And yet man can have no rights, and his supposed rights will never be respected, unless what is due to Almighty God receives full and proper consideration. We have a striking example of this at the present time. A great empire is simply falling to pieces. Why? Because in their zeal to secure the rights

of man its people ignored the rights of God, and as a result, the rights of man are being wholly swept away in Russia at this moment."

Speaking of the hundreds, or rather the millions, of men who live quite outside the divine dispensation, and of the notion, derived from articles in newspapers and magazines, that once upon a time men were all savages, that gradually our intelligence evolved, and so, little by little, a higher character of a truer civilization has been attained, the Cardinal declared: "There was never a greater fable than that. The other day in Egypt, when the treasures of three thousand years were suddenly revealed to the gaze of men, what did they find? Why, traces of civilization far surpassing, in some respects, the civilization of the present time. There has ever been an ebb and flow of civilization, and man would go grievously astray were he to think that God leaves His creatures without knowledge of Himself. And yet there are many who try to convince themselves that so far there has been no revelation of God to His people."

"In the country of the blind," says a French proverb, "a one-eyed man is king"; and in a region stamped with bigotry an impartial man is notable. Such a man would seem to be Mr. W. O. Saunders, editor of the *Independent*, Elizabeth City, N. C. The "Protestant hospital" of that town having proved a failure, there was question of its being taken in charge by the Sisters of Mercy. As was natural in a Southern district, the bigots were at once up in arms. Mr. Saunders, however, didn't allow himself to get excited. On the contrary, he wrote, editorially:

This newspaper believes that the taking over of the hospital by a Catholic Sisterhood would relieve an embarrassing situation. The Catholic Sisters know how to run a hospital, even in a Protestant community, and

enlist the confidence and support of the community. The Sisters are unlike graduate nurses of the Protestant faith; they are women who have consecrated their lives to the service of their God, and their sole aim in life is to serve humanity. They have no personal ambitions, and seek no personal gain. They do not work with one eye on their job and the other on the matrimonial market. The Catholic Sisters would come to Elizabeth City... with the sole purpose of doing well the work to which their lives have been consecrated.

The energetic part taken by German women in the government of their country is a matter of surprise to many who took it for granted that the good *hausfrau* would refuse to budge, no matter what happened. An interesting interview recently supplied some information concerning two of these ladies—Frau Helene Weber and Frau Hedwig Dransfeld, both of whom are prominent officials representing the Centre Party in the Reichstag. They point to an imposing array of political offices now filled by women in their country, and upon the amount of legislative and cultural work that has resulted from feminine effort. Both agree, however, that the concerns of women must, first of all, be motherly, even when public life is concerned. To emphasize this, Frau Weber and Frau Dransfeld have just concluded a visit to the United States, in the effort to help Germany's starving children.

After all, no force works so diligently and so forcefully for the spiritualization of the world as the sublime contagion of the saints. Their example inspires a high resolve to follow. So we read with pleasure in René Bazin's Introduction to the Life of his niece, Marie de l'Agnus Dei: "They [the unbelieving] will see, here in their living reality, the aspirations, the tendencies, the impulses, the solitudes of a contemplative religious; the purest charity operating in a sphere in which

its presence is most needed,—where moral misery abides; they will clearly perceive that it is bad and vain to oppose the liberty of perfection,—that there will always be souls like that of our young religious, whom nothing earthly can hinder or daunt, because their love moves on a plane above the earth; that convents may be closed, crucifixes broken, great works of zeal brought to ruin, and men and women condemned to misery because they have risen above the average morality,—that the flame of divine love can not be extinguished; that the world will possess saints, and that violence is powerless against the ideal.”

If the Little Sisters of the Poor, who were founded only in 1840 and now number perhaps as many as 10,000, with establishments all over the world, ever wonder at the ways of Providence, they must marvel at the change wrought in Scotland since they began their charitable work in Edinburgh—with one old man and one old woman. The hostility to them was so general and so intense that they were advised to go elsewhere, or wait for better times. But the superior, who was a convert to the Church (the sister of one Presbyterian minister and the sister-in-law of another), regarded insults and trials of all sorts as a guarantee of future blessings, and only smiled at what would have discouraged most men. From her high place in the other world, she must smile again whenever she looks down on Scotland.

It has been a standing complaint against by far the greater number of natural scientists—or pseudo-scientists—that they are too fond of confounding theories with facts and hypotheses with certainties. The fact is, as experience has shown time and time again,

that the theory accepted in one decade is utterly discarded in the next, and the scientific hypothesis generally received to-day is shown to-morrow to be an utter fallacy. That a great many others besides scientists are guilty of similar mistakes is the contention of a writer in the *Westminster Chronicle*. His words are worth quoting:

Of the mistakes in modern education, and, indeed, it may be said with as much truth of the work of the greatest teachers as of the vast number who in this are merely imitators of them, perhaps the chief is that there is too much readiness to generalize. Not infrequently theories that are in themselves helpful are taught as facts, and, when passed on to a third person, are believed as facts. It is not too much to say that the practice of modern education has been to turn theories into facts; and vague generalizations on little real knowledge have been given out as the last word in intellectual progress. We have been called upon to accept all this under pain of being considered stupid, much behind the times. Without doubt, much harm to truth and culture has inevitably been the result.

Discussing, in a new series of leading articles, the phrase “self-determination,” which a few years ago was almost a household word, Fr. Hull of the Bombay *Examiner* says:

Then again there is that famous shibboleth of Wilson: “The self-determination of nations.” It may be fairly doubted whether nations have any more right to determine themselves than individuals have. The right of an individual to determine himself is considerably restricted by his environment. In an open field, where no one else’s rights or interests are involved, he can determine himself at will, subject only to the law of personal morals. But as soon as he stands in relation to others, immediately he has to take their rights and interests and his own dutiful relations into account. As soon as rights and interests clash, the lesser right must cede to the greater, the less vital right must yield to the more vital....

It is wonderful how, when Wilson first uttered that famous phrase, people hailed it as a sort of second Gospel, the very quintessence of salutary wisdom. It was not long before the same people began to find it a pestiferous nuisance, and regretted that it had

ever been uttered. A sting is in its tail, which is felt only when it has been put into practice. We have not heard the end of it yet, nor have we seen the end of its mischief.

Here is another case in which our principle is to be applied. As soon as you realize how much self-determination in the individual is restricted by environment on grounds of justice, charity or duty, you will be in a mental position to see that the proper conditions for racial or national self-determination ought to be carefully laid down, unless you wish to defeat the whole purpose of the maximum, and do more harm than good.

Fr. Hull may, or may not, have had "in the back of his mind" our Eighteenth Amendment and its recent developments when he was writing the foregoing; but our seizure of sealed liquor on foreign ships entering our ports, and the threatened future confiscation, not only of the liquor on such ships, but of the ships themselves, may well give pause to the most enthusiastic advocates of national self-determination. Technically, no doubt, we have a legal right to act as we are doing; but it is difficult to see how the presence of sealed liquor on a foreign vessel in our ports is subversive of the American principle of prohibition, or just where we have acquired the right to make the return voyage of such vessels dry, not only within the three-mile limit, but on the whole of the Atlantic Ocean outside that limit.

It is advisable that Catholic public men should carefully avoid in their utterances any language likely to misrepresent, in the minds of non-Catholic hearers, this or that doctrine of the Church. A case in point is the following paragraph from a speech recently delivered in the House of Commons by Mr. J. J. Jones, on a Bill to increase the facility of obtaining divorce:

I am a Catholic as well as my honorable friend, the Member from Ormskirk (Mr. Blundell), but I want to face facts. I say that it would be far better for people who can

not live together because of some difficulties which arise, and some legal circumstances which may exist, to break the bonds which may bind them to an unhappy life instead of going on pretending. They are only living a life of hypocrisy, and it would be better to say that, under certain circumstances, these people should be given their freedom.


At first blush this statement is anything but Catholic. The London *Univers* charitably supposes that the speaker did not mean just what he said. "We are bound to take for granted that Mr. Jones, since he openly professes himself a Catholic, is here referring only to such breaking the bonds and giving of freedom as the law of God allows—i. e., the separation from bed and board to which aggrieved persons are entitled, without dissolution of the marriage bond or permission to contract other unions. But it is highly regrettable that Catholic gentlemen in such a public position as that of a Member of Parliament should forget that not all those who listen to them are as well instructed in the Catholic Faith and as competent exponents of theology as themselves."

Some truths which not a few Catholics seem disposed to forget were once enunciated by the late Msgr. Benson, in a sermon in which he dwelt upon the fulness of the Catholic knowledge of God's mysteries, and showed what the attitude of believers should be towards agnostics. This is the sense of what he said: 'Let those who are the fortunate possessors of the Faith, try to conceive what their lives would be like without the Church, and consider those who run in circles with the best intention in the world. Whether members of that Church from the cradle, or having received the grace to embrace its tenets in later life, Catholics should carefully guard against spiritual snobbery, and not act as if it were to their credit to be Catholics.'



The Brook.

BY H. H. FARISS.

 AMONG the ferns and waving grass,
There winds a silvery thread,
And here and there it sparkles bright,
Where moving mosses spread;
Still farther on, it broadens out
Into a laughing brook,
And makes the valley smile for joy
In every shady nook.

The agile deer comes to its brink
And enters, unafraid;
Sweet columbine blooms on its banks,
Beneath the tall trees' shade;
And myriads of water-fowl
Seek out its burnished gleam.
It shares its joys with all who will,
This laughing little stream.

Our lives may not be nobly grand,
But, like the brooklet small,
We still can do our very best,
And share our joys with all.
As years glide by, and we pass on,
As waters to the sea,
Let's sing our song unto the end,
Into eternity.

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

II.—NEW MASTERS.



HE judge read over the will to himself before making any further remarks, if we except occasional exclamations which meant nothing at all to the anxious housekeeper and her son. They were both almost panting with impatience as they kept their eyes fixed on the judge, trying to read in his countenance the impression made on him by the terms of the will. And behind the half-open door

Artie quietly observed the scene with a frightened look in his big blue eyes. He probably felt that the much-stamped envelope and its contents had something to do with himself.

Having finished his reading, the judge put down the will and regarded Harnisette and her son with a keen glance which held a suspicion of astonishment.

"Let me congratulate you," he said at last; "you evidently possessed your master's confidence."

"We certainly did," said Harnisette, "and we deserved it, too. You may be sure," she continued with a hypocritical sigh, "that our poor M. Rolante knew us well. He felt that he could trust us with his whole fortune, and that it would be in good hands."

"My faith! This will looks like it," said the judge, rubbing his chin as if in some perplexity. "M. Rolante has done more than leave his fortune in your hands, so to speak; he has placed under your protection and authority his grandson and sole heir. He has named you the boy's tutors and the executors of the will."

"The kind master!" exclaimed Harnisette in a tearful voice, as she put up her apron as if to wipe her eyes which were perfectly dry. "His confidence will not be abused. He may rest in peace."

The judge apparently had his own opinion of the testator's kindness. He thought for a minute or two, and then inquired:

"Did M. Rolante ever visit Father Lorrain, of Quinechy, or receive visits from him?"

"Oh, as for that; no. The master didn't have much use for religion,

especially during the last three years or so. Father Lorrain put him out a good deal, because the grandfather did not teach the little one his catechism. And what would you, in effect? The boy spent two weeks at Quinechy before he made his First Communion—what more could anybody of sense require? As for driving five leagues to go to Mass on Sundays—well, we are not saints at Tellivot, you understand. But, your honor, is it a fact that my son and myself are now masters here?"

"It amounts to that, since the will gives you all the rights which the law allows to the tutors of a minor, or one under age. Listen, and I will read to you the essential passages of the will, those that very exactly define and limit your duties."

The judge picked up the stamped paper, leaned back in his chair, and proceeded to read in a loud voice, skipping paragraphs that appeared useless, and interrupting his reading by occasional comments of his own:

"This sixteenth of February"—hum! yes—"I, the undersigned, Edmond Charles Rolante, being of sound mind and fully conscious of my duties as well as my rights..."—yes, of course, though that is a matter of opinion. Well, the form is legal enough—"declare that, in default and to the exclusion of all relatives or friends, I confide to my old servant, Henriette Noyersi, commonly called Harnisette, the guardianship, supervision, and education of my grandson, Arthur Rolante..."

At this point the judge raised his eyes from the paper and fixed them on the old woman. "*And education,*" he murmured. "'Tis here in black and white." He shrugged his shoulders, muttered what sounded like an oath between his teeth, and continued his reading:

"Expressly desiring that, both for the care of the child and for the custody of

the fortune which I leave to him, the said Henriette Noyersi, assisted by her son, Nassimar, shall enjoy all the rights of a tutoress. I declare, moreover, that I have verbally instructed my servant as to my wishes, and given her my advice about bringing up the boy. Accordingly, until he attains his majority, my grandson is to be subject altogether to the authority of Henriette Noyersi and Nassimar Noyersi, who may keep him at Tellivot, or wherever else they may think proper."

"'Tis clear enough," said the judge, folding up the paper, "you are constituted masters of the boy as well as of his fortune."

Harnisette and her son, whose eyes were shining with contentment, would doubtless have broken out afresh with protestations of gratitude to their dead master; but before they could say a word there was an interruption. The library door was brusquely pushed open, and Artie, who had heard all and understood that he was left to the charge of Harnisette and Nassimar, rushed into the room and threw himself at the feet of the judge.

"I won't have it!" he cried. "O kind judge, don't leave me with Harnisette and her son! I'm afraid! They are wicked! Oh, take me away, I implore you!"

On the faces of the peasants, hardening all at once, there appeared an expression of mingled fear and furious anger. Unwittingly, their fists were clenched, as if to treat Artie to their usual style of punishment. Harnisette, however, immediately controlled herself. It wouldn't do to let the judge see her real character. Accordingly, with a warning glance at Nassimar, she put on an expression of surprise and said as mildly as possible:

"But, good heavens, my little Artie! Is it possible that you are so malicious? To say such things of us! Why, what

have we ever done to you, if not kind things?"

"He's a little devil, that one," sighed Nassimar, affecting a scandalized air, "mother spoils him and lets him do as he will."

"You are bad; you make fun of my beads, and beat me for praying," rejoined Artie, "and I don't want to stay with you."

And, as he spoke, the judge didn't think that he looked like a little devil at all; there were fear and sorrow in the boy's eyes, but surely no malice. The judge was moved, and said in a fatherly tone:

"Come, come, my little man; you must be reasonable. Don't you like the housekeeper?"

"Oh, no, no!" said Artie.

"Can it be possible?" moaned Harnisette, again using her apron to dry eyes that needed no drying. "So young and already so ungrateful! Ah! your grandfather had good reason to say that you have no heart!"

"And why don't you like her?" continued the judge, paying no attention to the old woman's protest.

"She shuts me up in the cellar—she beats me."

"Lies, all lies, your honor the judge," exclaimed Harnisette. "And he will keep on telling them from now till to-morrow if you listen to him. His poor grandfather actually grew sick because of his lying."

"Has he no other relative?" asked the judge.

"Nobody! If he had, be sure M. Rolante would not have put up with him, he who so loved to be quiet. Oh, the little one led him a terrible life."

"One would not think so. So he is an orphan?"

"His father, the deceased gentleman's son, was killed in an automobile accident—such a calamity!"

"And his mother?"

Harnisette hesitated for an instant before replying:

"His mother; there was no talk of her, your honor. She must be dead. Anyway, we never had any news of her."

"So the child is alone in the world," said the judge, turning a pitying glance on Artie.

"Alone, yes; but he has *us*. And if he wishes to be good and gentle, he will be happy enough, you may be sure."

"I don't want to stay with them," cried the boy, clinging to the judge's knees.

His appeal, however, proved unavailing. Compassionate as was the judge, the terms of the will were too express and formal for him to attempt to dispute them; and he could only try to soothe the little fellow and persuade him to obey his grandfather's wishes. Yet his heart was very sore when, on taking his departure, he heard Artie's cry:

"Oh, don't leave me, sir; they'll beat me!"

While his guardians accompanied the judge and his clerk down through the garden, Artie was left alone in the library.

His case was quite simple. He didn't want to live with Nassimar, or with Harnisette, either. Life with them would be continual suffering. What was he to do, then? There was no choice; he had to run away. Artie didn't give a thought to the fact that he had no place to run to, no place where he would be received.

A minute later he was in his little room, pulling out closet drawers, packing all his few possessions in a bundle tied up in a big towel, such a bundle as can be carried on a stick over one's shoulder, like the sack of the peddler whose picture he had seen in a book. The packing was soon done. Shirts, stockings, handkerchiefs, and a few

favorite toys—some soldiers of lead, a broken pen-knife, and a box of colors—these were soon tied up; and, when he had made quite sure that his precious medallion representing “Mamma Beads” was safe in his pocket, he was ready to go.

He had no intention of passing through the hallway and going downstairs to leave by the main door; he was afraid his hateful guardians would see him and prevent his flight. No, he would get out of the window and slide down the thick vines which reached from the ground to the roof of the old house. Accordingly he shoved up the window, and prepared to pass through it, when suddenly he perceived Harnissette and Nassimar in the yard just below. They saw him at the same moment, and, noticing his bundle and stick, guessed at once the meaning of his action.

The old woman grew pale with anger, and her eyes fairly flashed with fury.

“Look at the little devil,” she cried. “See the trick he wants to play on us.”

“What trick?” asked her son.

“To run away.”

Nassimar roared out, “I’ll trick him”; and started for the house, only to be confronted by Artie’s one friend at Tellivot, a friend too important to be treated with such discourtesy as to be introduced at the end of this chapter; so he shall be presented in our next.

(To be continued.)

The Only City of Its Kind.

Venice is a city without streets, without carts, carriages, horses, or any beasts; a vast city rich in costly mansions, stately palaces, beautiful churches, paintings, and galleries of the fine arts; yet it floats in disjointed parcels, on the bosom of the sea. There is not another city like it on the face of the earth.

Saints’ Names in American Geography.

BY STUART B. STONE.

THE names of saints are very prominent upon the map of the United States. Thriving cities, towering peaks, broad, rich counties, and cool green lakes bear the designations of the heroes and heroines of the early Church. This is due largely to the fact that the first explorers of America were in the main Catholics; and these devout and hardy pioneers were wont to name the object of their discoveries for their patron saints, or for the saint upon whose day the discovery was made.

St. Albans, Vermont, was named for Alban, the first martyr in Britain.

St. Anthony’s Falls, at Minneapolis, was so called by a French missionary because “of the many favors through the intercession of that saint.”

St. Augustine, the old Florida town, received the name because the first landing of its settlers was made on his feast-day. Santa Rosa county, in the same State, was named for St. Rose, taking the Spanish form. St. John’s River, also in Florida, was called by the Spanish discoverers San Juan Bautista, because upon this saint’s day it was discovered.

A parish, or county, in Louisiana was named by the French for St. Bernard, for the same reason. St. Martin parish, in the same State, took the name of St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, about the year 400. Another Louisiana parish was named for St. Helena; and still another has the name of St. James; while St. Landry county, owes its name to St. Landri, Bishop of Paris in 651.

St. Charles’ county and city, Missouri, were so named because it was the purpose of the vicar of Pontoise to establish there, in honor of that saint, a seminary where the Indians could be educated.

Beautiful Lake St. Clair, between Michigan and Canada, is said to have been so named because it was discovered by the French explorers upon that saint's feast-day.

Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, one of the loftiest summits in North America, was named for the saint upon whose day it was explored.

The St. Francis River, in Minnesota, and St. Francis and St. François counties in Missouri and Arkansas, owe their names to the gentle founder of the Franciscan Order.

A Missouri county and city have the name of the French saint, Genevieve.

The St. Joseph River, in Michigan, was named by the early French explorers for the spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Gulf of St. Lawrence was so named because discovered upon the feast-day of that martyr. St. Lawrence River got its name from the Gulf.

The St. Louis River, in Minnesota, was probably so named by the explorer, Verendrye, in 1749, in memory of the Cross of St. Louis conferred upon him shortly before his death by the King of France; while St. Paul derived its name from a church which was built by an early Catholic missionary.

San Francisco, California, is said by some to have been named for the old Spanish mission of San Francisco de Assisi; by others, to have been named for the founder of the Order to which Father Junipero, the discoverer of San Francisco Bay, belonged. San Benito county, in the same State, has the Spanish name for St. Benedict; San Bernardino county and city were named for an old Spanish mission; San Diego, for St. Iago, the patron saint of Spain, —the name having been corrupted; San José derived its name from the patron saint of Mexico; Santa Ana city and Santa Barbara and Santa Clara counties and cities were named for old

Spanish missions; Santa Monica, for the mother of St. Augustine; San Mateo county has the Spanish name-form for St. Matthew; while San Luis Obispo (St. Louis, bishop) was named for an old Spanish mission.

San Juan counties in Colorado and New Mexico, and San Juan River in Utah, have the Spanish form of St. John.

Counties in Colorado and New Mexico bear the name San Miguel, the Spanish of St. Michael.

San Patricio county, in Texas, was settled by Irish colonists, and named by them for the patron saint of Ireland, of which the present name is the Spanish form. San Antonio, in the same State, was named for the historic Catholic mission, San Antonio de Velero, also known as the Alamo; San Augustine county was called after the British saint of that name.

A great number of lesser known places scattered all over the country have the names of saints, or are called for mysteries of the Faith.

Nature's Music.

Inanimate nature sometimes contributes to the music of the world. There are beds of moving sand which are said to sing as they shift. Certain mountains, forests, and valleys give forth melodies composed of distinct notes. The famed æolian harp is not a myth. In the Schwarzenberg Alps may be heard the toll of a bell which does not come from human hand. It is produced by the passage of a stream through a hollow rock, and its echoes resound through the peaks. A boulder in the Orinoco, when it is struck by the sun's rays, gives out deep sounds, very like the tones of an organ. Another submerged boulder in the same river causes a gurgle in flood time that resembles a chromatic scale.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Teachers in particular will welcome the announcement, by the Cambridge University Press, of a pocket edition of "The Art of Writing" and "Studies in Literature," by Sir A. Quiller-Couch.

—Cable dispatches from London last week reported the sale of a Mazarin Bible to an American agent for \$47,500. This grand prize of bibliophiles is so called because Cardinal Mazarin was the owner of the first copy. It was the first book to be printed from movable type, and dates from about 1450.

—To the student of religious art, we can recommend, "L'Art Religieux de XIIe Siècle en France," by M. Emile Male, whose previous studies in the art of the Thirteenth Century still remain most authoritative. The period under discussion is very interesting, and brings to light great monastic impulses towards the diffusion of culture and religion. Paris, Armand Colin.

—"Ever Timely Thoughts," by the Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. (Benzigers), consists of some twenty essays on such subjects as "The Will of God," "Our Dearest Enemies," "Picking at People," "Spreading the Good Word," etc. This is the tenth volume for which American Catholics are indebted to this prolific author, and it is quite up to the standard—in thought and style—of its predecessors. The only defect we have noticed in the volume is one that is becoming all too common nowadays in treatises of all kinds, the lack of an adequate index.

—In these days of universal condensation—of condensed milk, condensed meat, condensed news—perhaps no achievement of the kind ought to surprise us; but it must be acknowledged that Thackeray's condensing feat was the most extraordinary on record. To compress "The Sorrows of Werther"—that long novel: a book of sighs and tears, of devotion and desperation—into a few lines that tell the whole story, was a triumph of art.

Werther had a love for Charlotte

Such as words can never utter.

Would you know how first he met her?

She was cutting bread and butter.

—"Sister Mary Pauline Kelligar: A Memoir," is the account of how a noble Sister and pioneer Catholic educator spent her days and worked handsomely, though humbly, in the Lord's field. As directress of the Academy and College of St. Elizabeth, Convent Station,

N. J., Sister Mary Pauline was the first to sponsor Catholic college education for the young women of America. Her efforts in this direction have been widely appreciated; but not so well understood, perhaps, is the inner work done for the girls under her care. The present Memoir gathers a number of her addresses, which were always confidential, sympathetic and fine-spirited.

—The poetry of priests does not always bear the stamp of perfect artistry, but it has the advantage of being impressively genuine. And so we take up, and put down "Poems," by Edwin Essex, O. P., convinced that the peace and battle of a lofty consecration have found utterance here. This verse is all masculine, reflective, spiritual. Father Essex prays:

I am tired of yielding Thee but borrowed thoughts,

Weary of bringing Thee the daily loan

I must get from men and books and strangers' eyes,—

Now would I find one prayer that is my own!

Readers of THE AVE MARIA may recall a poem or two from this collection. G. MacDonald, publisher, London.

—In the foreword of the latest "novel" to reach our table, we find it stated that "this is frankly a novel with a purpose; and those who are frightened by the term would do well to avoid opening the book." The book is "How George Edwards 'Scrapped' Religion," by the Rev. Simon FitzSimons (Stratford Co.). It is a narrative of generous length, but not one in which action and incident are superabundant. As is hinted in the foreword, it partakes a good deal of the nature of a treatise, and accordingly the general reader will not find it so fascinating as to interfere unduly with his sleep. Briefly, the book is an argument against speculative science in general and evolution in particular.

—"Holiness of Life," translated from St. Bonaventure's "De Perfectione Vitæ," by L. Costello, O. F. M., and edited by Fr. Wilfrid, O. F. M., has a preface, a foreword by Archbishop McIntyre, of Birmingham, and a lengthy Introduction by the editor. This comparatively brief treatise of the Seraphic Doctor was written primarily for nuns, being addressed to a Poor Clare of St. Bonaventure's acquaintance, probably Isabella, sister of St. Louis of France; but it nevertheless makes admirable reading for Catholics of both sexes in every state of life. There are eight chapters in the book, entitled "True Self-

Knowledge, True Humility, Perfect Poverty, Silence, The Practice of Prayer, The Remembrance of Christ's Passion, The Perfect Love of God, and Final Perseverance." The translation and editing have been well done. B. Herder Book Co.

—The wedding of faith and fiction has never been so productive of normal, natural novels as the Catholic teacher and the Catholic reader desire. But "No Handicap," by Marion Ames Taggart, is a book that will fulfil their most sanguine hopes, and satisfy their most insistent demands. The author has achieved an unusually beautiful thing, the simultaneous popularizing and idealizing of Faith through a concrete, athletically robust, altogether lovable and hopelessly crippled hero. What though there be flaws of almost superabundant conversation, of overworked pet names, they are such faults as lean to virtue's side, especially in the eyes of youth. "No Handicap," built on the theme of the transforming power of the personal love of Christ in one's life, and repeating that theme in every chapter, yet preaching not a single sermon, refuses to be put down until it has been read through; and it holds one with the strength of its idealism, the charm of its spontaneous spirituality, long after the end has been reached and perfect poetic justice meted out to every character. It is an irresistible story for young readers and an inspiring one for others older grown. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.

"The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.

"The Life of Cardinal Gibbons." Allan Sinclair Will, Litt. D. Two volumes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$10.

"Liturgical Prayer: Its History and Spirit."

Dom Fernand Cabrol, O. S. B. \$4.65.

"From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon." Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. (D. Appleton & Co.) \$5.

"The Life and Times of John Carroll." Peter Guilday. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$5.

"The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature." George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

"Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.

"Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

"Marie Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. James Ryan, bishop of Alton; Rt. Rev. Msgr. James J. Flood, of the archdiocese of New York; and Rev. Joseph J. Davidson, C. S. S. R.

Brother Kevin, C. S. C.

Mr. J. D. Cook, Mr. John Eddy, Miss Margaret Cohalan, Mr. Leo J. Walsh, Mr. Bernard Albers, Mr. John W. Gaffrey, Mrs. Albert Huxholl, Mr. John Bucher, Mr. L. G. Saucier, Mr. John J. McCabe, Mr. Arthur Stanford, Mr. John Mahoney, Mr. James Murdoch, Mr. Henry Day, Mrs. John Woods, Mr. J. E. Brow, Mr. James Turner, Mrs. Alice Hunt, Mr. Thomas Rice, Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke, Mr. James Wright, Mr. Denis McPhillamy, and Mrs. S. M. Scott.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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The book as a whole is a beautiful tale, telling "the whole romance of a life touched and transformed by the grace of God," and is a splendid argument in behalf of Catholicism.—*Catholic World*.

The style as well as the contents make it one of the best apologetic works which we have come across; and it should prove of great value in dealing with Protestant objections.—*The Southern Cross* (Adelaide, Australia).

... We learn from the title-page that the convert was at one time President of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges, and afterwards Father Fidelis of the Cross, Passionist; we gather from the dedication that he is still alive; we are told that the light came to him in the autumn of 1868, and that the bulk of the book, the "apologetic" part, was written fifty years ago. But after that the author strictly confines himself to the story of his own spiritual evolution, except in the last few chapters. ... Such stories have a perennial interest, and in the hands of Father Fidelis his loses nothing that clarity of mind and intensity of conviction can give it. ... In spite of the heights to which Anglicanism has climbed since, and the mists evolved from Modernism, the simple issue remains, now as then—where is the teaching Church Christ founded? By what authority? That question is answered fully and satisfactorily in this able book.—*The Month*.

The trying hour when first came the thought, "What if the Old Roman Church should be right?" is beautifully pictured in such way as to bring sympathetic recollection from many others whom conviction forced, like Father Fidelis, to break from the course of religious thought in which they had been raised. The wrestling alone with doubts and difficulties, the silent communion with God inevitably brought the only solution; and in the bright telling of the story all Catholics will find direct sympathy and positive interest. ... There is a singular gift of interesting presentation throughout. Converts will appreciate it. Inquirers into the truth will find it of value. All Catholics will find in its story a trial, a pleasurable encouragement.—*The New World*.

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usual interest, is related in a most charming style. This book is a noble and almost unique contribution to the literature of autobiographical apologetics. ... The fifteen chapters written fifty years ago constitute one of the clearest and most illuminating brief defences and explanations of the Catholic Church against the misconceptions, errors, and misrepresentations of the Protestant tradition that this reviewer knows of. The second portion of the book, dealing with the missionary experience of Father Fidelis, are of another kind of interest, but are no less fascinating.—*Catholic Columbian*.

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We can almost imagine ourselves working at a treatise *De Ecclesia*, as we pass from chapter to chapter, considering in turn—"The World's Testimony—The Unchangeable Church—Reformed Religion—The Church and Progress—Persecution—Faith and Authority—Infallibility—Holy Scripture—The Primitive Church—Four Tests—The Primacy—The Roman Pontiff—Jurisdiction—Papal Infallibility." The personal element is kept very much in the background all through these discussions, and when it does come forward occasionally; it is mostly in the shape of a gentle appeal to the author's former fellow-Anglicans to weigh well some consideration that has powerfully influenced himself. ... The author uses with effect the testimony of a number of non-Catholic writers in dealing with such questions as the attitude of the Church towards progress and enlightenment.—*Irish Theological Quarterly*.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 21.—St. Praxedes, V. M. St. Julia, V. M.	WEDNESDAY, 25.—St. James, Ap. St. Christopher, M.
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MONDAY, 23.—St. Apollinaris, B. M.	FRIDAY, 27.—St. Pantaleon, M.
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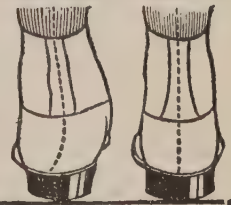
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VOL. XVIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 21, 1923.

No. 3

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Priest to Heaven's Queen.

BY JOAN MACLEOD.

FOR eight years I was human,
And wanted from my birth
To be God's priest and servant
To Our Lady of all worth;
But wisely God preferred that I
Should early leave the earth.
I reached the door of heaven,
Saint Peter let me in,
He gave to me a censer
With silver smoke within:
"Now go your ways to God," he said,
"And then your halo win."
I went into God's presence,
And fell upon my knee
And offered up my incense
Unto the One in Three;
And presently, in shining light
He looked, and smiled on me.
God said: "My little spirit,
Go now to Heaven's Queen";
And then I saw Our Lady,
So holy and serene.
"Now swing your censer, little one,"
She said, with gentle mien.
With burning love and ardor,
I swung my censer bright;
The smoke went up and gathered
In Mary's hands so white;
She held it still, and kissed it soft,
And lo! it took to flight,
And flew and made a circle
About my small, round head,
A blue and silver radiance
All over me it shed,—
God smiled again: "My Mother's priest
And servant!" then He said.

A Visit to Padre Pio.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.



HE sun rose out of the Adriatic on our right, and made short work of getting over the mountains and through the valley's April mists, as we drew into Foggia after an all-night ride from Rome. A city with a population of nearly a hundred thousand, Foggia is remarkable for little that history takes account of: it may, however, have its place in the biography of a remarkable man.

A young Capuchin friar—he is now only thirty-seven — spent some few years of his priestly life at the convent and church of his Order in this city,—a convent and church which seem not only poor but poverty-stricken, situated in the most unlovely quarter of this quite unattractive town. But a radiance grew about the person of this young priest and the place of his abode and of his ministry. The people, always quick to detect and appreciate virtues that transcend the ordinary, began to throng his way. His confessional was besieged and his Mass was the Holy Sacrifice of their predilection. Soon his heavy duties began to tell on the strength of the young religious, with the result that his superiors, acting upon good advice, removed him from the strenuous centre of activity his zeal had created. They placed him in another house of the

Order, a convent nearly two miles from the nearest village. The village itself is more than twenty-five miles from the nearest railroad station. It has no post-office, and only with difficulty is it accessible by autobus, running every other day from Foggia over the dreadful mountain roads. And yet, it is safe to say, that every year increasing numbers of the devout make nothing of these inconveniences and hardships, and even perils, of travel.

In 1918, two years after the young priest was sent hither for the quiet his health demanded, God opened his hands and feet and side with the sacred stigmata,—the holy wounds of Our Lord upon the Cross. That is not all that Heaven has done for him; but that has been sufficient to render him illustrious in our time, sufficient for the world to make a pathway to his door. His name is Father Pius,—“Padre Pio”; and, on the lips of those who know him, the name is both a prayer and a caress.

I would not give the impression that Padre Pio's superiors had been thwarted by Heaven. Indeed, no. One might come from the ends of the earth to Foggia and little San Giovanni to see “the holy man,” and come in vain, so far as any personal intercourse with him goes. Of course, one would be admitted to the church during his Mass. Usually, however, the approach is from afar. One must begin in Rome, “among the bearded counsellors of God,” and then, if Providence favors one in this circle, the superior of the province must be reached in turn; and finally the local superior, the Father Guardian of the monastery in which Father Pius lives. A single link missing from the chain might be fatal to one's hopes.

All this we had done, as much as could be done, my priest companion and I, before setting out from Rome. Sitting bolt upright in our crowded com-

partment, we slept when we could in the long night's journey, and never for a moment were other than contented in our strange but high adventure. When daylight came, we were in upland country, a valley that narrowed to a gorge, or even a tunnel, as we wound up into the heart of the unfamiliar Gargano range. The mountains on either hand were green, but bare of trees. Only rarely did we see clumps of twisted olives. There were no villages, no detached grange, not one “frowning castle.” Most un-Italian of all, there was no church or monastery holding any hill or mountain summit against the years or the centuries. Horses, not oxen, plowed the occasional open spaces, to level squares of black promising soil. Though it was barely five o'clock, men and women were already bent over at their work in the fields.

Meantime, the sun was mounting, really coming in the clouds with a majesty that was to be, alas, short-lived. Soon we entered Foggia. One sleepy hackman was at the station, and, entering his ancient carriage, we drove over cobbled streets with much rattle of wheels and incessant cracking of the long whip in the ears of a rather mature horse that went about his duties with a certain resignation.

A few minutes' ride disclosed that the streets at that early hour were in the possession of goats and cows delivering milk, in person, so to speak. A half a dozen goats, herded by a boy, would stop at a door when a frowsy householder appeared with bottle or pan. Goat or cow was milked there at the doorstep. The system has this advantage at least, that the milk is fresh and “you know what you're getting.”

The Capuchins were astir at their little convent, lost in the unsavory outskirts, and received us kindly, with courtesy as unfeigned as unprofuse. Here we said Mass at altars where

Father Pius had so frequently ministered during his few but fruitful years in this unpromising neighborhood. A thimbleful of black coffee in the sacristy was our breakfast, and the sky, moreover, was clouding. But we were content. The Father Provincial had examined our none-too-persuasive credentials, and passed favorably upon the object of our coming. *Carte blanche* he gave us to see Father Pius and talk with him, to assist at his Mass and lodge in the convent with him, if the local superior should find no immediate reason for withholding the last-mentioned privilege. Then, back into the city, where we were so happy, we had to hunt up a restaurant and have some more coffee. We were willing to have more solid accompaniments in the way of refreshment, but this restaurant, by some iniquitous local law, was permitted to serve only cakes with its coffee. Resignedly we took cakes.

The autobus, we were told, would leave at two for San Giovanni Rotondo. This gave us a few hours at a hotel, of sorts, where we freshened up a bit, and rested and dined, all at near-American prices. Meantime, the threatening rain came down in gentle, very beautiful, steady and copious quantities. It came through the roof of the autobus, which started up the mountain road an hour later than scheduled time; it came through at the windows, and it shut out, for the most part, the view of the wild mountain scenery, which later we were to see under circumstances somewhat better and somewhat worse. Our fellow-passengers seemed to be all of the country, except a pleasant young South American secular priest and three others, a mother with grown son and daughter, whom we afterwards met in the morning circle at Father Pius' feet.

The rain did not keep the population of San Giovanni from turning out to see the arrival of the bus, the men with

long cloaks wrapped two or three times around the shoulders, the women in shawls, the boys in short cloaks, the little girls in little shawls. A hardy race, surely. But it had been two days since the outside world had come in, and, one judged, nothing else of interest had happened meantime. After all, I know towns at home where no train arrival is missed by citizens who have never set foot inside a train. A sturdy lad of twelve shouldered our one satchel, and started out ahead of us, in the rain, up the mile and a half of mountain road to the monastery. Under one umbrella we followed.

At least, we started under one umbrella. It soon became evident, however, that if we were to avoid the torrents underfoot, we should have to go separate ways regardless of the waters overhead. And so it was done. Through mud and over boulders and beds of jagged rock we climbed, in outer garments momentarily becoming heavier and heavier and stiffer and stiffer, while inner garments took damp hold upon the flesh. At last we arrived, to be met by a pleasant but dubious porter,—dubious over one point that at the moment seemed to matter considerably to us: he was not sure that we could have lodging at the monastery.

While we were talking with the porter, a side door of the adjoining church opened and a bearded priest in the familiar Capuchin habit crossed the corridor where we were standing.

"There is Padre Pio now," said the porter.

We looked with all our eyes. It seems to me that I looked first toward his hands. They were covered. The Padre was smiling, mostly, I think, with his eyes. He asked where we were from. My companion answered that one of us was from South America, another was from the United States, and that another was a Frenchman.

"Which is the one from the United States?" asked Padre Pio. I was pointed out, and Padre Pio, with another smile, withdrew.

In a few minutes we were waiting outside the superior's door, hoping and praying that somehow arrangements might be made for us to spend the night there. We were soaked to the skin, it was still raining in torrents; and San Giovanni Rotondo had looked like such an excellent village to pass through. It had not the attractions of a lasting city. Pilgrims in such a funk must not look very brave to heaven or men. But there we were, and thus we felt.

Then the door of the Father Guardian's room opened, and Padre Pio and the Guardian came out. The weather now did not seem to make so much difference. There was no place, we were told, but the Guardian would send a guide with us to help us secure quarters in the village. First, however, we were quite free to see Padre Pio and talk with him.

My companion went in alone. He is a philosopher, I believe rather a profound psychologist, quite unemotional about his faith. This pilgrimage was not his suggestion. In a few minutes he came out, radiant, it seemed to me. Then I went in.

Padre Pio was waiting, and waiting, it seemed, not in a general way of waiting, as one might sit with folded hands until the unknown and indefinite next one should come along. Rather, he made you feel that he had been there a long time expecting you particularly. I think something of that impression was given by St. Philip Neri in the little room at San Girolamo, as described by Cardinal Newman in some of his rarest pages. He waited as a listener. There were some difficulties put to him; he solved them with a master's sureness of touch. Face to face with him, time being precious and a defective medium

of language to contend with, one rather drank in or breathed as an atmosphere what went into the making of a naturally remarkable personality and, supernaturally, perhaps, the character of transcendent holiness. And it is with these impressions I deal. Others with authority have investigated and reported on the stigmata which the man undoubtedly has. I saw the wounds. Others, again, tell wonderful stories of levitation at prayer, ecstasies at the altar, even of an instance of bi-location. I tell of Padre Pio only as I saw him.

He won you to the bottom of your soul. The famous Italian "simpatico" reaches its full meaning in him. He is all understanding, all sympathy and encouragement. He is simplicity itself, with the distinction that Alice Meynell makes somewhere,—a simplicity that is virginal, not viridial. That is to say, it is a simplicity not of renouncement, or of after-effect: it is a simplicity that was always like this, that came to be this way. The same is true of his humility. It was not a mere absence of its opposites, pride and vanity; it was itself a positive thing. It was not as if self did not count. That rather followed as a corollary. The great fact was that God is all. Oneself fell into place in the general nothingness that did not matter at all. Self-consciousness was simply out of the question. "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." That would seem the perfection of humility, to disassociate self from self in an identification with Ultimate Being, who is none other than the sweet Person—Christ.

And that brings one to the resultant of these two qualities of simplicity and humility—sweetness. Surely, that is what is most evident about Padre Pio. Possibly my analysis of how this comes to be is quite wrong, but there can be no doubt of the external fact itself. One looks at him and begins to understand a little what is meant when we say,

"God is Love." It seems an all-embracing love, because all-understanding. Mercy and patience stand and wait in the radiance of this central sun. Whatever misgivings a sinner may have before approaching one reputed to be so holy, these vanish like mists when the kind and temper of the holiness is perceived. It makes you realize as never before the blank and blind side of Judas' mind, when Judas could conceive that his power of offending was greater than Our Lord's capacity of forgiving. After all, even our greatest malice is finite, while God's love and goodness are infinite. Despair is the blind man's sin, the fool's, the proud man's sin. If you had done murder, you would find a place at Padre Pio's feet. At all events, it was with some such feeling that the visitor from the United States knelt for his blessing and kissed his hands, covered with brown knitted mittens, to hide their great glory. Throughout the fifteen or twenty minutes spent alone with him, I distinctly sensed a delicate perfume, said to be the fragrance of his wounds.

The hands were uncovered the next morning at Padre Pio's Mass, which we all served. The entire palms were quite covered with blood, a deeper red toward the center, and beautiful to see. It was not like a "pathological condition," as they say in the jargon of the medical books. The Sacred Host was held in hands that flowered—through what agonies of love who but the saints shall ever know. Somehow, making up what was wanting in the sufferings of Christ, His priest here offered the Unbloody Sacrifice not without the color and the shedding of blood. It was a Mass to carry in one's mind to the grave. If before one thought one saw a mortal man encompassed by God, one was sure of it as this priest offered his Mass, discharging that office where preeminently the priest is another Christ.

"This is my Body, this is my Blood." There was no possibility of doubting it.

The Mass was to begin at half-past seven. We were there in good time, again having made our two miles' climb through the rain. A few peasant women and men were in the church, and there was a countess and her maid, from Milan. Padre Pio was in the confessional. Meantime, the "community Mass" was said, at which ten young boys, aspirants to the priesthood, received Holy Communion. They wore the complete Capuchin habit, and though their piety was edifying, they seemed a bit droll, these miniature friars, with their closely-cropped heads and their clattering shoes. One longed for the day when they should put on sandals.

Soon Padre Pio came into the sacristy where he heard the confession of two or three men; then he vested, with an air of profound recollection. This intense absorption accompanied him to the altar. Four or five priests were in the sanctuary, as well as half a dozen laymen kneeling about. But Padre Pio seemed quite oblivious of all but the tremendous mysteries in which he was engaged.

He said Mass beautifully, with exquisite care for the rubrics, an attention that seemed to intensify rather than break his deep abstraction. Watching him closely, you felt you could hear Mass well: he was so at one with the Mass.

We had heard that during the Mass he participated in the physical and mental agonies of the Passion. There was no exterior sign of this, except, possibly, once. At the Commemoration for the Living, his eyes became fixed, then seemed to film over before they closed. For perhaps five or seven minutes he stood swaying slightly and seemed to wince a little, as if in pain, while his lips moved as though he were

in colloquy. Afterwards he opened his eyes and proceeded with the Mass. The entire Canon he recited from memory.

At the Communion his attitude was remarkable. As he received the Sacred Species, more than ever all his forces of body and soul seemed gathered into a unity of impenetrable recollection, and then the whole man appeared to be consumed as the spiritual sacramental effects began to occur. It was like a visible demonstration of the doctrinal truth, that in Holy Communion it is we who are taken up into the Divine Life, not our Blessed Lord who is brought down to us.

I know that when I eat the Bread,
Myself am as a table spread.

There was no undue pause after the Sacred Species were consumed. Holy Communion was distributed by Padre Pio to the faithful, all of whom came to the altar steps to receive. The prayers were said as usual after Mass. There was no exhaustion noticeable on the part of the celebrant. After unvesting he knelt on a prie-dieu in the sacristy to make his thanksgiving. Our own Masses followed. Padre Pio's vestments were shared by two of the priests, and one of us said Mass at the altar which he had just quitted. Later, we were brought into the refectory of the monastery and served black coffee, which seemed to be ample as breakfast.

While helping Padre Pio to unvest, after Mass, we kissed his hands before they should go back into their brown hiding-place. I lifted the sleeve of the alb and kissed the bright blood. Later Padre Pio kissed the hands of the priests when we said good-bye to him. We left with reluctance, the heart looking back over the shoulder, so to speak, and San Giovanni Rotondo saw us no more.

By great good fortune, from a mere traveller's point of view, we were taken by private car, again through rain, and

over the wild mountain roads, back to Foggia whence the night-train brought us to Rome. It seems a fitting place to return to, there to leave one's impressions and one's recollections of this young Italian priest who has, to all human view, every mark of being such a darling of God's. Rome will some day tell, and in speech that all men will understand. Till then the prayer is not out of place—it is a prayer that is never out of place—that God's will may be done on earth as it is in heaven.

A Tool of Fortune.

III.

WHEN old Raz left the bank, his face burned with shame and a wild rage filled his heart. As if it were not enough to have his request refused, an insult had to be added to the injury. He strode rapidly along, seeing nothing, and in a few moments he reached the little inn on the outskirts of the town, where he stopped now because of his poverty. His dilapidated briska stood before the door; on the seat the coachman sat nodding, his head and his stomach empty. The Councillor himself felt the need of food, but there were only a few kopeks left. If the affair had been successful, he would have had something warm in the large dining-room; now his disappointment had dulled his appetite, and he felt embarrassed at the thought of exposing himself to the inquisitive gaze of the loungers in the public-house. Fortunately, the night was clear and the roads fairly smooth. The horses could easily and quickly make the five miles lying between the town and Wola, the estate of the Raz family. The Councillor tried to take on a cheerful countenance as he tapped the sleeping coachman on the shoulder:

"Come, Bartek, wake up! We must start for home."

The man roused himself and said nothing for a moment; then, as his master entered the briska and gave the signal for starting, he inquired, doffing his cap respectfully:

"But the provisions, sir?"

This time it was the master who made no reply, but merely pointed to the road. What explanation could he make to Bartek? Provisions, indeed! He had quite forgotten them. In the morning, on bidding him good-bye, his daughter had said:

"You know, father, in two weeks it will be Christmas. We need some fruit for dessert—raisins, figs, dates—and some sugar. And since Jean is coming home, it would be nice to have a few bottles of extra good wine. Don't forget, will you?"

And he, with his habit of looking on the bright side of everything, of believing in illusions, of refusing nothing, had replied so loud that Bartek, doubtless, had heard him:

"All right, little girl! I'll bring everything,—sugar, fruit, wine, and all."

He had been so certain of success! Lewin's name at the bottom of his note would have meant ready cash. But what could he buy with half a rouble? As if his humiliation had not been enough, everyone seemed to take pleasure in increasing it. His mind was filled with confusion, and he wished to atone in some sort for his failure by kindness and condescension. This prompted him to say to Bartek:

"I hope you have not been so very cold. Did you get anything to drink?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"What could a man get when they make him pay for even a glass of water? Of course I'm cold and so are the horses. And now we have to travel at night through the deep snow. Who knows but what we shall break down

on the way? The front axle is cracked, you know."

The Councillor put his hand in his pocket and took out fifty kopeks—all that he had.

"Give me the reins," he said, handing the money to the man, "and go and get something to drink. It will warm you."

Bartek jumped to the ground, without waiting for a second invitation, and hurried into the inn. The Councillor looked after him with a feeling of something like envy. He himself would have liked a glass of vodka—simple vodka, not distilled. It would have driven away his gloomy thoughts. Bartek was indeed more fortunate than he.

The coachman came out in a few moments, wiping his mouth with his sleeve; jumped up on his seat, whipped up his horses and drove rapidly away.

The Councillor drew his shabby cloak more closely around him, and, settling back in his seat, let his eyes wander mechanically over the scenes around. Soon they were out in the open country, and the snow-covered landscape stretched toward the horizon. Tall poplars bordered the roadside like rows of grim giants. The silence of a Winter night hung over the hamlets: not even the barking of a dog could be heard. Here and there faint lights could be seen under low roofs, whose snow-laden slopes seemed to reach down to the ground. Occasionally they passed a church, the steeple of which shone in the moonlight; or a mill, with its rigid arms stretched out to the sky.

Raz dreamed with eyes wide open. The fleeting scenes evoked images of the past; pictures of bygone days arose before his mind with startling distinctness. They passed a tree with gnarled and twisted branches,—a sort of deformed dwarf, standing alone in the middle of a field. It looked exactly the same as it had looked one Winter night long ago when, with a heart lighted

by hope and love, he had pointed it out to his young wife, who was beside him under the fur robes. He seemed to hear again her sweet voice, to feel the caress of her soft cheek pressed against his as she trembled in superstitious terror.

"Oh, what a dreadful tree! It will surely bring us misfortune!" she cried.

He had smiled and kissed her on her closed eyelids. What childishness! Everything was theirs—youth, fortune, and love. What was there to fear? And now this wife had been under the sod for years; he was old and poor; the tree alone was unchanged—still standing with its distorted, monstrous arms outstretched. He crossed himself twice, saying aloud: "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

He immediately fell into a reverie again. Suddenly, without his being able to follow the chain of his ideas, the sign of the cross, the mark used by the illiterate in signing notes and legal documents, recalled to his mind Lewin's last words: "Sign the note yourself!" Indeed, it would not be so very difficult to imitate the banker's signature; in his imagination he seemed to see the note with the two words, "Samuel Lewin," standing out boldly.

Surely he must have become the plaything of hallucinations. That accursed tree was exercising its malign influence. Happily, Wola was not far distant. The horses were now quickening their pace, scenting the stables. Bartek had straightened himself up on his seat and was whistling. Soon they passed the hamlet and the stables, and entered the broad avenue leading to the chateau—a large, square structure with a high slated roof. On each side of the entrance door were four windows, and their closed shutters made dark squares on the white walls. The briska at last halted in front of the veranda. The door

flew open and Medor, the watch-dog, bounded out, barking for joy.

"Ah, here you are at last!" exclaimed a fresh young voice; and the flickering light of a torch fell upon the blonde hair and fair face of a young girl standing in the doorway. Felix, the old steward and cook, hastened out to assist his master to alight. Raz went quickly up the steps; and Bartek drove off at once, to the great disappointment of Felix, who was preparing to look under the seat for the promised provisions.

In the dim light of the hallway the Councillor saw the outlines of a man's form, and a resonant voice exclaimed:

"It is I—Sigismond Prus! Did I frighten you? I came on horseback, as usual, expecting to find you at home. Wanda invited me to have some tea before returning, so I remained."

"Sigismond was nearly frozen," said Wanda, apologetically.

She kissed her father affectionately, inquiring about his welfare; but she asked no question about the provisions. The Councillor's face remained clouded, however: the sight of the young man seemed to irritate him. He did not even greet him until Wanda, in an undertone, reminded him of his neglect. Then he stretched out his hand, merely saying:

"I am glad to see you, sir!"

Sigismond Prus, whose estate adjoined Wola, was a broad-shouldered, stalwart youth, with abundant light hair, a low brow, and blue eyes; a long, drooping mustache completely hid his lips. He was a typical Slav, frank, trusting and kind, with as much timidity as confidence in his nature. The cool reception given him by the Councillor disturbed him greatly. His face flushed, and he soon became so ill at ease that he decided to take his leave at the earliest opportunity.

Meanwhile his eyes followed Wanda about with an expression of love and

timid adoration; he became radiant at the slightest remark she addressed to him. Soon all took their places at the table, while Felix brought in the steaming goose, fresh from the oven. Despite the good cheer and the assiduous attentions of the two young people, the Councillor's gloom did not disappear. He seemed preoccupied and his eyes wandered up to the long row of family portraits that adorned the walls. Among them were figures of warriors, their hands resting proudly on their swords.

One in particular, wearing a coat of mail, was the picture of a soldier who had followed Sobieski under the walls of Vienna,—a colonel of those *houssards* whose great silver wings fluttered, making continued metallic music when they rushed to an assault. On one occasion, when a revolt had broken out in the ranks, this Raz had with his own hand beheaded six of the malcontents; then, to show that he could reward fidelity when united to valor, he had distributed his own share of the booty among the soldiers. This grim warrior looked down now from his gilt frame with an imperious, searching expression that seemed to read one's very soul. The Councillor bent his head, ashamed of the unworthy thoughts that filled his mind.

Wanda and Sigismond had made several attempts at conversation; all had been failures, however. After the meal the young man prepared to take his leave. Going up to the Councillor, he said, extending his hand:

"My horse is at the door and I must go now. When Jean comes home, I hope we can arrange a hunting-party."

Raz bowed in assent, but his mind was occupied with quite a different project. He rose and escorted his guest to the door. On the threshold Wanda observed:

"If your sister comes home for her

vacation, bring her over on Christmas Eve and I will have a tree for her."

"Thanks!" replied the young man. "But I think Françoise will stay at her school. It is so very cold, and Wola is so dreary in Winter."

"Then you must come alone," was the girl's rejoinder.

Sigismond thanked her again with an affectionate smile; and a moment later the sound of his horse's hoofs was heard on the frozen snow of the avenue.

IV.

As soon as the father and daughter were left alone, Raz began pacing around the table with a slow, regular step; his hands crossed behind his back, as was his custom. Wanda put the remains of the meal into a cupboard, then took her knitting and sat down at the table, drawing the lamp up to her.

"You should not entertain young Prus in my absence," remarked the Councillor, pausing abruptly in his walk.

The girl made no reply.

"Do you hear?" said Raz again, in a softer tone this time, as if he divined the pain he caused his daughter.

"I will not again, father," answered the girl, quietly.

"He is an excellent fellow," continued Raz, resuming his walk. "I have great respect for him; but you know, my child, to match two poor young people would bring about nothing but misery."

Wanda sighed and said nothing. Alas! she knew poverty already: her life was one long struggle against it.

"Yes," he went on, after a pause, "I have always been ambitious for you. You are to be happy, I feel sure, in the future. Our embarrassments are nearly ended. Jean is coming home with his diploma; Wasserberg, the contractor, has promised to give him a position. Once started, the boy will go far."

"Meanwhile," said the girl, tossing

her head proudly, "we are obliged to pay court to the Jews. If it were only of any use,—if we were to have some compensation for our humiliation, it might be endured."

Raz stopped in front of her. He understood the reproach, and the direct allusion her words expressed. He felt irritated at being understood, and the idea of succeeding at any cost became more firmly fixed in his mind.

"My dear child," he explained, "when one has a worthy end in view, one should not draw back from the means of attaining it. If sacrifices are imposed upon us, we must have the courage to make them. I am not thinking of myself, but of our name—of Jean. I want him to be able to take his place in the world, and we must both aid him to do so."

Tears filled the girl's eyes; she had always seen her brother, the hope of the family, preferred to herself.

"You know that I shall always be ready to make any sacrifices for you both," was her reply.

These words were spoken in such a pathetic tone that Raz was moved.

"You are a good girl!" he exclaimed. "God will surely reward you!"

As he spoke, he laid his hand caressingly on the beautiful, blonde head bent over the work. Happy and grateful, she seized it and bore it to her lips, covering it with kisses. Ah, yes! if he could have read her heart, he would have seen that sacrifice did not frighten her: that she would willingly subordinate her happiness to that of the two men she adored.

He seemed to divine her thoughts and a current of sympathy passed between them. But while the girl was oppressed by sadness, as if in presentiment of what the future had in store for her, her father, on the contrary, felt increased confidence. Wishing to please and conciliate her, he said gaily:

"My little girl, I did not bring the provisions I promised you; but you will lose nothing by waiting a day or two for them."

Wanda looked up quickly; she had attributed her father's ill-humor to the failure of his visit to the Lewin bank,—a visit at which he had only vaguely hinted.

"Are you going to the city again?" she inquired.

"Yes: I have another business appointment to keep."

"So you were successful, then?"

The Councillor felt embarrassed under the girl's steady gaze. He began to walk about again, and replied evasively:

"Almost. Matters are not settled yet, however. There are some difficulties that I hope to be able to smooth out soon."

Wanda observed her father closely. "Always the illusions!" she thought. She would have liked to ask him what the difficulties were and how he expected to smooth them out. But she knew by experience that if she did so he would either entirely refrain from replying or make the statement she had heard so many times before: "Women should never talk about business matters: they know nothing at all about such things."

On this particular evening, more than ever, he desired to shut out all investigation, no matter how discreet it might be. Taking a candle from the table, he went toward the door, remarking:

"Good-night, my child! My ride in the cold has fatigued me. I will retire now, as I am very sleepy."

(To be continued.)

EVERY life involves responsibility, and we are answerable, not only for the evil that we do, but also for the good that we fail to do.—*Elizabeth Leseur.*

The Bernese Alps.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S. J.

WHETHER they are clouds that lie
Too low, or hills that soar too high,
I know not. Only this I know:
With sunset rosy on their snow,
Heavenly ghosts, ethereal dreams,
From whose pale summits glory streams,
They are most holy and most fair,
Enshrined in crystal seas of air,
And only God could make them so.

The Tragedy and Triumph of a Vocation.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

OUTSIDE of the community of which she was the head, there are probably few persons now living who are familiar with the tragic history of the foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, Cornelia Connolly.* She was one of those souls whom God in His wisdom often uses to the material and spiritual advantage of their fellow-creatures, but who, in order to reach and lead others to the longed-for goal, are obliged to tread, step by step, with torn and bleeding feet, the weary, sorrowful Way of the Cross. She was heroically patient under the most harrowing trials, calm under the persecutions which she endured, not only from enemies, but from those whom she loved best,—not only resigned to the blows and dagger-pricks of harsh and prejudiced judgment, but invariably cheerful and serene, dwelling in an atmosphere of spiritual joy which was doubtless the reward of her perfect acceptance of God's holy will.

Cornelia Augusta Peacock, afterwards Mother Connolly, was the daugh-

ter of a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, and a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church; she was the youngest of a family of six, only one of whom, her sister Mary, enters into this recital. With the reticence which always distinguished her, she spoke but seldom of her early life or connections. When she was emerging from childhood into girlhood, her father and mother died, and she went to live with her half-sister, Mrs. Montgomery, while Mary took up her abode with another half-sister, Mrs. Duval. Cornelia was given every advantage of education; she spoke several languages, and was especially proficient in drawing and music.

We know nothing of her religious training, though some care must have been given to it, as she was, for a time, a member of the choir of Christ Church, in her native city. This belief is further warranted by the fact that she, for whom a very brilliant marriage had been anticipated, on account of her being so gifted and beautiful, placed her affection upon a young clergyman of the Episcopalian Church, whose wooing, if we may judge by his character in after life, must have swept her off her feet before she fully realized the solemn nature of the responsibilities she was about to undertake as the wife of a man of whose disposition she knew little or nothing.

From his name, Pierce Connolly, one would suppose he was of Irish and Catholic extraction, but there is no evidence that such was the case. In spite of the objections of her sister, he appeared to be the one who was destined to make her happy, as he had many attractive qualities, engaging manners and a magnetic personality which, in the light of future events, explains the influence he exercised, not only over his young and lovely wife, but also, in a more or less degree, on all with whom he came in contact.

* The Life of Cornelia Connolly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, 1809-1879. By a Member of the Society. Longmans, Green & Co.

Shortly after they were married, he accepted a call to Trinity Church, Natchez, Mississippi, where he filled the position to the perfect satisfaction of all concerned. He was zealous, enthusiastic and ambitious, which latter trait, always attended with danger to a clergyman, proved later to be the principal factor in his undoing.

A loyal wife and helpmate, Cornelia soon became endeared to the people of whom her husband had pastoral charge. Charitable, amiable to all who approached her, the poor loved her, while her social equals admired her for the unusual gifts with which she had been so generously endowed.

Two children came to bless the loving, united pair, and both looked forward to a happy life in the congenial position they occupied. But soon was to begin the fast change in Cornelia's life,—a change altogether unforeseen, and one which, to human eyes, would seem most unlikely to happen to the wedded pair, who were at that time entirely satisfied with their labors and the religion of whose truth neither had ever entertained a doubt. The change was as sudden as it was radical.

On a visit to New Orleans, they were staying in a house opposite to a building which aroused their curiosity. It was a Catholic convent. The young wife had never been so close to one until that time, and she often wondered what were the motives, occupations and general purpose of the beings who dwelt so silently and unobtrusively within those encircling walls. She questioned her husband, but he knew no more than herself. There was no prejudice in either of their minds concerning these self-immolated followers of Christ; the motives that actuated husband and wife were genuine interest and natural curiosity. Cornelia now made some Catholic friends; from them and from some Catholic books, which they placed

in her hands, she learned of the self-abnegation of souls who give themselves unreservedly to the service of God, of the sacrifice that puts aside all earthly ties and obligations.

Mrs. Connolly's admiration for these daughters of Christ was unbounded; the reading of one book led to another; she felt that there must be some principle higher than she had yet known in a system that advocated such a sacrifice, and before long she became convinced that the Catholic Church was the mother of Christianity.

Her reading and researches into the history and doctrine of the Church was, after a time, shared by her husband, and it is remarkable that, as they became more familiar with its fundamental truth, they found themselves agreeing without any difficulty with all it presented to their minds. There can be no doubt that, at this time, Mr. Connolly was as sincere as his wife, for there could have been no human motive in his defection from the religious society of his boyhood and manhood: from a worldly point of view, he had much to lose and nothing to gain by becoming a Catholic. Change of religion must involve the giving up of his position, the reproaches and coldness of his friends, uncertainty as to the future, and the rupture of many social ties. But neither husband nor wife seem to have hesitated at the call of conscience. To the great regret of his bishop and the parishioners to whom he had become deeply attached, Pierce Connolly, in August, 1835, renounced Anglican Orders, and began his new life as an humble aspirant for Catholic baptism.

And now comes the first eccentricity in his character of which we have knowledge. His wife had not anticipated any delay in being received into the Church, but he announced his intention of first going to Rome to satisfy him-

self on a few minor points of doctrine. This seemed to her unnecessary as well as expensive under their changed circumstances. She was very desirous of being baptized at once, but could not persuade her husband to alter his plan. It is easily to be seen that his motives were less supernatural than hers, and tinged already with that liking for publicity, which later proved his spiritual ruin. In view of his complex character and of what later occurred, it is hardly uncharitable to suppose that he had in mind the hope that some prominence would be given in Rome to the conversion of a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and perhaps be the means of providing for himself and family a more desirable future than they could expect in the comparative obscurity of American surroundings. Accustomed to defer to him in all things, Mrs. Connolly reluctantly prepared to accompany him to Rome, but they were delayed in New Orleans by the postponed sailing of the vessel on which they had engaged passage. Finally, they agreed to act separately, as she could no longer feel contented outside the bosom of the Church. In November, 1832, she was baptized in the Cathedral, and made her First Communion in the presence of her husband.

They left for Rome in December, and after a pleasant voyage arrived there in February. Pierce Connolly—whatever his motives—had taken a wise step in his determination to go to the fountain-head for his final abjuration. The story of the converts had preceded them, and one of the first to call upon them in their apartments in the Via della Croce, was the Earl of Shrewsbury, that truly Catholic nobleman, so distinguished for unostentatious deeds of kindness and Christian charity. Attracted by both strangers, but especially drawn towards the husband, whose

vivid personality appealed to him as it did to nearly all who met him, the Earl soon became their intimate friend, standing sponsor for Pierce Connolly at his baptism on Palm Sunday, March 27, 1833.

Through the friendship of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and some letters of introduction they had taken to Rome, they soon received a welcome in the best Roman society, which was, of course, entirely Catholic. They were delighted with the artistic and archaeological wonders of Rome. The principal attractions to the enthusiastic soul of Cornelia, newly awakened to the beauty of holiness, were the sacred monuments and shrines on every side,—silent but wonderful testaments to the lives of the saints and martyrs.

Mrs. Connolly's beauty and sweetness excited the admiration of all who made her acquaintance; "but, I trust," writes her husband at this time, "indeed I am sure, that her Christian feelings are too strong to be carried away either by love of admiration or by love of society." He was right. While he was making excursions to different parts of Italy, she was repeatedly invited to make her home in the Borghese Palace, but she preferred to remain in her own humbler apartments in the Palazzo Simionetti.

In August, 1836, Pierce Connolly received an invitation to visit Alton Towers, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who introduced him to the Jesuits of Stonyhurst and eminent lay Catholics in England, by whose lives he was much edified. In a letter to his brother in America, he speaks of the warm reception given him everywhere. The next year found them in Vienna, from which Mr. Connolly writes:

"The day after I reached here, I had the honor of being presented to Prince Metternich, . . . the great man who may be said for forty years to have controlled the diplomacy of Europe. My

letter of recommendation was from the Cardinal Secretary of State at Rome, and you may suppose I was impatient to present it. In the second ante-chamber a liveried servant showed me into another, through which, he said, the Prince would pass directly. He bowed inquiringly as I put the letter into his hand, and in a few moments sent for me into the library, where he allowed me to remain with him *tête-à-tête* some twenty minutes, when I felt I was abusing his generosity, and took my leave without waiting for the usual signal from men of high station."

It needs but slight penetration to discover in the foregoing letter, as well as others not quoted by the biographer, that Pierce Connolly was not free from worldly vanity and an undue sense of his own importance. This was very evident to his brothers, neither of them Catholics, and they more than once rebuked him for his weakness.

Up to this time, the Connollys had no pecuniary anxiety to speak of; but soon unsatisfactory reports of an estate which yielded considerable income began to reach them, and it became imperative for them to return to America. Mrs. Connolly was very glad of the prospect, as her heart was with her own beloved land. While in Rome she had stored it with spiritual riches, taking particular pleasure in works of charity, and becoming familiar with the Lives of the Saints. Reading of their great deeds, the love of God daily grew stronger in her soul, and not such a long time after, it was to be dedicated entirely to His service.

When they returned to America, the fears entertained regarding their financial interests unfortunately proved true. Pierce Connolly had a disposition which quickly changed from exaltation to dejection, and quite as readily from discouragement to hope and joy. His wife's temperament was far more equally

balanced; she did not fear poverty, was willing to accept the trials that she might have to endure, through a deep appreciation of the graces and benefits that came to her through their means, and was glad to accustom herself to the quiet life, which, in contrast to their former position, now seemed to be their portion. She said very little, but lived her faith from day to day; while her husband, enthusiastic in the midst of his discouragement over the future, went about justifying anew his change of religion, loudly refuting his past errors, and eager, had he been permitted, to proclaim his belief from the very pulpit in which he had formerly declared contrary doctrines.

In June, 1838, relief came to their anxiety. The Rev. Father Ponet, S. J., Rector of the College at Grand Coteau, Louisiana, was in need of a professor of English, and offered the position to Mr. Connolly. Both husband and wife regarded this as an answer to prayer. At Grand Coteau there was a Convent of the Sacred Heart, founded by the saintly Mother Duchesne in 1821. This was a great attraction to Mrs. Connolly, who had made the acquaintance of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at the Trinità dei Monti while in Rome. A cottage was given them on the grounds of the convent, and the Sisters, learning of Mrs. Connolly's proficiency on the piano and guitar, as well as in vocal music, engaged her for lessons to their pupils in these accomplishments. Removed from the fear of poverty, living in an atmosphere of peace and piety, edified by the spirit of the nuns and the devotion of their pupils, the husband and wife probably spent here the happiest days of their united lives. Recalling this later, the Rev. Father Abodie wrote: "Together with their little children, Mr. and Mrs. Connolly knelt at our church at the services. They edified us and the whole parish by their tender

piety....Pierce Connolly loved to call the three years he spent amongst us in his humble abode at Gracemire, his 'hidden life'....It was necessary for me in the first place to moderate Mrs. Connolly's ardor for mortification and self-denial....Only a little more than two years a Catholic, she had already made great advance in the interior and spiritual life."

Another daughter was born to them on the 22d of July, 1839, and named Mary Magdalen. This child lived only a few weeks, and her death was a great sorrow to both. In the meantime, Mr. Connolly's brother had decided to become a Catholic, but had not yet entered the Church. He was about to be married, and, from letters sent to him by Pierce at this time, we see that he was still fervent and sincere. He writes: "I bless God from the bottom of my heart for all you say about our holy religion. I beg you *not* to put off for any earthly reason your Confirmation and First Communion until after your marriage.

"Have you spoken to your intended wife about your religion? Is she likely, as far as you can at present judge, to follow your example? I trust so with all my heart. It is a bad business when a home is not united within itself; and there is no unity to be depended upon in anything where there is not unity in what, of all things, ought to be nearest the heart....Cornelia and I read every day a Chapter or two of the 'Imitation of Christ,' and I wish you and your wife would make it a rule to do so. After all, it is worth more than all controversy, and will often do more in making a convert than a Milner or a Bossuet. But I have not the heart to write about these holy things; we must see each other and talk of them."

Pierce Connolly was a born leader, and for the greater part of his manhood's life he had been high in

authority. He had also, as a clergyman, worked zealously for the good of souls. He soon began to chafe under the humble and restricted life as a secular professor in a Jesuit College; he was not in a position, he thought, to exercise any spiritual influence over his pupils. "Spiritual influence"—that was the guise in which the longing for a broader field of work came knocking at his door. If he had not been a husband and father, his first act, after his conversion, would have been to enter the priesthood. He began to feel within him a sense of power which he had not the opportunity to exercise—of a vocation thwarted and unfulfilled.

He brooded constantly on this thought until his wife began to observe his anxiety, and to be aware that he was passing through a struggle of some sort. But she had not the slightest idea of its nature, while she wondered that her husband, whose every thought she had hitherto shared, could not, or did not, confide to her the nature of his present trouble. Patiently, as always, she waited either for a disclosure, or the passing of the conflict which was agitating his soul.

(To be continued.)

WHERE material interests are concerned, we rely on work and enterprise. Where spiritual interests are in play, we are tempted to forego them, to make room, as it were, for divine help. This certainly is not according to God's designs. He has endowed us with natural faculties and energies, which He desires us to use. Neglect of them is a sin against the Author of Nature, and the Author of Grace will not by miracles make up for our neglect. The gospel of human effort in the work of God needs to be preached to the world to-day. Were it understood and carried out, we should tell of many marvellous victories.—*Archbishop Ireland.*

Poison Weed.

BY J. H. ROCKWELL.

THE door closed behind Marianna. Grandma Bunker sat up straight and stiff in her cushioned rocker and looked after her with reproachful eyes.

"It's the second batch to-day," she said plaintively, talking aloud, as she had a custom of doing since Grandpa Bunker died. "I've patched for four mortal hours, and here's goodness knows how much more. I'm tired of patchin'. I—I shan't do it!" She spoke the rebellious words with a glance at the gray door panels that had shut out her daughter's figure. "I shan't do it," she repeated more boldly.

She lifted the pile off into her lap and looked it over suspiciously, running her fingers into all the rents to ascertain their bigness. "I don't care! I'm too old to patch! My eyesight is failin'. I should think Marianna would take a stitch for the children once in a while herself." She laid the garments one by one back upon the table, counting them. "Cordelia told me Marianna would take advantage of my willingness. I'll go and live with Cordelia. I'm nigh on seventy," she said, as she went over to her sunny chamber window and looked out into the great elm where Marianna's children had a swing.

"Children change when they grow up," she mused reflectively. "Marianna's changed. She was a lovin' little thing as a baby," Grandma Bunker sighed.

Grandma enumerated her troubles, as she went about picking up her trifles. "I knew 'twould come,—I knew it had to come, sooner nor later," she declared prophetically. She first took the framed picture of Grandpa Bunker down from the wall and put it in her little hair-cloth trunk, then continued: "Cordelia was always milder-tempered than Mari-

anna. I guess I can get along with Cordelia. Marianna's acted kind o' uppish for a time back. I don't s'pose my patchin' begins to pay for my keep."

Down below she could hear Marianna soothing the baby and the squeak of a rickety wooden "rocker." "I can't stand such noises," complained Grandma up above. "There ain't no sense in forever rockin' a baby." But a harsh croupy cough silenced Marianna's song below. "Now, there it goes," said Grandma; "there's no need of that child's bein' puny, not a bit. If Marianna would keep on givin' it that honey an' lobelia I fixed— But what's the use? She don't never ask me what's best to give when the children's sick. I don't seem to be wanted for anything here but patchin'."

She had taken down the ancient china mug from the what-not, and stood rubbing her wrinkled fingers over its old blue surface. Great Grandfather Bunker had brought it over in Puritan times. "I meant to give it to Marianna's oldest girl; but if I'm goin' to live with Cordelia, it's right she should have it. There's the quilts too. I thought the things I had would sort o' make me welcome one place or the other. There's the silver tankard that's come down to the family through generations,—that's valuable. Cordelia always wanted it, but I fetched it along with me to Marianna's. And there's the big wall clock; they say it's worth consider'ble as a relic. Next she put in the linen sheets and white pillow slips Great Grandma Bunker had spun in Colonial times. "It's perfectly wonderful how things change when a body becomes dependent!" she concluded bitterly.

She had on her best black gown and her straw bonnet and cotton gloves when she went down into the kitchen where her daughter was ironing. "I'm goin' to Cordelia's," she said tersely.

"Have Eben fetch over my things; they're all packed."

Marianna set down her iron and straightened her stooped shoulders. She was a frail little woman and there were lines of anxiety on her face. "Why, mother," she said anxiously, "what's the matter?" Her pale blue eyes sought the stern lines of Grandma Bunker's face questioningly.

Grandma's wrinkled fingers flecked an insignificant ravelling of her skirt. "I've made up my mind my room's better'n my company," she said, then stepped out upon the low porch and hoisted her faded cotton sunshade.

"Why, mother, whatever put such an idea into your head? Haven't we made it pleasant for you, mother?" The lines about Marianna's mouth deepened. "Has the baby been a trouble to you, mother? If I had only known—"

"Did I say 'twas the baby, Marianna?" replied Grandma harshly, as she moved on down the path. At the gate she paused and faced Marianna. "I couldn't see to mend them clothes," she said shortly. "I'm too old to patch." Then she moved on with jerky footsteps.

Marianna followed to the gate, but Grandma Bunker moved stolidly away from her. "There ain't no use wastin' words," she said, "it only makes a bad matter worse."

"Just wait till Eben comes up from work," pleaded Marianna, but Grandma shook her head determinedly. "I ain't too old to walk yit," she added.

Marianna went sadly back into the house. The baby inside was having another coughing spell. She sat down miserably to rock him. There were tears on Marianna's cheeks. Meanwhile, Grandma Bunker trudged on stubbornly. She heard the baby's loud cough and Marianna's voice trying to soothe it. "I wish," she mused, "I'd told her ag'in about that lobelia an' honey. I wish I'd kissed them good-

bye," the thought came; but her lips did not acknowledge the weakness.

It was a mile from one house to the other. The old woman was tired when Cordelia met her at the gate. She shrank uncomfortably under Cordelia's questioning gaze.

"Did you walk, mother? What was Eben thinking of? What possessed you to leave them so suddenly?"

"I—I've come to live with you, Cordelia. Eben's goin' to fetch the clock an' the silver tankard."

Grandma sank down miserably in the willow rocker that had a starched linen tidy. Her daughter Cordelia took her bonnet and gloves. Cordelia was a good-looking woman. The neighbors said she was stylish. She wore worsted gowns every day at her work. A spicy odor of cooking cherries floated in from the kitchen. Cordelia was canning, and after a few words of welcome she went back to her work and left Grandma with several magazines in her lap. She did not seem to hear Grandma's timid statement that her eyes were too weak "to enjoy readin' much."

Grandma dutifully looked the pictures over, then took up her daughter's work basket, and began to examine the contents. She unfolded an elaborate creation of silk daisies and meadow grasses. "Law sakes!" exclaimed the old woman, with a depressed sigh. She had heard that Cordelia hired a woman to do her coarse needlework. She picked a delicate piece of lace out from the basket, and put on her glasses to study its intricate construction; then tried to knit a few stitches.

Cordelia came to the door. "Perhaps you'd better not tackle it, mother dear," she said; "it's pineapple pattern and it's hard. I'm very particular about that lace."

Grandma Bunker laid the piece back with an air of grievance. "I used to be counted a master hand," she said de-

fensively. "I could knit a finger an hour on an ordinary sock leg when I was a girl."

Cordelia smiled somewhat patronizingly. This irritated Grandma. "There's sillier things to do than to knit good sensible sock legs, Cordelia," she said tersely.

After supper Cordelia took her into the cold spare bedroom. There was a self-satisfied expression on her face, as she set the chairs about with a little flourish of pride. They were oaken chairs, and impressed Grandma Bunker with something like awe. Cordelia's spare room carpet was evidently "store-bought." Grandma stepped over it stiffly. There were no sensible rugs spread about. She blew out the light as soon as possible and crept into bed, pulling her feet in with nervous swiftness out of the unfamiliar darkness. She imagined in the night that she heard Marianna's baby coughing. "I wish I'd told her lard and tobacco was the best thing for croup," she fretted, as she tossed from one side to the other.

It was dark when Cordelia called her in the morning. It was always dark in Cordelia's elegant spare bedroom. She thought longingly of a little window where bits of sunshine flickering in through elm leaves had been wont to wake her, though sometimes it had been the children playing below. There were no children at Cordelia's.

She nibbled at the dry toast Cordelia had for breakfast. (Cordelia had forgotten that Grandma Bunker had no teeth.) "It seems sort o' solemn here," she said later. "Marianna's children were noisy," but she did not say that she missed them. After breakfast she went and looked at the things in the parlor. She moved about in her coarse shoes, painfully conscious of her unappropriateness. "I'm goin' to live here right along," she kept saying to herself every once in a while, as if to accustom

herself to the fact. But her voice sounded doubtful. She stood by helplessly and watched Cordelia prepare dinner in a new, strange way. She would not hear of her mother's helping.

Late in the afternoon Eben drove over with grandma's things. He hung the hall clock and put the silver tankard showily on the china closet as Cordelia directed. Grandma's hair trunk was carried into the spare bedroom. Grandma followed it silently. She watched Eben from the window as he unhitched and drove away, leaving a cloud of dust in his wake. She wanted to ask him how the baby was, but she didn't. She sat down on the trunk; it was more comfortable than Cordelia's oak chairs. She sat there a long time. It was getting dark when she went out where Cordelia was preparing supper. Her face had taken on desperate lines.

"I've been thinkin', Cordelia," she ventured agitatedly,—"I've been thinkin' I'd like to see your brother Allen." She picked at her apron nervously. "You know I hain't seen him since he married his second wife. I'd like to see him real well. Cordelia, do you think Charles would be willin' to take me to the train?" She hesitated. "You see I was thinkin' if I should go now I wouldn't have to unpack my trunk."

It was out—the dreadful truth, but Cordelia did not seem disturbed. She carried Grandma's shawl out to the wagon next day and kissed her good-bye. "I've had a real nice time, daughter," said Grandma Bunker, evasively, as she climbed up on the seat beside Cordelia's husband, and was driven to the station.

"I hain't goin' to let on but what Cordelia and me would have agreed all right," she persisted, as the train jolted along to where her son Allen lived.

It was two weeks later. Grandma Bunker stood up stiffly in neighbor

Greely's wagon and shook out her dusty skirt. "You might put me down here. I'm very much obliged to ye for the ride," she said; then began clambering down. He helped her, and then removed her little haircloth trunk. Grandma's eyes wistfully followed the dim path-way bordered with bluebells and grass pinks and yellow daffadowndillies, on up to the little gray, weather-beaten house at its end. Weeds were growing through the low boards of the stoop that had once been Grandma Bunker's pride to keep neatly swept. All trace was lost of the winding foot-path Grandpa Bunker's feet had made from the house to the barn. Empty windows stared vacantly back at Grandma Bunker.

"It looks pretty lonesome, don't it?" Mr. Greely said. "Was anybody expectin' ye?"

"No, they wasn't. You can jest leave the trunk on the step, if ye please; and as for it's bein' lonesome, maybe it might be to some," she said shortly. "It's my home, anyhow," she added, as she slowly opened the door and went inside; "and I guess I can git along with myself if I can't with Marianna or Cordelia or Allen."

"Mother!" Marianna had come up quietly between the border boxes. She stood in the doorway with a little basket on her arm and her face full of surprise. "Why, mother!" she repeated blankly. Grandma Bunker had brought chips from the shed and kindled a fire in the old rusty stove. She sat before it shivering, her wrinkled hands folded in her apron. Marianna's breath came sobbingly.

Grandma Bunker stood up and turned helpless eyes on her daughter. "I—I guess I can git along with myself, Marianna," she said piteously. "You go right home and tend to things. I'll manage somehow."

"But, mother," began the younger woman persuasively.

"I shan't listen, child. I'm settled now for good. You go right home, Marianna."

But Marianna did not go. Instead she came close and stood at her mother's side. "I came," she said, and her voice struggled over a great lump,—"I came to get some slips and roots for the baby, mother; I'd like some of that white moss rose and a few little roots of funeral flower. O mother!" Her words ended in a pitiful sob. She was in her mother's arms, the old wrinkled hands were caressing her.

"There, there, little girl! There, there, daughter!" Grandma's own voice was now husky; their tears fell together. It was not Marianna's hands that took up tender slips of moss and green shoots of purity rose bush, and funeral flowers. "It's all there is left for me to do," Grandma said remorsefully.

"Mother," said Marianna pleadingly, with the basket of fragrant green things on her arm, "mother, you'll come back? I needn't lose both—baby and you?"

"Marianna" (there was a heart full of penitence in Grandma's voice), "do you see that stuff growin' there, daughter?" Her finger pointed out a strange weed that had put an intrusive head up among the flowers. "Do you see how everything around it has shrivelled up and died?" Nothin' sweet and kindly can live nigh it? It's p'ison weed, child. I—I'm like that weed, Marianna." There were still tears on her withered cheeks.

Marianna's arms crept comfortingly about her mother's shoulders. "I fear a sprig of it finds root in most of us, mother," she said sadly. Then both became silent. A little bird, emboldened by the quiet, fluttered down at their feet, and from the poison weed a wee note of hope arose.

At the Deathbed of St. Francis de Sales.

AMONG the dignitaries around the deathbed of St. Francis de Sales was the Bishop of Damascus, an intimate and lifelong friend of the Saint. Drawing near the bedside, and taking the feeble hand that lay on the counterpane, he said: "I am come, my dear brother, to offer you the last offices of brotherly friendship. It is written that a brother aided by a brother is as a fortified city."—"And the Lord shall save one through the other," added the patient.—"Put your trust in the Lord," continued the Bishop, still quoting the Scriptures.—"And He will support you," came the fervent reply. Then, as if transported with that divine love about which he had written so beautifully, the dying Saint exclaimed: "My heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God! The praises of the Lord I will sing forever. When shall I come and appear before Thy face?"

Father Ferrier, a Jesuit, who never left the Saint's side, proposed to him this prayer of the dying St. Martin: "Lord, if I am still necessary to Thy people, I do not refuse the labor." But the holy bishop's humility was alarmed at the comparison, of which he alone did not recognize the justice. "I am only—" he said; and he stopped, as if unable to fashion the thought into words. "I am only—" he repeated. A third time he went on: "I am only a worthless servant, of whom neither God nor His people have need."

After a moment's pause, another Jesuit Father whispered: "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth! The whole earth is full of Thy glory." With face lighted up in ecstasy, the Saint repeated these words again and again. They seemed to give expression to what was dearest to his heart. The grandeur, the holiness, and the majesty of the thought transported him; and it was

while repeating this anthem of heaven that his voice ceased upon earth. His lips still moved, although they uttered no word; and his eyes from time to time opened.

These were the only signs of life he gave through all the night, yet he struggled through the following day. But at eight o'clock in the evening—it was the feast of the Holy Innocents,—while those present were reciting the Litany of the Departing, at the invocation, "All ye Holy Innocents, pray for him!" the great Saint calmly breathed his last.

To Every Man His Work.

(From the "Metaphors" of Brother Nicholas Bozon,
a Franciscan of the Fourteenth Century.)

THE nature of the hare is such that he sees better and more clearly aside than tofore him; and the more firmly he fixes his sight sideways, so much the sooner mishap meets him. So it is with many folk. They have a clear sidesight to see the misdeeds of another, but they do not see at all in front of them their own deeds that they have done, of which they take little heed....

I would that each one did as did once the brothers who compiled concordances. Each took charge of the letter that was committed to him. He who had A had nothing to do with B, and he who had charge of B did not intermeddle with C; and so each letter of the ABC was delivered to different men, and each took his letter, and no one wished to interfere with the act of the other. Thereby they arrived at the noble book with which the Holy Church is much comforted. So would I that every one, clerk and lay, out of religion or in religion, might take care of the letter delivered to him, so that Adam and Alice might not intermeddle with Bartholomew nor Beatrice, nor Colin nor Collette intermeddle with others, save each with his own.

Charity, Organized and Private.

AS a natural corollary of having the poor always with us, the treatment of the poor is a perennial subject of discussion. The ordinary person as well as the professed sociologist, has clearly defined opinions as to the most excellent way of reducing the abstract law of charity to concrete action; and, as on other subjects that admit of debate, the opinions are widely variant.

In an age that displays a marked, not to say an exaggerated, fondness for specialization, it is entirely natural that organized, as against individual or private, charity should be upheld by professional philanthropists as not merely the best, but the only proper and effective, way of relieving the poverty-stricken and the indigent. To their minds, individual giving is practically synonymous with indiscriminate giving, and is an unfailing method of pauperizing those whom organized charity would make self-respecting and eventually self-supporting.

On the other hand, to the genuinely charitable heart there is something repugnant in the cold-blooded treatment of an actual case of destitution as a mere unit in a tabulated catalogue of paupers or mendicants, to be card-indexed and investigated with superfluous red-tapism before the urgently needed relief is doled out. Even at the risk of occasionally encouraging impostors, or conducing to the pauperization of the recipient, the instinctively generous Christian is inclined to relieve distress first, and discuss the expediency of the relief afterward.

Personally, we are inclined to think that there is ample room in the world round about us for both kinds of charity—the individual and the organized,—and that the abuses are by no means confined to either. If the charitable private citizen sometimes gives money

unwisely, the charitable organization not infrequently withholds it still more unwisely, and, moreover, expends for organization purposes, an amount out of all proportion to the sum actually given to the poor for whom, primarily, it receives its funds.

Some interesting correspondence as to this matter was once printed in a Metropolitan newspaper which, in a period of acute distress, had the temerity (!) to disregard sociological experts and establish a bread-line of its own. We have been impressed with the letter which one correspondent states that he sent to a charity organization society of his city, in reply to its requests for contributions. We reproduce a portion of this letter:

"I have no doubt that, from an economic and sociological point of view, you are doing good work; but what little money my firm and myself have to spare for the poor and needy should, in my humble opinion, go for relief only, and direct. I have no doubt that for the future you will be doing good work, but in the meantime I shall use what I have to spare for charity and not for organization. From my point of view, a starving man or woman is something more than a statistical item."

The foregoing protest is so far from being merely the unreasonable grumbling of an exceptional critic that it is rather the typical objection of many clear-headed business and professional men. There is, of course, organization and organization. We have not the slightest doubt that our St. Vincent de Paul societies, however elaborately organized, see to it that only a minimum of contributed funds is expended for any other purpose than actual relief, just as we have no doubt that the Little Sisters of the Poor do far more charitable work with a dime than does their least extravagant secular competitor with a dollar.

Notes and Remarks.

Not all of a study of the International Sunday School Lesson for July 8 ("Mary, the Mother of Jesus"), by Mr. William T. Ellis, will be wholly satisfactory to Catholics who may chance to read it; but we may reproduce here, with the omission of only one sentence, his introduction, which is indeed glowingly appropriate:

Amid the ruins of the Smyrna fire I noticed a curious phenomenon: In the courtyard of the French hospital, the buildings of which had been completely burned, stood a white marble statue of the Madonna and Child, completely untouched by fire or smoke or falling embers. Amidst all the blackness of ruin about it, the figure of the Mother with the Babe was as white and unsullied as when it left the sculptor's hand. Not a flake of marble had been chipped off by the intense heat, although marble walls all about the city had crumbled to dust, and iron girders had become bent and gnarled.

In like manner, the personality of Mary has come down through the ages, a spotless, beautiful figure, revered and beloved by countless myriads. Diana of Ephesus has gone the way of Venus and the more primitive goddesses; but the pure and lovely human personality of Mary remains as the most highly favored among women. Motherhood everywhere turns toward her with a sense of kinship and devotion....

She is the ages' perfect embodiment of womanhood. Piety, obedience, service and unspeakable reward are her spiritual characteristics. In a day when so many young women have lost their moorings and their bearings, it is restful to turn to the personality of the woman whom God found worthy to be the Mother of His Son, the world's Saviour.

Remarkable expressions are these, considering their source. Mr. Ellis should know, however, that The Church does not "worship" Mary.

The greater part of the Irish Catholic population of London, it is reported, foregathered at Soho on the first Sunday of the month, to take part in the great public procession in honor of Blessed Oliver Plunkett, the last of the

Catholic martyrs, who made his confession for the Faith at Tyburn in July, 1681. St. Patrick's Church, in Soho Square, whence the procession with the Martyr's relics started, has a special interest of its own. The present church is fairly new, but it stands on the site of an older one, built more than one hundred and thirty years ago,—nearly forty years before Emancipation, and when the prescriptions of the Penal Times had not yet died out. The church was one of the first to be opened by the Catholics in London after the persecutions had died down.

Blessed Oliver Plunkett was a patriot as well as a martyr. One can not very well help wondering at the Irish patriots of these times, though loving them all at all times.

While the holiday season has yet a number of weeks to run, it is probable that even now a goodly proportion of Catholic parents are thinking of the coming school year and deliberating as to the particular school, college, or university to which they shall entrust the training of their sons and daughters. It would be superfluous to advise the better—that is, the more "practical" class—of Catholics to send their children to institutions of learning distinctively Catholic; but it is worth while to proffer to the other kind a few reasons why they should look more closely after the religious education of those for whose training they will be held accountable. Let the reasons be given, not by a religious editor or special pleader for Catholic colleges, but by a Protestant economist who has attained such prestige as entitles his opinions to grave consideration, Mr. Roger W. Babson. He recently wrote:

"Education, unless guided by a religious purpose, is a very dangerous thing. Giving wrong economic teaching to the average man is like giving a gun

to a maniac. . . . Land, labor, and capital, and even education, are mere tools which can be used either for good or for evil. . . . Two men graduate from the same law school and get the same degree—one uses his superior education to uphold the law, and the other uses his education to help men evade the law. Two chemists graduate from the same technical school in the same class—one uses his training to make foods pure, and the other uses the same training to adulterate foods. . . .”

Statements worth the serious consideration of all American parents, and especially those who call themselves members of the Church.

In a charming essay on a well-known American scholar, Francis James Child, which Mr. Gamaliel Bradford contributes to the July *Atlantic Monthly*, there are passages which draw attention to the spiritual content of scholarship in an enlightening way. Professor Child was a foremost authority on older English poetry. “When the charm of poetry goes,” he said, “it seems to me best not to stay. If the world is nothing but biology and geology, let’s get quickly to some place which is more than that.” Darwin, it will be remembered, professed his abiding regret at having abandoned the poets. “Professor Child’s spirit had always the comfort of profound religious belief,” Mr. Bradford tells us. “The basis was emotional rather than intellectual. At times this emotional element even felt the charm of Catholicism, so alluring to souls mystically and æsthetically disposed. ‘When such voices come to me, I feel as if I were all but ready to take the step.’” And again this scholar loved above all else the Mass. “If anything could carry me over, it would be the Masses. They ought to be true; they must be true to something that can not be lightly estimated.” He did not, how-

ever, actually come over; but we can not help thinking that he would have frowned a little violently upon the barbarians for whom, in our day, Masses, and the churches in which they are said, have become objects of attack by night, in hooded mystery.

To those outside of the Church who find a stumbling block in passages of the Bible that seem to deal with the physical and natural sciences, and on the face of it are incompatible with ascertained scientific truth, one may confidently commend this passage of Leo XIIIth’s great encyclical, entitled “Providentissimus Deus”:

“Instead of directly seeking to penetrate the nature of things, the sacred writers rather described and sometimes dealt with things either in more or less figurative language, or else in terms commonly used at the time, and which, in many instances, are analagous to those still in use in ordinary life even among the most learned men. And since in ordinary speech one describes first and foremost that which comes under the senses, similarly . . . God Himself, in addressing Himself to men, expressed Himself in the customary manner of men, in order to be understood by them.”

In the course of a strong paper, “Education and Catholicity,” contributed to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, the Rev. Dr. Leen, C. S. Sp. has this to say of a marked tendency in most books of our day:

A strongly naturalistic tone runs through most of the present-day literature. The sense of the supernatural has been lost, or, where it has not been lost, it is carefully excluded. Religion is looked upon as a particular section of human experience, and not as something that is to be regulative, at least negatively, of the totality of human affairs. Nothing is taken into account in the shaping of individual or social destinies but the play of

human emotions and passions. Nothing directs counsels, whether they concern the fate of mighty empires or petty municipalities, except human reason ordained to human ends. No wonder that the world is unbalanced, and no wonder that the efforts to restore equilibrium prove futile. *Men can not restore the world to normal functioning when they have ceased to know what the world is like when functioning normally.* The very last thing that is considered in regulating the affairs of nations, in drafting constitutions, in devising remedies for social and economical ills, is God's point of view. All these things are considered to be outside His province, to belong to man alone. And this habit of mind is not peculiar to those who are not of the Faith. Through the influence of literature, the faithful have not escaped the contagion.

Hence the necessity of parents' strictly supervising the reading of their children. The mere fact that a book is to be found on the shelves of the public library is no guarantee that it is innocuous, much less wholesome. As for the bookstores, recent experiences in small towns in New York prove that they may, and in fact do, proffer volumes that are positively immoral and indecent.

Advice, even from the most authoritative sources, about eating and drinking during the hot season is generally wasted—probably because there is so much of it. But many persons may be disposed to heed what Dr. Thomas Darlington, formerly Commissioner of Health of New York City, has to say concerning sleep—the importance of it in Summer, and the effect of the lack of it at this time:

"Sleep is the period of repair and growth, the time when the building-up process exceeds the breaking-down process. During sleep less carbon dioxide is eliminated and less oxygen is absorbed. Experiments upon dogs show that if starved, even for several weeks, they will recover, but that they die from loss of sleep in five days. Loss of sleep is much more damaging than starva-

tion. Loss of sleep is a common cause of fatigue, and one of the most important results of fatigue is a lessening of resistance to disease. It has been shown that after the death of an animal from fatigue the body undergoes rapid putrefaction. Clinical experience and experiments on animals have shown that people who are fatigued are much more subject to contagious and infectious diseases."

A correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who served the country as an officer in the naval forces during the war, says some things—says them very forcefully, as will be noticed—which should cause American citizens to pause and reflect. The pith of many speeches and articles is here:

To-day I am ashamed of my country's position in the eyes of the world at large, ashamed of the fanaticism that seems to permeate those in temporary power; ashamed of the bribery, corruption and crime in daily evidence, ashamed at the loss of respect for law and morals everywhere visible.

I charge that this situation is solely due to the fanatical efforts of the so-called dry elements to read into the laws, both of recent and of long standing, that which was never intended by the makers thereof....

There is spreading through the country a deep feeling of unrest, resentment and fear that any or all of our cherished ideals of rights and liberties may be attacked by the insidious use of money; that the example set by the highest in the land in "stretching" authority, magnifying police powers, and disregarding cherished rights is having a very serious effect. If saner counsels do not prevail we shall have still more disrespect for law, still more contempt for the rights of others; and more people their own judges as to what constitutes a crime.

A little too fervid, perhaps, but sane and perfectly true.

The *Canadian Freeman* manages to extract not a little amusement from a publication the intent of which is certainly not humorous,—a report of the License Commissioners of Ontario. As

our readers may or may not know, Ontario is called a "dry" province; but its Temperance Act provides for the sale of liquor in Government dispensaries. It appears that in the first ten months of 1922 these dispensaries did a business amounting to more than three and a quarter millions. "Dryness" is apparently bad for the health; at any rate, Ontario's sick people (needing liquor for medicinal purposes) increased a full hundred thousand in 1922. Other interesting facts are quoted by our bright Canadian contemporary, which concludes its comments on the report with: "But the worst is yet to come. During the year 1921, 'wet' Quebec had 421 convictions for drunkenness per 100,000 of population; 'dry' Ontario had 494 per 100,000. 'Dry' Toronto had 900 per 100,000; 'wet' Montreal had 848 per 100,000! 'Nuff said."

The majority of the citizens of Point Pleasant, N. J. (a Ku-Klux centre), must have read with interest, if not with satisfaction, a trenchant letter recently contributed to the local paper, the *Ocean County Ledger*. The writer, who has a Summer home at Point Pleasant, is a brilliant Metropolitan journalist, Frank Ward O'Malley; and his defence of Catholics against the imputations of Sunday evening Klan paraders is a masterly vindication of American Catholicism. Mr. O'Malley's concluding paragraph should have the effect of clearing the air:

You have an American Legion Post here at Point Pleasant. The young man in whose honor it was named, son of Point Pleasant's only Gold Star mother, was a Roman Catholic. He, too, wore a mask. But the only mask he ever wore was a gas mask through the storms of steel on the fields of France. He does not parade under cover of darkness through our streets these Sunday evenings. His America asked his help when in trouble without asking his religion first. He went forth and fought and died, a soldier and a gentleman. And when he had given his all to America, his own

home town neighbors, fortunately few in number, rise and indirectly insult his name and the Point Pleasant Legion Post named in his honor. Directly and to her face they insult his sorrowing mother.

One of the Summer issues of *Les Missions Catholiques* brings us a charming account of how Christmas was celebrated in the Fiji Islands. Those who still associate these distant spots with Mark Twain's lectures, may be surprised to learn what the missionaries accomplished. A Christmas pastoral was enacted by the native young people on the veranda of their school. With the aid of song and dialogue, two acts portrayed the announcement of glad tidings to the Shepherds, and the Nativity of Our Lord. Our missionary's account of the dramatic success achieved is glowing, but he confides sadly that the receipts were very small. Who would not be glad to pay a generous admission fee to that distant theatre, even at this late hour, and thus contribute to the support, not only of the artistic efforts of the Fijians, but to the great drama of conversion in which heroic apostles are playing their life-rôles?

The annual (1922) report of the Near East Relief is an interesting document concerning a great and blessed charity to which readers of THE AVE MARIA have contributed their share. Much work has been done, many thousands of lives have been saved; but Mr. Vickrey tells us that the Turkish wars of the past year have rendered impossible any definite amelioration of conditions in the Near East. Politics have failed once more, and the sole recourse under God is still human kindness, the giving of generous alms. We can not afford to abandon Armenia, simply because we must not surrender the cause of America, which here is most genuinely the cause of right and of freedom.



Just this Minute.

THE little girl who said that "anonymous" means "when you don't know who it was wrote by," would probably define "fugitive" as "wandering around and not belonging to nobody." The following poem is both anonymous and fugitive,—it is without the author's name; and it has been flying about like an escaped canary,—not without injury, which we have tried to repair. In one place it was entitled "Just this Minute," which is perhaps as good a title as could be chosen:

If we're thoughtful, just this minute,
In whate'er we say and do;
If we put a purpose in it
That is honest through and through,
We shall gladden life, and give it
Grace to make it all sublime;
For, though life is long, we live it
Just this minute at a time.

Just this minute we are going
Toward the right or toward the wrong;
Just this minute we are sowing
Seeds of sorrow or of song.
Just this minute we are thinking
On the ways that lead to God,
Or in idle dreams are sinking
To the level of the clod.

Yesterday is gone; to-morrow
Never comes within our grasp;
Just this minute's joy or sorrow,
That is all our hands may clasp.
Just this minute! Let us take it
As a pearl; and if we're wise,
We shall do our best to make it
Fit to shine in paradise.

"If you go through the world stooping a little," Benjamin Franklin often used to say, "you will save yourself a great many blows."

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

III.—THE DOG AND THE OTHER BOY.

WHEN Nassimar, after seeing Artie at the window preparing to run away, started furiously towards the house door, he found himself faced by a big dog whose bared teeth suggested that any further advance on the part of the angry peasant might prove dangerous. Nassimar evidently thought so, for, shaking his fist at the dog, he turned away and went around the house. Now, any enemy of Nassimar was pretty sure to be a friend of Artie's, and this particular friend was Artie's fondest and best-loved companion.

Rex, although at present full-grown, had been scarcely more than a puppy when Artie first came to Tellivot; and they had at once taken to each other. They shared in the neglect and harshness meted out by Harnisette and her son, so the proverb 'that misery loves company' was once again verified in the companionship. Rex appeared to be a cross between a bloodhound and a St. Bernard, with perhaps a strain of the collie. He stood about two feet and a quarter high, and must have weighed at least twice as much as Artie, who tipped the scales somewhere around sixty-five or seventy pounds. His shaggy coat was a blended yellow and white, the latter color appearing in well-defined patches on his neck, forefeet and back; and the yellow predominating in his long and plume-like tail. His long ears, square muzzle, and deeply-sunk hazel eyes spoke of the hound, while his imposing head, massive skull and intel-

ligent expression at once suggested the famous St. Bernard breed. On the whole, he was a handsome animal and one that the average person would very much prefer to have as friend rather than as enemy.

Artie had thought of whistling for Rex from the window of his room when his preparations for running away had been finished, but he was afraid of letting Harnisette know of his plan; so he concluded to wait until he reached the ground and then summon his four-footed companion. Rex, however, as well as Nassimar, had seen him at the window, and when the latter, after looking so angrily at the boy, rushed towards the house, the dog rightly inferred that something was being planned against his young playmate, and forthwith decided to take part in the proceedings. As has been said, the sight of his bared teeth was sufficient to balk Nassimar's entry into the house by one door; but, unfortunately, Rex couldn't guard two doors at the same time, and so Harnisette's son and she herself soon effected an easier entrance on the other side of the house.

"Something will have to be done with that cursed dog," said the mother, "else he will kill any one who interferes with the little rascal upstairs."

"I'll fix the dog all right," replied Nassimar, "and will attend to him at once before deranging the runaway plan of his chum. Wait here a minute, while I go down to the cellar. I'll be back as soon as I can."

So saying, he betook himself to the basement of the house, where, in a big, half-lighted room, he kept his fishing-nets, traps, snares, and other equipments of a fisherman and trapper. Choosing a large sweep-net, he remounted the stairs and, accompanied by Harnisette, went to the vestibule outside which Rex was standing guard. The dog heard their steps and began to

bark furiously as he pressed against the door in an effort to break in and assault Artie's enemies.

Nassimar grinned maliciously.

"Bark-away," he murmured, "we are going to let you in."

Then, taking hold of one side of the sweep-net, he gave the other side to his mother, and cautiously opened the door. Utterly unsuspecting, Rex bounded in—only to find himself caught in the meshes of the net. In less than a minute he was all tangled up in the stout strands, was rolled over and over, while his captors tied up the net's mouth, and was then carried to a woodshed into which he was thrown, furious but helpless.

"There for you," cried Nassimar. "You'll die of hunger in there, if not of thirst. We've been feeding you too long already, only to have you barking at us. The old man is dead now; he can't protect you any longer, and you'll soon learn who are the masters here."

"Now for that wretch of a boy," said Harnisette, as they returned to the house.

"Yes; we shall have to give him a lesson he won't forget in a hurry. By the time I'm through with him he won't feel much like running away,—or walking away either. Oh, *won't* I give him a lashing!"

The lashing, however, was not to be administered immediately; for, when mother and son reached Artie's room, the bird had flown. When Rex had sprung into the house through the half-opened door, and then had failed to run up to his young master's room, Artie suspected some trick, and wasted no further time. Fixing his stick and bundle over one shoulder, he climbed out the window, grasped the thick vines, and swiftly slid to the ground. Once landed, he hurried through the garden towards a thick clump of bushes. Gaining this covert, he looked back, and,

seeing no signs of pursuers, ran as fast as he could towards a dense wood about a quarter of a mile distant. The grass was so thick and heavy that his speed was not great, and, just before he reached the wood, he heard an angry roar from the house. Nassimar had caught sight of him from the open window, and, of course, would soon be after him. Fear of being caught seemed to give wings to his feet, and he hurried through the wood, hoping to find a secure hiding place.

In the meantime, outside the cobblestone walls that surrounded the domain of Tellivot, two persons, destined to play very prominent parts in this portion of Artie's life, were making their way at random through the wooded and open spaces of that uncultivated part of Brittany. Judging by their clothes, they were tourists, but tourists of a special kind, the kind generally called "artists." To just what branch of art they belonged it was difficult to decide. One of them was an extremely tall young man with a very long neck, perched on which was a very small head. His smooth-shaven face might have suggested his being an actor, were it not for a portmanteau which hung down his back, and a machine like a photographer's outfit which he carried under his arm.

His companion was a little fellow about twelve or thirteen years old, dressed with an elegance that seemed somewhat out of place in such an environment, and wearing on his open countenance such an expression of cleverness and jollity as could not fail to attract attention from all who casually met him.

"Well, Winder, what about it?" he asked.

The tall fellow with the machine shook his head disdainfully, as he threw a contemptuous glance at his surroundings.

"There's nothing to be done in this God-forsaken locality," he declared in an oracular tone. "There's no light, and no perspective!"

"Let's look farther on," replied the boy. "You know, old Winder, that we must discover a marvellous setting. One setting, do I say? Yes; ten settings, twenty enchanting settings!"

"Humph! The setting or settings may perhaps be found; but what will be put in them?"

"Why, I, myself," rejoined the lad with an air of self-confidence. "I, in the first place. Myself above all. . . . Myself, I tell you; and that will be quite enough, I assure you."

"Without doubt. But I can't figure you fitting in, Snappy. You may be a genius all right, but you can't make something out of nothing. And there's nothing, absolutely nothing in the scenario of Madeleine Gibous."

"Thank you for her. If she only heard you!"

"She's far away, fortunately, and her secretary, too."

"Take courage, Winder. I'll make something of her story, you'll see. Only, I want an exceptionally handsome mounting, a fine landscape with a lively foreground and impressive background—a setting to inspire me."

"And it is to find such a setting that you have dragged me out here into this wilderness. A nice job you've made of it!"

Snappy must have served his time either with monkeys or with circus clowns. He darted about like a squirrel, sometimes hanging, head downward, from the bough of a tree, next moment jumping clear over a cluster of bushes, and then breaking through the undergrowth in search of a clearing. His companion meanwhile raised his machine above his head to save it from disaster from contact with obtruding branches.

"I'll never get out of this," he grumbled; "we are in an enchanted forest."

"That's just where we are, Winder," broke in the voice of Snappy. "'Tis the forest that bars the way to the castle of the Sleeping Beauty. Look here! See this rampart of thorn-bushes; mark the silence, the solitude. Then, for background, look at that old wall,—a moss-covered, gray, crumbling wall, which looks as if it enclosed secrets. And beyond the wall, again forest and groves and clearings. What a glorious setting for a mystery story! Come here and see it!"

"I'm coming! I'm coming," said Winder, interested, as he battled his way through the thorny hedge. Snappy had already bounded over the hedge and landed on the greensward before the wall he had been describing, the wall that enclosed on all sides the domain of Tellivot.

Just here, perhaps, our young readers should learn a few particulars concerning the younger of these tourists. Snappy's real name was Henri Melanson. From the age of three years he had been a regular member of a motion-picture company. By the time he had reached the age of eight, he had become so universally popular a figure on the films that he was hailed as "the Napoleon of the Movies." "Napoleon" soon gave way among his companions to "Nappy," and this nickname gave way in its turn to the more descriptive one, "Snappy."

Like most players who achieve the distinction of becoming stars, Snappy had no small opinion of himself; and although at heart a really good and honest boy, he certainly did give the casting director and the business manager of the company not a little trouble and annoyance. His presence among the group of actors was too valuable, however, to admit of his being dis-

charged; and, moreover, his pranks displayed no malice: they marked high spirits. As a result of his talent and his temperament, he was at the time we meet him something of a little tyrant in his treatment of the minor actors, especially of his tall admirer, Winder, so called from his job of turning the crank of the camera devised for the production of the films.

(To be continued.)

The Wise Fools of Gotham.

UPON an eminence about a mile south of the village of Gotham, in Nottinghamshire, England, there is standing a bush, known far and wide as the Cuckoo Bush. This is not the original shrub, but was planted when that died of old age. The story told in connection with the Cuckoo Bush is one of those strange tales which abound in out-of-the-way corners of England, which treasures its folk-lore and keeps to its old customs more tenaciously than any other country upon earth.

Once King John sent out word that he was about to visit Nottingham and intended to pass through Gotham Meadow. This aroused the direst consternation among the citizens; for by the ancient law any land which the King journeyed over became at once and forever a public road; and so, by some stratagem which does not figure in the story, they managed matters so cunningly that the passage of the monarch was diverted, and he reached his destination by another route. When he discovered the trick that had been played upon him he flew into a great rage—as kings had a way of doing long ago,—and sent messengers to learn the truth of the matter, and to punish the Gotham men, if they were found guilty. But the shrewd people heard of the coming of the King's messengers, and gathered

together for a hurried consultation.

"Let us pretend we are foolish," said one, "and the King will forgive us."—"Agreed!" was the shout; and as the gay trappings of the royal messengers appeared over the brow of the hill the Gotham men set about doing the silliest things imaginable. Some of them rolled great cheeses down the hill; others drew carts and wagons up to the top of a barn; while a number of others danced about a bush. The spokesman among the messengers, greatly astonished, began his questions:

"Why, what are you doing with those cheeses?"

"Tumbling them down hill, in hopes they will find their way to market."

"Why do you draw those carts and wagons to the top of the barn?"

"To shade the forest trees."

"Why do you dance around that bush?"

"To catch the cuckoo that is perched upon it."

"You are a pack of fools," said the ambassador. And he went back to his royal master, and told him that it would be cruel to punish people who had unfortunately been born without wits.

Hence the saying, "The wise fools of Gotham"; and this is probably the reason why the famous bush has been preserved. There is an old nursery rhyme which runs:

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger
My tale had been longer.

This is doubtless in relation to some further unrecorded prank perpetrated by the villagers who outwitted the ambassadors of King John.

KING'S COLLEGE, Cambridge, is properly called the College of Our Lady and St. Nicholas; it was founded by King Henry VI., so celebrated for his devotion to the Faith.

A Little Boy's Cloak.

All the saints worked miracles at some time or other during their life or after their death; and some of them began to do wonderful things—or, rather, began to have wonderful things done by God through them—long before they were grown up. When St. Giles, for instance, was a little boy, he was the occasion of a miraculous cure.

One day as he was going to Mass he saw a cripple sitting on the ground near the door of the church. The poor man seemed to be in great suffering as well as poverty, and he was asking alms from the persons passing in. Giles felt very sorry for the poor man and wanted to help him; but he did not have any money. So he took off his cloak and gave it to the cripple. And God was so pleased with this act of charity that He worked a miracle; for just as soon as the cripple's hands touched the cloak, he was cured of his infirmity. He rose up, as straight as any other man, and poured out his thanks to God and to His little servant.

St. Giles became a disciple of St. Francis of Assisi, by whom he was greatly beloved. He died in 1260.

The Miraculous Preface.

The Preface of the Mass on feasts of the Blessed Virgin is called "The Miraculous Preface"; for, as the legend goes, the greater part was miraculously put on the lips of Pope Urban II. as he was one day singing High Mass in the church of our Blessed Lady at Placentia. He began by chanting the common Preface; but when he had come to that part where the words change to suit the occasion, he is said to have heard angels singing. He afterward caused their words to be inserted in the common Preface at the Council of Placentia in 1095.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Novum Testamentum S. Irenæi" is a new volume in the Old-Latin Biblical Text series, published by the Oxford University Press.

—The title-page and index for the half-year volume of THE AVE MARIA, concluded last month, are now ready for those who bind the magazine.

—The late Dr. Adrian Fortescue's third volume on the Eastern Churches—"The Uniate Eastern Churches: Italy and Sicily," will be published in the Autumn by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

—The current issue of "The Mountaineer," the year-book of Mount Melleray Seminary, Waterford, Ireland, is fully up to the standard which the excellence of previous numbers led us to expect. Several of the articles are in Gaelic, and, we presume, they are as well written as are those in English.

—Portions of "The Betrothal of Felicity," by Florence Drummond (Longmans, Green & Co.) are so Catholic in tone as almost to deceive an unsophisticated member of the Church; but there is wanting something that is essential to a genuinely Catholic atmosphere. As a novel, the book is well written and not without interest, though by no means fascinating.

—The Paulist Press has just issued two pamphlets of timely interest and importance. In one, "The Educated Classes and Bogus Religions," Dr. James J. Walsh explodes a number of fallacies which need explosion, from Eddyism to Couéism. In "The Catholic Evidence Movement," Fr. Conway, C. S. P., writes interestingly and appreciatively of the Catholic Evidence Guild, of England.

—The monumental Life of Carlyle, the first volume of which is announced, will contain a great amount of new material that may be expected to throw fresh light on many circumstances of his unhappy career—his quarrels with Jeffrey and other friends, etc. While living, Carlyle was often referred to as "a morose, egotistical, intellectual boor." Now, so long after his death, it should be remembered that he was a victim of dyspepsia, besides being "a dour Scot," as he would call himself. In reading some of the writings even of St. Jerome, one has to bear in mind his significant saying, "I am a Dalmatian."

—A remarkable book in several respects is the one by Mr. Maximilian J. St. George—

"Traveling Light" (Extension Press). The author wanted to see the world, and with \$250 in his pocket and a bicycle, he managed to travel all over Europe. His experiences—most of them—are what might have been expected, and they read as if they had been written while awheel. The charm of the book is its simplicity. Mr. St. George tells of the people he met and the sights he saw without concealment or coloring. He experienced great kindness and hospitality everywhere, and he well deserved it all. A more good-natured traveller never went on a journey. He must have pleased people as much as he astonished them by his optimism and spirit of adventure. Those who read a page of "Traveling Light," will be apt to read the whole book and declare it unique; adding, perhaps, that one of just its kind is enough. If it were translated into the languages of all the countries which Mr. St. George visited, it would doubtless prove a universal best-seller. We are hoping, however; that "Traveling Light" will not encourage any other American university student to undertake a sixteen month's tour of Europe on a bicycle, on fifty cents a day, with the expectation of producing a book.

—A really authoritative work on any subject is always welcome—a genuine service to the cause of truth. "The Religion of the Primitives," by Msgr. A. Le Roy, is such a work. The learned author is not only widely read, but he is also widely travelled. Ripe scholarship in the field of theology, and some fifty years of experience with the primitive tribes of Africa, have been most happily combined in the production of the present volume. The result is a manual of scientific information with which much that is found in many so-called histories of religion or of comparative religion can be easily and summarily refuted. Msgr. Le Roy tells how such subjects as animism, naturism, worship, magic, morality, the family, the invisible world, the soul, spirits, etc., are considered by those intellectually infant children of the human race, and in a way that students of ethnography, history and philosophy, as well as of theology, will find most interesting and helpful. The generally accepted conclusion that there is not and never has been a tribe of people without some knowledge of God and morality is amply confirmed; but the investigations of Monsignor Le Roy make the beauty of the True Faith shine forth with a new

lustre. The work has been ably translated by the Rev. Newton Thomson, and is published by the Macmillan Co.

—As dainty a sixteenmo as has come to our table in a long while is "Father Price of Maryknoll," from the press of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll, N. Y. And as graphic a characterization of the subject of a biography as can well be conceived is the publishers' type-written insert, a portion of which runs: "Pelted with cabbages while preaching in the market place; threatened by a mob for obtaining a reprieve for a Negro condemned to death, and in reply persuading them to listen to a talk on the Catholic Faith; gathering together a group of abandoned and orphan waifs and providing for them a home; founding a magazine to carry Catholic truth into regions of prejudice and bigotry; offering his life in his later years to bear the Faith to pagans in China; such was Reverend Thomas Frederick Price." Born in 1860, Father Price was fifty-eight years old when he went as a missionary to China; and his career there was brief, but notable. He impressed all who came in contact with him as an exceptionally holy priest; and his friends at Maryknoll have done well to publish this biographical sketch. Illustrations add to the interest of it.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.

"The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.

"The Life of Cardinal Gibbons." Allan Sinclair Will, Litt. D. Two volumes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$10.

"From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon." Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. (D. Appleton & Co.) \$5.

"The Life and Times of John Carroll." Peter Guilday. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$5.

"Liturgical Prayer: Its History and Spirit." Dom Fernand Cabrol, O. S. B. \$4.65.

"The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature." George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

"Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.

"The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.

"Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Marie Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Albert A. Capps, of the diocese of Hamilton; Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Maguire, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Mark Haas, O. M. Cap.; and Rev. John Benson, S. J.

Brother Augustus, F. S. C.

Mr. William Smith, Mr. George King, Mr. Richard Bowers, Mr. John H. Brady, Miss Louise Julianne, Mr. John Adams, Mr. Edward Hammond, Mrs. Ellen Farrell, Mr. J. J. Johnstone, Mr. Edward Gauthier, Miss E. Mulhall, Mr. W. R. Gaudet, Miss Margaret Coleman, Mr. M. K. Smith, Mrs. James Quinn, and Mr. Leonard White.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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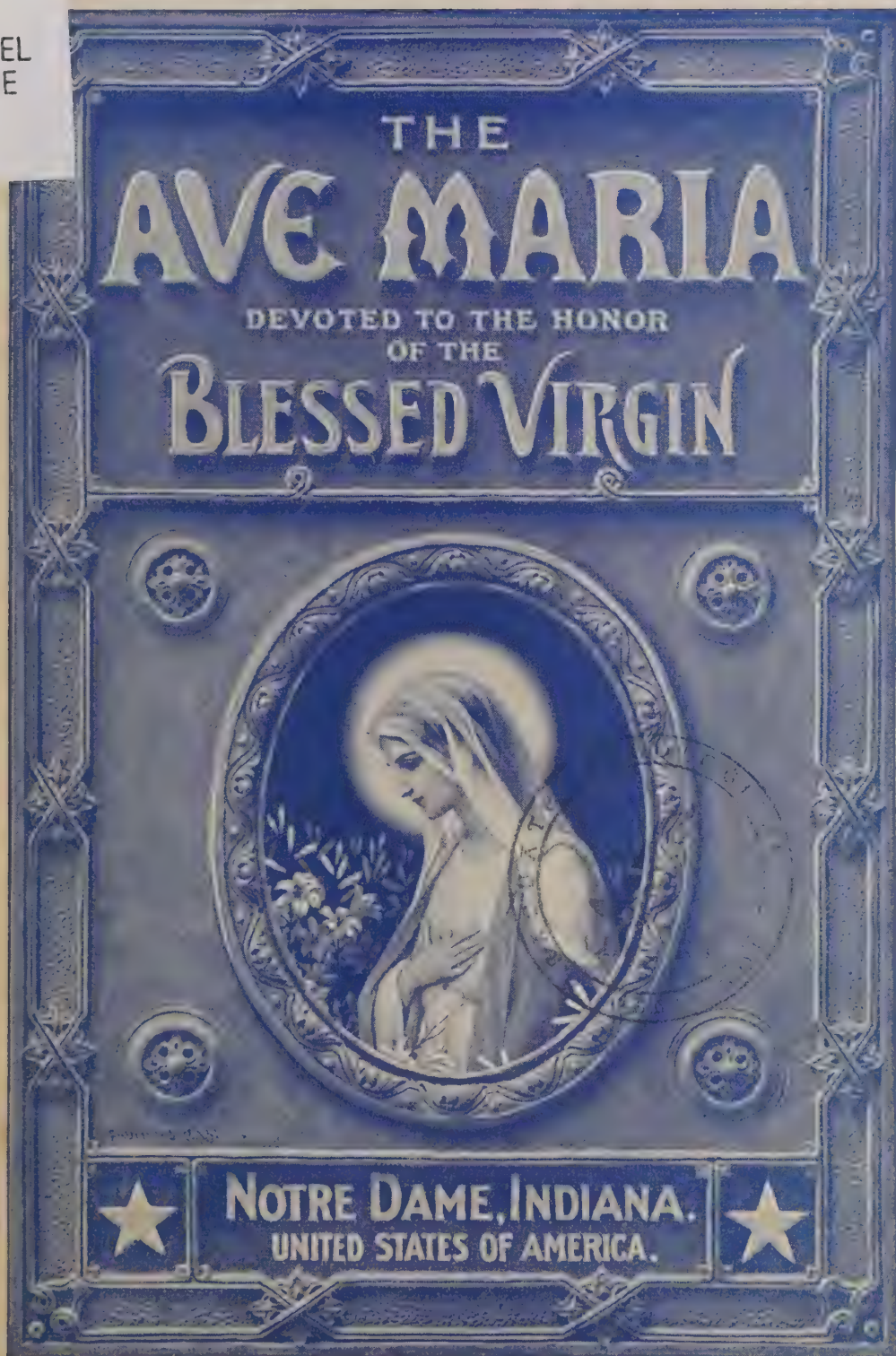
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 28.—SS. Nazarius and Celsus, MM.

SUNDAY, 29.—TENTH AFTER PENTECOST. St.
Martha, V. SS. Felix and Comp's, MM.

MONDAY, 30.—SS. Abdon and Sennen, MM.

TUESDAY, 31.—St. Ignatius of Loyola, C. St.
Germanus, B.

AUGUST.

WEDNESDAY, 1.—St. Peter's Chains. The Holy
Machabees, MM.

THURSDAY, 2.—St. Alphonsus, B. C. D. Our
Lady of the Angels.

FRIDAY, 3.—Finding of the Relics of St.
Stephen.

SATURDAY, 4.—St. Dominic, C.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1., 48

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Songs the Children Sing.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

SWEET it is to hear the chorus
Of the birds when Spring is here,
When the Summer's all before us,
And the hightide of the year;
Sweet to hear the happy humming
Of the bees among the flowers,
When the honey-time is coming
With its gay and golden hours;
But our eyes with gladness glisten,
In the Winter or the Spring,
When with swelling hearts we listen
To the songs the children sing.

There is something in their voices—
Something pure, and poignant too,
At which every heart rejoices,
Moved by what is bravely true.
There's a subtle something ringing
In their clear and vibrant notes
That we find not in the singing
(Even the best,) of older throats;
And of all the joys, none other
To our hearts such bliss can bring
As to hear thy name, O Mother,
In the songs the children sing.

WHATEVER Catholics may say or do in regard to our Blessed Lady, it is nothing more than a simple giving of reality to belief in her motherhood; nor is it easy to see on what principle bars or limits can be put to stop the flow of those feelings toward her which this view necessarily sets in motion.

—Cardinal Wiseman.

God's Power Houses.

BY WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, C. S. C.



PRODUCE, produce," has been the cry of the age in which we live. Efficiency is its watchword, and "results" is the standard by which every activity has been measured. In philosophy this trend of thought has been called pragmatism, and the eternal truths are only true so long as they "work." When they cease to work they cease to be true. In education, the ideal of practicality is held up notwithstanding the contention that a liberal education, in the final result, is the most practical of all. In religion, the "social gospel" is substituted for the saving of souls, in despite of the fact that salvation is fundamentally an affair of the individual's reconciling himself with God. Still, as an aftermath of the war, there is a vague restlessness making itself felt in the minds of thinking persons that all is not well with the world.

Efficiency as an ideal, and as a standard under which to labor, is now being overshadowed by reconstruction; on all sides we have this doctrine of reconstruction,—in philosophy, in education, and even in religion. In this clearer consciousness, which seems to be dawning in the minds of thinking men and women, the idea is finally being dissipated that physical energy is omnipotent. The war has demonstrated

how efficient it is for destruction. And the after-the-war development is steadily driving home the idea that for reconstruction another kind of energy is needed. Too long have we worshipped at the shrine of physical force, and now that this idol has been shattered in the great debacle of the past few years, there seems a need of a new energizing agency, if civilization is to be saved from destruction.

As Mr. Ralph Adams Cram says, in the "Sins of the Fathers": "It is not the fumbling politicians, or the manipulators of policy, however the war may have strengthened them; it is not the organizers of the new industrialism, or the labor parties, or the sinister forces of international finance, or the scientists, inventors and experts, who are going to make over the world anew. It is the priest, the philosopher and the seer—themselves regenerated first of all and vouchsafed a new vision,—the men who deal with spiritual values, not with the counters and assignats of materialism. The world has had, and has now, energy enough to spare in the realm of physical and mental activity; what it has lacked, and to its own disaster, is that spiritual energy that can make the mental and the material subject to its own creative and beneficent will."

Spiritual energy, then, is what is demanded by the present crisis, if what is best in our present civilization is to be saved, and if a new era of progress towards perfection is to be inaugurated as the reward of the terrible struggle from which the world is at present making tragic efforts to extricate itself. What is the source of this spiritual energy? There is only one, and it is the very Being of God. A recognition of God's love, as the ruling power directing the world, is the first step towards making available the spiritual energy the world needs at this time. And the agency for tapping this inexhaustible

source of spiritual power, that it may be applied to improve the conditions of the life of man on earth, is the supernatural agency of prayer. Man alone is weak and worthless to save himself, but he can "do all things in Him who strengtheneth him." This has always been the story of the world.

In the dark ages of the barbarian invasion, it was the lamp of learning kept burning in the monasteries of the monks, which was gradually to illumine the world. From this light, feeble at first, the dawn of a better civilization began to break upon the world, and by it the brilliant day of the great civilization of the Middle Ages was made possible. But all that the monks did in civilizing, Christianizing and educating the barbarians from the North was only a by-product of an intense spiritual activity within the walls of the monasteries themselves.

To quote Mr. Cram again: "The monk, cloistered, shut away from active contact with the world, living a life of rigid abstinence, praying, praising God and giving himself over to intercession, adoration and worship, is to the world unthinkable; but it is at times like this that the world needs him most. Action—feverish, insistent, universal,—has built up a world that has failed; and out of that failure will come the consciousness that the real things in life are of the spirit, not of the flesh, not of man, but of God. Great and glorious works have come from the labors of men, whether they were religious or seculars or laymen; but the greatest things came, not from their physical action, but from their spiritual energy; and though with their hands they have built up great fabrics of civilization, and given them life through the energy of ordered intellects, the soul of these civilizations came as the gift of God, through His saints, and because of the prayers of His children.

"The monk who made a desert into a garden, or turned a heathen people from savagery, did well; but he did better when prostrating himself in prayer in the silence of his cell, or when he joined with his brethren in beseeching Our Lady and the saints for their intercessions, or in worshipping the incarnate God in the Holy Sacrament of the altar. Our age is dying because it has lost spiritual energy, and therefore no longer knows the difference between the real and the false, the temporal and the eternal, between right and wrong; and this spiritual energy is to be restored, not by action, but by the grace of God,—and by prayer alone is this grace given to men." ("Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.")

The house of prayer, then, is the true power house of God. From this, as a source, there radiates the energy that is to enlighten the world. In the physical sphere, the great power houses of this electrical age send forth their energy to drive the wheels of industry and trade, to illumine the avenues, parks and playhouses, to warm and make cheerful the homes in which we live. So, too, for the energy which is to renew the spiritual life of a people, there must be a power house in which that energy is developed. God in his love for man is the Source; but the agency of the transformation of this energy into actual fact is the act of prayer. Like the coal in the bowels of the earth, the love of God, buried in the bowels of His mercy, is potential energy available for the work of the world through combustion in the furnace of prayer. In this furnace, God's love is transformed into human love, releasing the power that makes great accomplishments possible,—the work of world evangelization, of making human lives wholesome and holy, and the task of rendering their homes true habitations of the Spirit of God.

Where are these "spiritual power houses" located? Sometimes in the heart of a great city, within the convent or cloister in which there is continually carried on intercession of God's blessings upon the world. And yet, the typical modern mental attitude towards contemplatives is that those who pray only lead a useless life. Whereas, the fact is that this life of prayer is the most fundamental of all in bringing to man the blessings of God's providence. As the bishop of Salford said, commenting on the establishment in his diocese of a house of Carmelite nuns:

"The coming of the Carmelites must be looked upon as a special grace and favor to the whole of our diocese. This austere contemplative Order, especially devoted to the all-important work of prayer and penance for the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of all of us, especially of the diocese wherein they are established, and of all the diocesan works, plays a part which probably few of us ever realize, both in our spiritual lives and our religious activities. A Carmelite convent is like a great spiritual dynamo, which furnishes driving power to all the works of practical charity—to education, the care of the poor and the sick, the conversion of non-Catholics and the growth of the Church—which are carried on by the active Orders, by the clergy, secular and regular, by all our religious organizations and societies. Hence, its welfare should be a matter of great interest and concern to us all."

Those who would be the active agencies for the application of this energy of God generated in His power houses of prayer, must avail themselves of this source of strength. As active evangelists of the world, though they may not confine their lives to the four walls of this house of God, they must live in continual contact with its power. Everyone who has accomplished great

things for God has had, as a source of individual energy, the help derived from prayer. In the houses especially devoted to this mode of life, the blessing of God is brought down upon the world. But the communicating of that blessing to the individuals living in the world is effected by the activities of those who tap this inexhaustible source, and in this way release the energy that drives the dynamos of the lives and labors of those whose souls they are seeking.

As we have said, sometimes these power houses of God are located in the heart of a great city. But the analogy is less imperfect if we picture them high up on the mountain-side away from the world, drawing their power from the great river of God's love which flows down the hillside of life to water and to make fertile the fields of human endeavor. Like the great power houses of the physical world whose wheels are turned by the resistless energy of the waters of a great river, so, too, these spiritual power houses, far removed from the stress and strain of the world's feverish activity, silently, though surely, make available the energy that is to illumine and elevate the lives of men of good will.

The saints are those who have been experts in making available this work. But in a lesser way, each one of us can do this also. Even though we are held down to a low level of living, and can not penetrate the clouds beyond which God's eternal sunshine holds uninterrupted reign, still we do have some bright days when the rays of His love fill our lives with energy and power; and we, too, must transform this energy so that it may direct our work. The only way in which we can do this is through periods of prayer, if indeed we do not make our life one long, constant prayer.

The great power houses of the physical world do not depend upon the con-

stant flow of the rivers which are the source of their power. Large dams are built, and the waters of the flood-time of Spring are held in check, stored in a reservoir, so that when the dry season comes, water is still at hand to drive the dynamos in the power houses, and continue the work which depends upon them. So, too, we, in those periods of fervor, when the waters of God's love are flowing into our souls in a steady stream. At these times we must make efforts to store up that power, that, when the periods of aridity come upon us, as come they will, we may have reserve energy to draw upon. We must build a dam by the spirit of self-restraint which will hold us in check when the tendency is to dissipate all our available energy in feverish and effervescent activity, even though this activity is aimed at promoting God's love in the hearts of men. With self-restraint during these periods of real fervor, we shall have power for self-development during the periods of depression. If, then, when these times come upon us, we have recourse to prayer, we shall be able to continue the process of transforming the energy of God's love into continued activity in His service.

One special time for filling up these reservoirs is during the time of retreat or mission. God's graces are then flowing to us in a most abundant way; and if we at that time store the energy that He is sending us, we can call upon it later when we need it to continue the carrying on of our daily task in the spirit of the love of God. Again, this calling upon the stored energy is having recourse to God in prayer. God's love is the water containing the latent energy; prayer is the power house which transforms it, making it available for the work of the world; we are the machinery. But we must be in continual contact with the power house. We must be "constant in prayer."

A Tool of Fortune.

V.

TO tell the truth, Raz's over-excited brain would have prevented him from closing an eye after his interview with Wanda. On entering his chamber, he resumed his nervous pacing to and fro. The candle cast a dim light about the room; and the bed, above which hung a crucifix between two swords, was enveloped in shadows. Opposite the bed hung a mirror, and before this Raz stopped and looked absently at his reflected image.

His personality seemed to be doubled. Possessed by his thoughts, by the last resistance of his scruples to his illusions and his weakness, he engaged in a discussion with himself. Nothing in his intentions indicated an unworthy motive. In reality, what did he desire? Nothing but the welfare of his children. As for himself, all his ambitions were dead; but no effort on his part would be too great if it secured the happiness of his family. He asked the figure in the mirror if this was not true. It seemed to affirm that it was, and also to say that everybody would acknowledge the wisdom of his decision; that his well-known honorable character would leave no room for suspicion. Comforted by this imaginary eulogy, he strode about again, passing from the window to the bed, and murmuring incoherently.

To be sure, Wanda would have to be sacrificed in the realization of his plans. But was not sacrifice the rôle of women? She surely was sincere when she told him that she would resign herself to her fate. Of course it was his duty to make the sacrifice as easy as possible. To begin with, his duty as a father, strictly forbade him to allow her to think of Sigismond Prus. There was nothing tyrannical about that. She

could do better and without looking far.

Although he had long been aware of the pretensions of Lewin junior, he had feigned blindness. The truth was, his ancestral pride protested against their realization. His daughter to marry a neophyte of yesterday who was still a Jew in manners, ideas, proclivities! It was indeed hard to think of. But one must obey necessity and the higher law of reason. And, after all, women neither perpetuate nor alter the name of a family. It was with Jean alone that the duty of restoring his house rested.

His sister could assist him by this marriage. What therefore at first seemed like an abasement, would become, on the contrary, a means of restoring the ancient glory of the family. Aided by the credit and capital of his brother-in-law, Jean could aspire to almost anything. As in this world everything is measured by success, when it was seen that his son was on the road to fortune, the most noble heiress could be his for the asking; an equilibrium would thus be established. But no violence must be employed in urging Wanda to the altar. Reflection was necessary; it was an affair to look into and consider well.

Somewhat quieted by this concession to his conscience, Raz began to undress. But his thoughts held him in their power and could not be controlled. Why should he be so disturbed and worried when, in reality, he held the Jews in his grasp? "Sign the note yourself," Samuel had said, sneeringly. Well, he would sign the note himself! Of course Lewin would come and say to him: "You have appropriated my signature, now give me your daughter."

Raz was neither surprised nor scandalized at these deductions. He stretched himself out on his back, after the light was extinguished, and lay motionless; his eyes wide open, staring into the darkness, which his excited

imagination peopled with a world of visions. His conscience and honor were urged on by false reasoning toward the fatal abyss.

No one would ever think of considering him a forger. He would act openly: he would send the note to Lewin with these words: "You told me to sign for you; I have done so. It is now your turn to act." To what danger could he expose himself by this procedure? The jest seemed in rather doubtful taste, to be sure; and he would not have Wanda know of it for the world. But the Lewins were much less sensitive and scrupulous.

If matters did come to the worst, what would happen? Samuel would return the note and he could destroy it. An eagerness to put his plan into execution devoured him; he longed for morning. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep, but the note with the blank space for the signature danced before them. At last he rose and lighted the candle, hoping the light would dispel the hallucinations of his brain. But no: on the contrary, everything around him seemed to be alive, and this only accelerated the rush of his ideas. He began walking around the room again, hoping that physical weariness would relieve the tension of his nerves.

Every time he passed by the table his eyes were riveted on the old leather wallet that held the note; it seemed to possess a magnetic attraction. Suddenly he seized it feverishly, took out the note, unfolded it as if the mysterious suggestion of an imperious will had overpowered his reason and his moral freedom. He sat down before his desk, dipped his pen in the ink, and, with staring eyes fixed on the name of the banker at the close of a letter, he wrote, without hesitation or trembling, the words "Samuel Lewin."

It was done,—the note was signed. Raz drew a long breath as if relieved of

a great weight. His watch marked five o'clock; he went to the window and put back the curtains. The sky was clear, and he could plainly distinguish the road winding around the hedge. Figures were moving to and fro,—farm-hands, both men and women, on their way to the stables, as the work of the day was about to begin. Raz felt a strange satisfaction as he looked out on the scene; he would now be able to stay in this loved spot. The tumult of his thoughts subsided; the manifestations of human life recalled him to the reality of things, and he quietly awaited the arrival of his overseer.

Every morning Danielak came, with his heavy lantern and his keys hung to the leather belt buckled over his grey coat, to rap at his master's door and get his orders for the day. Soon Raz heard the creaking steps on the snow, then the sound of heavy boots on the floor of the vestibule. In his impatience and excitement he threw open the door without waiting for his overseer to rap; then, before the man could speak, he thrust into his hand the envelope addressed to Lewin.

"Send a man to the city with this at once!" he said, in a peremptory tone that was unusual with him.

"A man to the city?" said Danielak, setting down his lantern and scratching his head in perplexity. "They all have work to do."

"Never mind the work; you can get on without one man and his horses. Let him start at once; he is to deliver this letter to the banker."

"To Samuel Lewin?" asked Danielak, who knew the condition of his master's affairs.

Raz nodded, anxious to finish the conversation, as if he feared censure.

"You may go now,—that is all!"

The overseer did not leave at once, however.

"Is there to be an answer?" he asked.

"I do not know. That depends upon circumstances."

Danielak then bowed and withdrew. The Rubicon was at last crossed. Raz rubbed his hands together with satisfaction; he lay down again upon his bed, closed his eyes with a sensation of comfort, and was soon fast asleep.

VI.

Two days had passed by since the morning when Raz had dispatched the messenger to the city. The excitement over, the unfortunate man felt tormented by a vague dread. This was increased by the fact that he had received no reply to his missive. His uncertainty, and the restraint that he was obliged to impose upon himself in his daughter's presence, made his condition almost unbearable.

At first he attributed Lewin's silence to a motive of legitimate prudence. The banker doubtless needed time to recover himself. Raz was willing to grant him a delay; but no communication coming on the third day, he was assailed by the liveliest fears. After a silent breakfast, he pleaded urgent work as an excuse to go to his room. He thought he would occupy himself with a report addressed to the fire committee of the neighborhood, of which he was the delegate from the district. In fact, the title of "Councillor" by which he was addressed had no other origin.

Wanda observed him closely with an affectionate solicitude, and inquired whether he was not going to the city again soon.

"To the city? Why?" he answered, alarmed.

"Did you not tell me, dear father, that you intended to go to finish up some business with the Lewins?" said the girl, tranquilly.

A flush spread over the pale face.

"That is true,—I did; I shall go, perhaps."

When he was alone in his room, safe from inquisitive glances, he said to himself that to go to the bank would be the only means of obtaining relief from his anxiety. Perhaps it would be better not to give the banker time to make the first advances; for if Lewin took the matter unkindly, he might come and accuse him before his daughter and the servants.

Misfortunes had led him almost to madness; but surely God, who sees into all depths, knew that his wounded heart and care-burdened brain at times lost the power of seeing things in their proper proportions. But if it came into Lewin's mind to accuse him of forgery, what defence should he make? To think that he, the gentleman, the descendant of a long line of fearless, stainless warriors, should be reduced to such a state! But would they call him a forger? That question, to which he could not reply, filled him with fear, and he decided to start for the city at once.

One half of the house at Wola was not used during Jean's absence, there being no fuel to heat it. Across the hall from the family living rooms was a parlor furnished in massive mahogany pieces, with hanging of red Utrecht velvet and lighted by large bay-windows. This apartment communicated with another smaller one; both were used by Jean in his visits at home during vacations.

From his room Raz could hear the noise of doors opening and closing, furniture being moved about, and other confused sounds. Haunted by the one idea, he fancied that bailiffs had already invaded his house to take possession of it. Great drops of sweat stood on his brow.

He went out to prove the uselessness of his fears, and found Wanda, aided by Felix and a farm-hand, putting the parlor in order. Still under the influence of his fright, he looked at

them with a bewildered expression.

"What is all this?" he asked.

The girl, with cheeks flushed from exercise, replied, smiling:

"Why, father, have you forgotten that Jean is coming home at Christmas? I have only time to get his room aired and in order."

"So he is—so he is!" said Raz. Then, summoning up his courage, he went on: "Since you are all occupied, I will take the occasion to run into the city and finish my business. I will be out of the way then, so you can work without interruption."

The daughter acquiesced, offering her forehead for a kiss.

He bade Felix tell Bartek to bring the horses, and then passed into the dining-room. He went up to a window to watch for the briska. Suddenly, on looking toward the road leading to the city, he was seized with a violent fit of trembling. At the entrance to his grounds he saw a sleigh drawn by two large Mecklenburg horses that he recognized at once as belonging to the Lewins. So one of them was coming! His presentiments had not been false.

Just at that moment Wanda entered the room with a white face.

"Do you know, father, the Lewins are coming?" she said, a proud light flashing from her eyes.

"Yes."

"Were you expecting them?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

She looked searchingly at him, and her clear grey eyes seemed to read his secret thoughts.

"You are hiding something from me, father," she said. "Some misfortune is threatening us."

Raz tried to laugh, but it was a sort of sob that came from his lips.

"What an idea! What can happen to us? But, Wanda, see that I am not disturbed during this visit."

(To be continued.)

The Tragedy and Triumph of a Vocation.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

IN January, 1840, God demanded of Mrs. Connolly the first great sacrifice in the tragic death of her youngest child (there were now four children), who had run into the garden to play with a large Newfoundland dog, the pet of the household. In play, the animal seized the child, and he fell into a caldron of boiling sugar. For forty-three hours he lingered in dreadful torture, until, on the Feast of the Purification, he was released from his extreme sufferings.

Although the mother's heart was torn and bleeding, she bowed in submission to the divine will, praying for greater faith and resignation to a sorrow which, at the time, she did not think could be exceeded in intensity. Yet this was only a foretaste of the greater anguish she was destined to bear.

On the Feast of St. Edward, Oct. 13, 1840, Pierce Connolly spoke for the first time of his desire to become a priest, explaining what she already must have known: that what he believed to be his vocation would necessitate their separation and her entrance into a convent. Although totally unprepared for this revelation, the stupendousness of it must have convinced her that it was a call from above; for we are told that she received it at first with outward calmness, at the same time begging her husband to think deeply before undertaking a step so serious; and she then added: "Great as is the sacrifice, if God asks it of me, I am ready to make it to Him, and with all my heart." Afterward, however, her whole soul rebelled against it—she could not reconcile herself to the proposed step—it awakened only repugnance. In after years, Cardinal McCloskey wrote of her feelings

at this time, saying: "I can see her approaching me, clasping her hands, her beautiful eyes uplifted to my face. 'Is it necessary,' she asked, 'for Pierce to make this sacrifice, and *sacrifice me*? I love my husband; I love my darling children; why must I give them up?' My heart was full of sympathy. I gave her all the consolation in my power. I felt that the ways of Almighty God were mysterious, and, no doubt, something great was to be accomplished. And the results of her noble work as foundress of the Order of the Holy Child Jesus, through many vicissitudes, have proved it."

Meantime, it had been suggested to her husband by wise counsellors that he should, as a test of his vocation, absent himself from his family for a time and travel in Europe. He had kept up a correspondence with friends in Rome, also with the Earl of Shrewsbury, who, still quite unaware of his intention, suggested that the family should come to reside in England, promising to do all in his power to obtain for him a suitable position. At the same time he proposed that the oldest child, Merton, should be placed with the Jesuits at Stonyhurst, offering to defray his expenses there. The offer was accepted, and father and son were soon on their way to England. The real purpose of the journey was kept a profound secret; but it was thought advisable, even necessary, to dismantle the little household, which, for four years, had sheltered husband, wife and children. It is likely that the superior of the convent at Grand Coteau had been informed of the real purpose of the upheaval, for Mrs. Connolly was permitted to occupy a small cottage on the grounds with her two children and enjoyed special privileges within the enclosure.

In September, 1842, Mr. Connolly wrote to his brother from Alton Towers,

the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, that he had, through the influence of his patrons, obtained a position as traveling companion of a young Englishman. His letters to his wife at this time have not been preserved; but we know that her letters to him, who knew so well the weakness of his character, contained repeated warnings of the difficulties and obligations of the state which he desired to enter, and to which his steps just then were not rapidly tending. His letters to his brothers are filled with delight at the beautiful objects in art and nature he was seeing in his travels, without any regrets at delay in reaching Rome, the Mecca of his intentions.

At last, after many delays, Pierce Connolly arrived in the Eternal City, where he still occupied the position of tutor, and was frequenting the most fashionable society. With characteristic egotism, he writes: "The access which I was able to give my young friend to high society was, perhaps, the principal reason why he was put under my charge." With his usual charm of manner, he seems to have at once enlisted the sympathies and interest of the Church dignitaries, who were to present his case to the proper tribunals. But it was decided that nothing could be done until husband and wife were brought together in Rome to signify their mutual consent. Fifteen months had already passed since the separation. Mrs. Connolly promptly obeyed the summons.

They were presented in due time to the Holy Father, Pope Gregory XVI., and on the 15th of March, 1844, their petition was granted. From her connection with them in the United States, Mrs. Connolly had at once become intimate with the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, with whom her little daughter was placed in school. It appears that since their arrival in Rome, Mr. Connolly had decided to enter the Society of

Jesus, and had been accepted by the superior-general, while his wife was prepared to enter the Convent of the Sacred Heart as a postulant. In Holy Week, he received the tonsure, and on Easter Thursday, Mrs. Connolly entered the Trinità; on the first of May he received Minor Orders; on July the sixth he was ordained. Thus the sacrifice was made complete.

In view of subsequent events, it may be well to say a few words here regarding the advisers of the Connollys while they were contemplating the great change in their lives. Bishop Flaget of Bardstown, Ky., a most prudent, sensible and saintly man, had expressed his opinion that nothing short of active dedication to the service of God would satisfy their aspirations. Of the same opinion was Father John Grassi, S. J., who had been President of Georgetown College, and was the founder of a community of religious women in Italy. He was a priest of singular simplicity, broad-mindedness and sanctity. Cardinal Fabrizio, Cardinal Frazoni, and Father Roothan, General of the Society of Jesus, all grave, learned and enlightened men, were quite convinced that the inspiration came from God, because of the unusual piety and entire self-abandonment of the wedded pair to whatever the Almighty might have in store for them. The Holy Father himself gave them his entire approval and blessing.

As we have said, the sacrifice was now complete—husband a priest, and wife a postulant in the Convent of the Sacred Heart. But the fatigue and turmoil of the past two years had told upon Mrs. Connolly's health; the buoyancy of her nature no longer asserted itself. The cross was not lifted from her shoulders; she did not find within the enclosure of the convent the peace of mind which she expected would be hers, once the matter of her vocation had

been decided upon. A vague restlessness possessed her. She read a great deal, prayed unceasingly, and gradually began to feel that, well as she knew the aims and purposes of the Order, and attached as she was to its members, her true vocation was elsewhere. The thought distressed her; she feared that her uncertainty of mind might be a temptation; but she kept her own counsel, and continued to pray fervently for enlightenment. The cloud, however, was soon to be lifted.

In England at that time, there was very little provision made for the education of Catholic girls. The subject was one in which Dr. Wiseman and the Earl of Shrewsbury were deeply interested. Both had known Cornelia Connolly for some time, and were strongly of opinion that she was the person to aid them in this important matter. The Holy Father lent a willing ear to their representations. After this, events moved rapidly. She was summoned to an interview with Gregory XVI., who informed her that she was not called to join any existing Order, but that she had a great and special work appointed her in God's Church. While her humility shrank from the prospect, her spirit of obedience assured her that she was fulfilling the will of God in acceding to the proposition laid before her. She was instructed, under the guidance of Father Grassi, to draw up rules and constitutions suitable for the contemplated foundation.

As with the Order of the Sacred Heart, the rules of the new society were based upon those of St. Ignatius for the Society of Jesus. But Cornelia Connolly had studied the Lives of other great Saints, and had a special devotion to St. Francis de Sales and St. Francis of Assisi. Into the rules of the new society, she introduced much of their gentle spirit, and there it has flourished up to the present day. Un-

usual confidence in her ability to order all things connected with the new foundation was shown by her advisers. It was she who gave the name to the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, to whom she had an extraordinary devotion; she also selected the habit to be worn by its members.

In August, 1846, Cardinal (then bishop) Wiseman wrote to her from England to come. She obeyed the summons immediately, without a word of remonstrance. No funds were sent for the journey, however, and her own resources were nearly exhausted. In other respects, too, the situation was one of great difficulty. She, a recent convert, was summoned to establish a new religious Order in a country where the recent Oxford Movement had excited fresh prejudices against the Church, and revived controversy on all points of Christian doctrine. She was, moreover, an American, and at that time there was little friendship between England and the United States. She had been a wife and mother, and had renounced family life to dedicate herself unreservedly to the service of the Catholic religion. Consequently, she was not likely to receive a warm welcome among people noted for their deep devotion to family ties.

But the will of God, manifested to her by her superiors, was Mother Connolly's first thought; all else gave way before it. She begged, however, to be allowed to pass through some sort of novitiate before undertaking the great task to which she was now committed. But this privilege was not vouchsafed her. To use the words of her biographer: "The working of God's providence was apparent to others though not to herself. The little Society of the Holy Child Jesus was to have a spirit of its own, not borrowed from that of any other Order, but distilled in holy meditation from the sweet mysteries of

Bethlehem and Nazareth, and perfected amid suffering and contempt by those whose lives should be vowed to the imitation and worship of the Divine Child. The Holy Spirit was to be the novice master of the foundress, and the sacred influence to which she had faithfully yielded herself during the past ten years was to continue working in her soul for the sanctification of others."

Bishop Wiseman had made arrangements for her to be received, with her children, in a convent of the Sisters of Mercy, at St. Joseph's House, Birmingham. There she was joined by a companion, Sister Aloysia, the first lay sister of the community. While at Birmingham also she met for the first time the illustrious Dr. Newman, and a warm friendship began between them. A penitent of his, Miss Emily Bowles, a convert, a capable and accomplished lady, was the next to enter. She was followed by Sister Austen, who had formerly been a housemaid at Alton Towers and knew Mother Connolly well.

Derby, in the Midlands, had been chosen by Bishop Wiseman as the seat of the new foundation; it contained a large industrial population, employed in the iron foundries, or in the manufacture of the famous Crown Derby porcelain. The Earl of Shrewsbury had recently built a beautiful church there, of which Pugin was the architect. There had also been erected a convent, presbytery and schools.

On October 13, the four companions left for Derby. It was with feelings of dismay that they surveyed the splendid edifice in which they were to live, suitable only for a large and flourishing community. There were a few chairs in the parlor and some beds in the dormitory, but otherwise the house was entirely bare. On the kitchen table stood a leg of mutton, and some vegetables, which had been prepared by the sister of the incumbent priest, his

housekeeper, were on the fire. No dishes, knives or forks were to be seen. But Mother Connolly well knew that from the bosom of poverty the greatest successes have come, and was not disheartened. She at once set about preparing a room for a chapel where the Blessed Sacrament could find a temporary resting place, and succeeded in borrowing the needed essentials for the Holy Sacrifice. On the 15th, the feast of St. Teresa, Dr. Wiseman came and said Mass for them, and on that account this feast has always been kept by the Society of the Holy Child Jesus with great devotion.

In this empty, chilling pile of brick and mortar, Mother Connolly was the life and soul of the new community. To quote again from her biographer: "At this time she was thirty-seven years of age, and if she had lost the first freshness of youth, she had gained in a certain tranquil power; while a radiant spirituality beamed from her countenance. Her expression in repose was one of firmness, serenity and peace, but the strong, kind lines of the mouth easily bent into a gracious, winning smile; and the eyes quickly grew tender at the mention of any sorrow, or sparkled with the enjoyment of innocent fun, or were stern in needed warning or rebuke."

From the first, a cordial understanding existed between the nuns and the parish priests, and the new community was soon increased by several desirable postulants. The parochial school at this time numbered about two hundred children. The Sisters had very little pecuniary assistance, however, and all of Mother Connolly's small means were soon expended for absolute necessities. Little by little the clouds wore away, and with her experienced mind, Mother Connolly contrived to make ends meet. The school became more and more successful, while the spirit of the com-

munity all that could be desired by its foundress and friends.

But this peace was destined to be of short duration. Hardly was the new community established in England before Mr. Connolly, without consulting the mother's wishes, had the children removed from her guardianship, and placed in schools at some distance from Derby—the girl, Adeline, in a convent of the Sisters of the Holy Sepulchre, and the boy in a school at Hampstead. This was the beginning of a line of conduct as singular as it was unexpected, and which can be explained only by the supposition that the man was erratic to a degree approaching insanity, or that, by failure to correspond with the inspirations of grace which had been so lavishly poured upon him, he was preparing the way of destruction for himself and of persecution for Mother Connolly, which, for the time being and long afterward, caused scathing comment and general disedification. The unfortunate man had begun to dig the pit into which he was soon to fall.

(To be continued.)

THE memory of our defeats and sins ought not to fill us with despair, but to furnish us with new incentives for more heroic effort. Nature does not keep her wounds open: as soon as they are made the healing process begins. There is nothing more unnatural or morbid than dwelling on past errors and blunders; it defeats the very ends which nature is trying to secure. The errors of the past ought to be healed in the only way in which they can be healed—by nobler living, by consciousness of having, with the help of God, overcome them. The real repentance for past sin is to be found not in sitting down in sackcloth and ashes, but by girding our loins afresh and pushing on to a height where the temptations of the past no longer have control over us.—*Anon.*

The Mountain of Peace.

BY THE BARONESS MARIE VON HUTTEN.

ONCE there lived a man who possessed great riches. Houses, servants, horses, carriages, all were his; everybody wanted to know him and to call him friend. And yet this rich man was not satisfied. He had but to wish, and lo! the fulfilment was at hand. But he grew weary of it. When he drove in a carriage, he envied the people who went on foot; and when he walked, he thought how much pleasanter it was to sit in a carriage. He lived alone, for he had not yet had time to think of a wife and family—he was so much taken up with himself, that not a minute could ever be spared to any other creature. Every day this rich man grew more discontented. He found no sleep at night, and no rest by day.

"If only I could find peace," he often sighed. But he did not know where to look for it.

One night a dream brought him a beautiful apparition. It stood by his bedside and looked at him with eyes deep and clear as mountain pools. It was surrounded by a soft halo, white and mild like moonlight.

"My name is Peace," said the fair visitant, whose voice was full like an organ; there was no longing in it; nothing was wanting—nothing.

"Peace!" exclaimed the rich man, and stretched out his hands. "Oh, come to me—stay with me!"

But Peace shook her head.

"I live far from here, on a high mountain. It is there you must seek me. Start forth to-morrow. You will come to the crossing of several roads and there you will find the messengers I shall send to conduct you."

The figure slowly dissolved and the rich man was alone.

Next day he went forth to seek Peace.

He provided himself well for the journey. His pockets were full of gold; he carried gold over his heart, and his feet were encased in golden shoes.

"I shall not want for anything," he thought.

When he came to the crossroads, two strange-looking beings sat waiting for him. One was wrapped in coarse grey garments and her feet were torn and bleeding; the other one wore some material that did not look as if it had been woven on earthly looms, and at her breast she carried a bunch of glowing purple flowers.

"My name is Poverty," said the grey figure. "My name is Charity—I am Love,"—said the other.

The rich man recoiled.

"I will have nothing to do with Poverty," he declared; "and in Love I do not believe."

But Love shook her head.

"It is Peace who sent us," she answered. "Without us, you can never reach her."

Then Poverty lifted her veil for an instant and showed a face of such transcendent beauty that the rich man, startled and awed, followed without another word.

The women walked before him with light steps. But he found it difficult to follow them, for his golden shoes were heavy and prevented his walking fast. He slipped and struggled; several times he fell.

"Take off your shoes and throw them away," said Poverty. "See how easily I walk with naked feet."

But he could not make up his mind to do it. The shoes became a little lighter, because the gold wore away somewhat in walking; still he advanced but slowly.

They came to a stream. Poverty and Love stepped upon the dark waves without hesitation and crossed over. But the poor rich man hesitated. He knew

well that his shoes would drag him down into the deep. He stood and knew not what to do.

Suddenly he saw a beggar by his side, who held out his hand to him. At the same instant Charity turned towards him, and so great a warmth went out from the flowers at her breast that it seemed to warm the cold heart of the rich man. He stooped down, took off his golden shoes and gave them to the beggar. And behold! he crossed the stream as lightly as his guides. But he still had much gold about him in his pockets, on his heart.

The way now led through narrow clefts, over thorns and stones. The rich man grew very tired, and it seemed to him that he would never find Peace. Then they came to primeval forests. The wilderness was so dense that they could only penetrate it with difficulty. The branches that hung down to the earth caught in the rich man's pockets, so that the gold fell out and was scattered all over the ground. He stooped down to gather it up, but Poverty stayed his arm.

"Let it be," she said. "I will help you on—you shall see how easily the poor walk."

She took his hand and drew him on; and in a few minutes he had gone farther than in all the days of his weary wandering.

"Gold does not help one towards the mountain where Peace dwells," said Poverty.

But still the rich man could not believe this; he held fast to the gold which he carried on his heart.

At last they came to the foot of a high mountain. No path seemed to conduct upward, but the summit was bathed in clear, white light.

"This is where Peace is to be found," said Love.

"But there is no way to take one up," said the rich man, who looked about

him in great distress. "How will it be possible to reach the summit?"

"You must try again and again. Nobody can show you the ultimate way that leads to Peace. You must seek it yourself." And they both appeared to leave him.

There were others beside him who tried to reach the top of the mountain. The rich man did not hesitate, for now that he was so near the goal he longed for Peace more than ever. He began to mount a steep incline; but the gold that lay on his heart grew to such a weight that he fell to the ground, spent and exhausted. At the same moment Poverty was at his side again, looking at him sadly.

"The golden shoes and the gold in your pockets would not have prevented your reaching Peace as much as does the gold you carry on your heart," she said. "Throw it away, if you want to mount higher."

But still the rich man would not obey.

"I can not do it! It would be as if I gave away my heart's blood. You give but bad advice,—you, who are only Poverty."

Poverty smiled, and as he looked at her, she changed her aspect and became all transparent, so that he could see her innermost being and the spirit that dwelt in her; and it was so great and fair a spirit that a trembling came over the rich man. But at the same time a great longing woke up within him, and this longing melted the heavy gold on his heart.

Poverty resumed her ordinary aspect, and said: "My task with you is done. If you want help again, it is Love who must give it."

She pointed upwards, and a path appeared on which he was able to mount quickly and easily. With a light heart he began to ascend. It seemed to him as if he already possessed Peace, and would possess it for all eternity. But

after a time the road grew difficult again, and at last it disappeared. Peace seemed again at a great distance. He stretched out his hand, crying with great longing:

"Love, come and guide me! I am losing courage."

And quickly Love was beside him; and the sweetness which shone from her calm eyes, enveloped her like a flowing mantle.

"You must learn to understand me before I can help you now," she said. "You know my name, but you must penetrate into my very being. Look!"

She took one of the flowers at her breast, and showed it to him. He looked at it intently and saw that it had a sharp thorn which penetrated into the heart of Love.

"All these purple blossoms grow out of my heart," she said; "but they grow only on thorns. The sharper the thorn, the more beautiful the flower. Will you wear one?"

She bent towards him and put the blossom on his heart. The thorn passed into him with sharp agony, but his heart opened and distended and brought forth glowing flowers.

"Now, Peace is yours—you have reached the goal!" said Love.

The silver light on the summit of the mountain spread, and out of it the tender face of Peace looked down upon him who had once been the rich man. He stretched out his arms and they became strong wings that carried him upward. And he rested forever on the faithful heart of Peace.

True Priest.

BY T. E. B.

OTHER of God, she bent above
Her Infant day by day;
"This is my body and my blood,"
How truly she could say!

The Story of Thais.

AS it deals with fundamentals, and for this reason is more appealing than the great majority of plays, it is not unlikely that "Paphnutius," like "Everyman," will occasionally be revived. Let us hope so, because it was meant to edify and can hardly fail of its purpose. It has been well described as "a drama of repentance—simple, sincere, and moving." The subject of it has been so much travestied by Anatole France, whose novel will continue to be the chief source of information about Thais for non-Catholics who may witness presentations of "Paphnutius," it is well that Catholics should know the real story of the famous penitent of Alexandria as related by the historian Rufinus, who was a contemporary of St. Jerome. For their benefit we quote the version given in Caxton's "Legenda Aurea."

Thais is said of tapohs,—that is to say death; for she was cause of the death of many that died for her in sin. Or she is said of thalos,—that is to say delight; for she was delicious to men, and accomplished all worldly delights. Or she is said of thalamo,—that is will or affection of marriage; for at the last she had will to be married to God by great penance.

Thais is, as it is read in *Vitas Patrum*, was a common woman, and of so great beauty that many followed her, and sold all their substance, that they came unto the utterest poverty. And they that were her lovers fought for her, and strove for jealousy, so that they otherwise slew each other, and thereof her house was oft full of blood of young men that drew to her.

Which thing came to the knowledge of a holy abbot named Pafnutius, and he took on him secular habit, and a

shilling in his purse, and went to her in a city of Egypt, and gave to her a shilling....And then she led him into divers secret places, and he said always he doubted to be seen. And she said to him: There is within a place where no man entereth, and there shall no man see us but God; and if thou dread Him there is no place that may be hid from Him. And when the old man heard that, he said to her: And knowest thou that there is a God? And she answered: I know that there is a God, and a realm of a to-coming world for them that shall be saved, and also torments in hell for sinners. And he said to her: If thou knowest this, wherefore hast thou lost so many souls? And thou shalt not only give accounts for thine own sin, but thou must reckon them that by thee have sinned. And when she heard this, she kneeled down to the feet of the Abbot Pafnutius, and, sore weeping, she prayed him to receive her to penance, saying: Father, I acknowledge me penitent and contrite, and trust verily by thy prayer that I shall have remission and forgiveness of my sins. I ask of thee but the space of three hours, and after that I shall go whithersomever thou wilt, and shall do that which thou shalt command me.

And when he had given to her that term and assigned her whither she should come, then she took all those goods that she had won with sin, and brought them into the middle of the city tofore the people, and burnt them in the fire, saying: Come ye forth all that have sinned with me, and see ye how I burn that which ye have given to me. And the value of the goods that she burnt was of five hundred pounds of gold. And when she had all burnt it, she went to the place which the abbot had assigned to her. And there was a monastery of virgins, and there he closed her in a cell, and sealed the door with lead. And the cell was little and

straight, and but one little window open, by which was ministered of her poor living. For the abbot commanded that they should give to her a little bread and water....And then she demanded how she should pray, and he answered: Thou art not worthy to name God, ne that the name of the Trinity be in thy mouth, ne stretch thy hands to heaven, because thy lips be full of iniquities, and thine hands full of evil attouchings, and foul odoures, but look only towards the East and say oft of these words: Lord that hast formed me, have mercy on me.

And when she had been there three years closed, the Abbot Pafnutius remembered and sorrowed, and went to the Abbot Anthony for to require of him if God had forgiven her her sins. And the cause told, S. Anthony called his disciples and commanded them that they should all wake that night and be in prayer, so that God should declare to some of them the cause why the Abbot Pafnutius was come. And then as they prayed without ceasing, the Abbot Paul, the greatest disciple of S. Anthony, saw suddenly in heaven a bed arrayed with precious vestments, which three virgins arrayed, with clear visages. And these three virgins were named: the first was Dread, which drew Thaisis from evil; and the second Shame of the sins that she committed and that made her to deserve pardon; and the third was Love of Righteousness, which brought her to high sovereign place. And when Paul had said to him that the grace of this vision was only by the merits of S. Anthony, a goodly voice answered that it was not only by the merits of Anthony, his father, but by the merit of Thaisis the sinner.

And on the morn when the Abbot Paul recounted his vision, and they had known the will of God, the Abbot Pafnutius departed with great joy and went anon to the monastery where she

was, and opened the door of the cell. And she prayed him that she might yet abide there enclosed in, and the abbot said to her, Issue and go out, for God hath forgiven to thee thy sins. And she answered: I take God to witness that sith I entered herein I have made of all my sins a sum, and have set them tofore mine eyes, and like as the breath departeth not from the mouth and the nostrils, so the sins departed never from mine eyes, but always have bewept them. To whom Pafnutius said: God hath not pardoned thee thy sins for thy penance, but because that thou hast had always dread in thy courage. And he took her out, and she lived after fifteen days, and then she rested in Our Lord.

A Pioneer of the Potato.

ANTOINE PARMENTIER, who popularized the potato, now one of the staple foods of European countries, was not only a public benefactor, but a philanthropist with scientific attainments. The potato had already been brought to Europe from Peru in the Fifteenth Century, but was looked upon, as are many novelties, as something to be not only avoided but dreaded. A French Cabinet Minister, Turgot, tried to persuade the people of Limoges to make a trial of the new food; but he had little success, owing to the rumor that it was poisonous. Although he had potatoes served almost daily at his own table, nothing could overcome the popular prejudice.

Parmentier wrote a treatise setting forth the chemical properties of the food, and planted a considerable area in the plain of Sablon with potatoes. He was already known as the author of a treatise on vegetables, written after the famine of 1769, in which he proved that nutritive starch was contained in plants as well as in grain. His experi-

ments with the potato were watched with curiosity, but when flowers instead of fruit appeared on the plant, he was ridiculed and derided. Nothing daunted, however, Parmentier made a bouquet of the blossoms and presented them to the King, Louis XVI., who forthwith put one in his buttonhole, and promised to taste the vegetable, thereby setting an example to his courtiers. The palace cook then took the matter in hand and produced a variety of appetizing dishes. But it was only after Napoleon that the homely potato began its assured and honorable career, whether as a component of luxurious fare with elaborate adjuncts on the tables of the rich, or as the practical, wholesome food of the poorer classes.

Parmentier was a native of Mont Didier, in Normandy. Born in poor circumstances, and early orphaned, he devoted himself to the care of his widowed mother and younger brothers. At eighteen years of age he was apprenticed to an apothecary, and, as a member of the medical staff of the French army, went through the hardships of the Seven Years' War in Germany. Studious by nature and anxious to improve himself, he worked at Frankfort with the famous physician Meyer. On returning to France, he devoted himself to chemical experiments and botany. Had he obtained a following for his theories on the nourishment of the people, the Great Revolution itself might have been averted; for it is irrefutable that the chief factor of discontent was famine, and when the corn crops failed there was no substitute. When the monarchy was swept away, ignorance and intolerance still maintained their hold over Frenchmen. The Republicans were supercilious toward Parmentier's remedy for economic distress. Tobacco and alcohol were more readily accepted by mankind than the beneficent potato.

Popular Teachers and Defenders of Catholic Doctrine.

NOT least among the reasons why the clergy should be zealous supporters of the Catholic press is the assistance which that press renders as a teacher and defender of Catholic doctrine. In the mere matter of giving religious instruction on many a point upon which the average pastor seldom touches, and in interpreting the mind of the Church on questions of practical and timely interest, the Catholic paper renders invaluable service.

As examples of the popular theology to be found in Catholic papers, we quote from three of our latest exchanges. The *Western Watchman* says:

Respect for the subjective sincerity of others is one thing, and recognition of the objective truth of their religious tenets is another. The oft-heard saying, "One religion is as good as another," is, as every Catholic knows, absolutely false. There is but one religion which is true, and, therefore, of necessity, which is in itself good, and that is the religion revealed by Christ and guarded and perpetuated by His living and authoritative representative—the Catholic Church. If this be intolerance, it is the intolerance of truth; if it be a hard doctrine, it is of God's, not of our making, and, therefore, we can not, dare not, change it. Catholics must be on their guard not to give in in anything to the liberalism of the day. Intelligent non-Catholics will have more respect for them when they hold fast in the courage of their certainty, both in belief and practice.

On an equally practical subject, one whose practicality is not limited by geographical considerations, the London *Catholic Times* comments on this Canon (1258) of the New Code: "It is not lawful for the faithful in any manner to assist actively, or to take part in, the religious services of non-Catholics."

This section will enable us at once to decide on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of several actions. To be sponsor for a child at a non-Catholic baptism, to act as best man at a non-Catholic wedding, to act as bridesmaid at

such a wedding, or to be a witness at it, would be to assist actively and to take part in a non-Catholic religious service; and thus they would be violations of the divine law and of the law of the Church.

The second section of the Canon tells us that passive and merely material presence at certain non-Catholic religious functions may be tolerated on certain conditions. When a man is passively present at a function he takes no active part in it: he is there merely as a spectator.... Still, his passive presence may be misunderstood. It may be looked upon as giving some sort of approbation or recognition to the claims of a false religion, or it may be a cause of scandal to others, or there may be danger of relaxing one's own religious fibre and giving in to the spirit of religious indifference. For these reasons it is better, as a general rule, to keep away altogether from non-Catholic religious services, as far as is possible. However, at times this is scarcely possible. A Catholic may be a registrar of marriages, and his office may require him to assist at a Protestant marriage in his official capacity. Or a Catholic tenant may be expected to be present at the funeral of his Protestant landlord. In these and similar cases the second section of Canon 1258 says that the passive presence of Catholics at non-Catholic religious services may be tolerated, if there be a good reason, and if there be no danger of perversion or of scandal.

In *Emmanuel*, we find this exposition of a truth often lost sight of:

Man is able without sanctifying grace to perform some morally good works, just as he is able without Revelation to arrive at a knowledge of some religious truths. Truth and virtue are the natural objects of man's spiritual soul, and even the ignorance and malice introduced by original sin have not entirely unfitted him for pursuing and attaining them. Hence sinners, and even unbelievers, may by their natural powers keep some Commandments and perform some morally virtuous deeds. But all such works, as being purely human and natural, can not merit a reward that is divine and supernatural. The only recompense to which they bear any proportion is some purely temporal good, such as success or prosperity in the things of this world. The state of grace is essential for supernatural life and works. The air we breathe is not more necessary for our bodily existence, wings are not more necessary for the upward flight of the bird, than is God's grace for the possession

and exercise of the supernatural life. The soul in mortal sin, then, may perform acts of virtue, but these do not merit a supernatural reward; so far as eternal life is concerned, they may be considered worthless. "If I should have all faith so as to move mountains," St. Paul says; "if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, if I should give my body to be burned, if I should have all knowledge, and yet with all these virtues have not charity, it profits me nothing." Good works done in the state of sin are of the earth, and, like the fragile blossoms that appear in the Spring, they wither and die. But works of grace are like the stars above whose lustre is undiminished from age to age. Only supernatural works can merit the undying reward.

It remains to be said that the teachers and defenders of Catholic doctrine should be extremely careful to supply full and correct statements. We have omitted a sentence in the second of the above quotations because in our opinion it should have been quite differently phrased; and in the third, something further should be said about good works done in the state of sin. Adequate answers can not always be brief, and it is near heresy to be over-orthodox.

A Pat Reply.

An epithet still occasionally met with, although not so frequently as formerly, is "priest-ridden." In so far as our country is concerned, it has been repeatedly pointed out that American Protestants have many more ministers, in proportion to their number, than Catholics have priests. Longfellow recognized this fact decades ago, and declared: "This country is not priest-ridden but press-ridden." The epithet is more often used in England than with us; and its users are adequately characterized by Dr. J. B. Monsell, in reply to one who had protested that he "would never be priest-ridden":

Ridden you need not fear to be
By prophet or by priest;
Since Balaam's dead—and none but he
Would choose you for his beast.

Notes and Remarks.

"Reputation," said Paine, "is what men and women think of us; character is what God and angels know of us"; or, as Beecher phrased it, "Character is what one really is; reputation what others believe one to be." Obviously, the "others" whose good opinion we desire to have are the wise, the worthy, the eminent, the good; and, lacking the approval of these, we can take but little satisfaction in the reputation which we enjoy in the estimation of their opposites. A fallen-away Catholic, for instance, doubtless has a reputation of some sort among heretics, infidels, or agnostics; but he can scarcely ignore the contempt in which he is deservedly held by the most numerous body of Christians in the world. In the estimation of these, he is "the saddest and most pathetic spectacle on earth." Mgr. Keating, of Liverpool, England, thus fully describes him:

"A lapsed Catholic holds his head high and prides himself much upon his admission to a society that he regards as intellectualism itself. He is pitifully eager to repeat like a parrot all the cant phrases, all the stock arguments, all the stale objections and theories of the free-thinking school. He knows not, or will not acknowledge, the advantages he has lost, and pretends he is only too thankful to find himself free from the heritage of his forefathers. He imagines that he has exchanged servitude for liberty, whereas he has really only exchanged the service which ennobles for a drudgery which degrades. So far from being a brave man standing against the world, or a man who has rallied to a flag, he is merely one who has rallied to a majority."

Some advice and exhortation given to the Boy Scouts of Italy by Pius XI., in a recent audience to a thousand mem-

bers of the organization, should be communicated to Catholic Boy Scouts everywhere. After exhorting his young hearers to be all that is implied by prudence and courage, his Holiness added: "The world intimidates you and imposes on you the shackles of human respect, preoccupation with what the world says and what it does. It is all so trivial, what everyone says and what everyone does, just as if the world could change anything in the reality of things! But you must be on your guard, because the suggestions of human respect, of the common round, may be, as a great Italian writer said to his daughter on the day of her First Communion, much stronger than you are. So you must watch, lest you fall into temptation....The Church is with you, the Vicar of Christ is with you, Jesus Christ Himself is with you. Courage, then! In this companionship, with these friendships, there is nothing for you to fear. The purity and dignity of your life will be protected by the dignity of your Christian profession, and you will remain without stain and without reproach, without baseness and without earthly defilement."

The Middle West has very good reason to be proud of the hospitality it has shown to various important Catholic conferences. Chicago will welcome the great meeting of persons doing homage to the Blessed Sacrament. Milwaukee recently witnessed the Catholic Industrial Conference; and soon the same city will greet the delegates to the sixty-seventh annual convention of the Central Society. This eminently Catholic organization, though restricted to Americans of German descent, merits a great deal more attention than it has yet received. During more than a half-century, its efforts have been directed quietly, wisely and steadfastly towards the achievement of those purposes

which are natural to the Catholic conscience in society. First of all, a resolute championing of the Faith and our right to practise it; then charity, greatest and most benignant of virtues, finding so much to engross it along the highways of industrial life; finally, justice, in principle and practice, so urgently needed everywhere. These noble purposes the Central Society has served with diligence and becoming modesty. We are proud of it as a wholly American organization, yet not afraid to retain good traditions inherited from Catholic life elsewhere; and we hope that coming years will find it even stronger.

Describing some buildings acquired by Near East Relief in Nazareth as a home for Armenian boys whom it has rescued, a correspondent writes:

Coming over the hills from Sidon, and passing through the region of Samaria, one catches a glimpse of the mountains in the distance, and the Sea of Galilee under the hills of Gadera; then, topping the crest, one sees in a saddle of the hills the little town of Nazareth. The two shrines to which all visitors turn are the house supposed to be the girlhood home of Mary, and the house of Joseph. Standing before the traditional site of the carpenter shop, where Our Lord labored with His foster father, one can see, by lifting one's eyes to the surrounding hills, a group of stone buildings recently purchased by the Near East Relief to house a thousand Armenian orphan boys. The buildings are surrounded by sixty acres of good farm land, which will be tilled by the boys as a part of their industrial training....

It was at the age of twelve that Jesus went up to Jerusalem with His parents, that He might be about His Father's business. From that hour, we are told, He grew in stature and in wisdom. Into the atmosphere of that sacred story, the Near East Relief is taking these motherless Christian boys....Every path on every excursion to Nain, to Cana or to Galilee, will speak to them of the boyhood of Jesus. We are hoping much from these boys, growing up under the influence of Jesus and Mary and Joseph.

In the little hill town of Nazareth a beau-

tiful church stands on the traditional site of the carpenter shop. One portion is modern, and was finished but a few years ago. The older portion dates back to the time of the Crusaders, but this present church, I was told by the old monk who guided me about, stands on the site of an earlier church built by Helena, the mother of Constantine. Since this was but three hundred years after the death of Christ, my guide felt warranted in assuring me that we stood upon the veritable spot where Jesus served His apprenticeship and was subject unto His parents. To substantiate this claim, I was shown a stairway, recently discovered, which led to a cistern in the courtyard, the claim being that this stairway led from the roof of the home of Jesus.

....The spirit of the place was everything. Jesus Christ did grow to manhood not far from this spot. He lived in this valley, wandered over these hills, looked into the glories of the Syrian night sky, communed with His Heavenly Father. The spirit of the place was all caught up and beautifully portrayed in that wonderful picture by the Russian artist, Vereshchagin, which hangs over the altar in the little church—"The Church of the Carpenter Shop." Jesus is at the bench, Joseph stands, tools in hand, instructing Him; but the high-light of the picture is the face of Mary, as she sits on the steps,—possibly of the same stairway which we have just visited. She is represented gazing upon the face of her divine Child.

It is the look in Mary's eyes which one will never forget. One can imagine these motherless boys from the hilltop farm wending their way down the path that leads to the little church, when the longing for their own mothers is most keen; stealing into the church, kneeling at the altar, and gazing into the face of Mary, to catch a bit of the lovelight that is there for all lonely and homesick boys.

There are not a few Catholics among the agents of Near East Relief, and the foregoing would seem to have been written by one of them.

The Catholic chaplain of Barlinnie Prison, Glasgow, two years ago asked the Catholic Young Men's Society of that city to help him entertain his prisoners on Sunday forenoons after Mass. The society consented, and Sunday after Sunday has supplied speakers from the various branches of its organ-

ization. On a recent Sunday, the speaker was the president of the Central Council of the Catholic Young Men's Societies of Great Britain,—Dr. Colvin, a noted physician and publicist. His subject was suited to his audience, "Why are some people good and others bad?" As to the relative influence of heredity and environment, Dr. Colvin made this interesting statement, or argument:

It was the Abbé Mendel, an illustrious Augustinian friar, who laid the foundation of the modern science of heredity, just as it was an illustrious and devout Catholic, the immortal Pasteur, who laid the foundation of the modern and beneficent science of bacteriology. Mendel by his classical experiments, which occupied many years, placed beyond the shadow of a doubt that plants from their inherited qualities take a definite course of development apart altogether from their surroundings, or the conditions under which they grow. The same thing has been found to obtain in the animal kingdom, so that it is becoming more evident that the course of the lives of men is largely influenced by the nature that they have inherited, not only from their parents, but also from their ancestors, on both the maternal and paternal sides of their families. Hence it is a fallacy for social reformers to attribute vice in men and women solely to their upbringing.

Household difficulties in Germany have probably increased since the following graphic description of them was written. We find it in a paper ("How It Is With Us") by Miss Elsa Simm, contributed to the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*:

There is milk for the younger children, owing to the card-system, which reserves the dwindling milk-supply for them only. Some member of the family has already had to wait in line with his pail at the milk-shop, which opened at seven. And there is malt or bean coffee, without sugar—which must be conserved for cooking where it is absolutely necessary. Black bread is rationed, half a pound a day; but of course this is not enough for the older children, so we must buy more at four thousand times its old price. Sugar is five thousand times higher, and we can get it only once a month, three or four pounds a head. Eggs are two thousand times what they

were; one egg costs as much as postage for five letters, but eggs are seldom to be found.

So the children get off to school with breakfast of a sort—unsweetened malt coffee and black bread, and marmalade. I have not had the courage to inquire into the ingredients of the marmalade....The Quakers say that nearly all the school-children look two years younger than their ages....

The innocent suffered most during the World War, but that a nation's children should be suffering for food, so long after the declaration of peace, is something that must surely cry to heaven for vengeance.

Concluding an extended criticism of "Darwinism and Catholic Thought"—a book noticed in these columns some months ago,—Father Le Buffe, S. J., has this to say (in *America*) of a doctrine which is still being more or less passionately discussed in the press of the United States, as in that of many another country:

In conclusion, we reaffirm that evolution of lower life seems not to be in conflict with Revelation, and that a Catholic has no position marked out for him by reason of his Faith, provided God's initial creative power and enduring, conservative and providential care be admitted. When we come to man, however, the case changes. The dogma of Faith of the descent of the present human race from Adam and Eve adequately negatives the evolution of many men from many animals; and the Biblical decree of June 30, 1909, prohibits teaching the doctrine of the evolution of even Adam's body.

From the first number of the *Bulletin* issued by the English Institute of Historical Research, the London *Tablet* quotes some statements of which all students of history would do well to take note. It is pointed out that "there is no simple avenue to historical truth, but many intricate and devious paths; and even were there but one broad or narrow way, there might be various methods of progression or propulsion along it." The student is advised, there-

fore, in a series of practical observations, as to the lines his methods should follow and as to pitfalls by the way. Thus, "he must be able to distinguish by their form Papal Bulls from Papal Briefs"; also "he must learn how to weigh the conflicting evidence according to the source from which it comes, and how to get at the human or official mind behind the parchment and the paper on which it is imperfectly expressed."

As the *Tablet* aptly remarks: "Catholics are frequently made to suffer at the bar of alleged 'history' on account of this very inability, or neglect, on the part of a great many Protestant writers, to go behind the actual terms of a document and get at the mentality that inspired it."

Those who maintain that heredity—the transmission of qualities or characteristics from parents to offspring—is the determining factor in one's career will find their contention supported by the case of Lieut. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. In the graphic, if antiquated phrase, he is a veritable chip of the old block, a true son of his distinguished father. It might be that father himself who speaks as does the son in a recent issue of *Public Affairs*:

No man in our country should be discriminated against because he is or is not of a particular faith. He should stand or fall in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen on what he individually represents, and on nothing else. This religious intolerance has manifested itself in many ways. The word Americanism has been soiled by being used by some groups for the purpose of furthering their brutally intolerant designs. Such a group is the Ku-Klux Klan, who have banded together against certain creeds and races.

The receipt this week of a generous alms for the Sisters of Charity in China, from one of their most constant benefactors, reminds us of a letter, received some time ago, from a Sister there,

giving an account of what their wondrous work partly consists in. She writes from a vast pagan district, with a teeming population:

A missionary who has just returned from a tour of the mountain villages, tells a sad story. The Christians had promised several pagan families that the Father, whom they knew was coming, would take charge of some baby girls, if they would only wait for his arrival, and not drown the little ones, as they intended to do. Great was the disappointment when he told the Christians that he could not do as they wished. There are terrible moments here sometimes. This is an instance of what occurs far too often in Wenchow. Fifteen babies were left outside the door of our asylum on one occasion. We baptized them, of course: all we could do was to save their souls. One tiny tot, only a few days old, having been exposed to the sun, was literally burnt to death.

"Poor pagan China," concludes the Sister, "how much is yet to be done before it is Christianized!"

The *Church Times* (Anglican) is not averse to telling a good story, even at its own, or the Establishment's, expense. In a recent issue it reports a speech of the Bishop of Lewes at the annual meeting of the Zululand Mission, in the course of which he said: "At one time the American Church had sent a mission to Japan. But the translation of their title, 'Protestant Episcopal,' had proved a difficulty. There was no word in the Japanese tongue for Protestant, so they rendered it 'the noble company of disputers.'"

There is altogether too much materialism in our schools and colleges. The talks which many professors give, sneeringly referring to the spiritual forces of life, are very harmful. This materialistic trend is dangerous.

Declarations like these by our own polemics are frequent enough, but it is only now and then that they are made by non-Catholics. We quote from Mr. Roger W. Babson, an economist who always deserves a hearing.

Notable New Books.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALITY. By the Rev. P. Pourrat. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

It was Cicero who said, *Timeo hominem unius libri*. Unfortunately, the Roman sage did not possess the book of God's revealed truth, or understand that in its pages are to be found those verities which not only render the possessor himself fearless, but also make him a person never to be feared by others. What is drawn from it does not cramp the mind, but elevates and broadens its vision; it does not congeal thought into rigid formation, but quickens it into a most varied and fruitful activity; it brings knowledge without prejudice, and peace without stagnation. The best proof of this is the extensive literature of which it has been the direct or indirect inspiration,—the literature of Christian asceticism. Every earnest seeker after sanctity must be interested in this literature, and hence must welcome a reliable and detailed guide to some of the best contributions to it. To study carefully Holy Scripture, the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, the writings of the saints and martyrs, and the reflections of the founders of Religious Orders, to glean from all these sources and to comment upon the garner after arranging it in chronological order and logical sequence so as to form a genuinely scientific treatise on personal sanctification, was no ordinary task. Hence, for having performed it, and so well that his work was crowned by the French Academy, we have heartily to congratulate and to thank the author. He has brought his subject down to the dawn of the Middle Ages. Two subsequent volumes will continue the study from St. Bernard to St. Francis de Sales, and from the latter to the present day. The English translators, Messrs. Mitchell and Jaques, deserve generous praise for their work.

THE CONVERSION OF THE PAGAN WORLD. By Paolo Manna, M. Ap. Translated by the Rev. J. F. McGlinchey, D. D. Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.

It was with the conviction that our Catholic people will never realize their responsibility in aiding the spread of the Gospel among the heathen, nor the extraordinary opportunity that is theirs at the present time to bring countless souls to a knowledge of the True Faith, that the author wrote this book, which has been excellently translated and adapted from the Italian by the director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for the

Archdiocese of Boston. It ought surely to fulfil the aims of its author for all English-speaking readers. The treatise is world-wide in scope, scientific in method, vigorous and convincing in its arguments. Its three hundred pages set before the reader in a striking manner the mission fields of the world, the workers in those fields, the need of co-operators at home, the kinds of co-operation most beneficial, and the various mission-aid societies already organized for the work. The obligation of all members of the Church to co-operate in this work, the vastness of the enterprise itself, its difficulties, its successes during various periods of history, together with their causes, its present status, facts which indicate a rich harvest in the near future; our competitors, their methods and achievements; the effect on the missions of the spread of modern material agencies of civilization,—all these questions and many more are correlated and set forth with an appeal that is irresistible. And if throughout one is made painfully aware that both men and money are needed on every side, one is also shown that everywhere great progress has been made, and charmed with a pious optimism born only of deep faith and sincere trust in Divine Providence. It is safe to say that, under that same Providence, this book will do immense good for the sacred cause of the Missions.

GOD OR GORILLA. By Alfred Watterson McCann. The Devin-Adair Co.

It is a commonplace that many a member of various Protestant sects envies the Catholic, whose possible doubts on this or that question of religious import are definitely settled once for all by the authoritative voice of the Holy See. *Roma locuta est, causa finita est*: "Rome has spoken, that ends it." How different this from the everlasting difficulties in doctrinal matters of the sects, wherein one high authority is diametrically opposed to another, and there is no supreme judge or ruler to give a definitive decision! With the scientists—or, better perhaps, the self-styled scientists—the matter is even worse. The alleged facts of one year are shown, the next year, to be mere theories. What is hailed to-day as a notable advance in the discovery of scientific truth is discarded to-morrow as a discredited hypothesis. The trouble appears to be that, once a man has achieved any little distinction in some one branch of science, he is inclined to take himself—and, what is worse, the non-scientific world is also prone to take him—altogether too seriously.

By far the best illustration of this fact

which we have seen in recent years, is contained in this latest volume from the industrious pen of Alfred Watterson McCann. The sub-title of the book is descriptive of its purpose and achievement: "How the Monkey Theory of Evolution Exposes Its Own Methods, Refutes Its Own Principles, Denies Its Own Inferences, Disproves Its Own Case." That is a fairly strong and comprehensive indictment, but it is not overdrawn.

The volume, a handsome octavo of 368 pages, contains twenty-six informative chapters, is profusely illustrated both in the body of the work and in the appendix, and is equipped with an adequate index,—a thoroughly satisfactory work in every respect. A mere glance at the table of contents is sufficient to arouse curiosity and awaken expectations, which a perusal of the text is invariably safe to fulfil. As a concrete and convincing refutation of the ape theory, the series of illustrated skeletons and skulls is alone sufficient for a judicious reader; but the whole book will convince even the injudicious—unless they be totally blind partisans of the theory—that man has not been evolved from the monkey.

PHILOSOPHY AND CIVILIZATION IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Dr. M. de Wulf, Professor in Louvain and Harvard Universities. Princeton University Press.

Of many writers on Scholastic Philosophy, it may truly be said that they are sadly handicapped by the lack of even a superficial acquaintance with their subject. The perusal of half a dozen so-called histories of philosophy which, in other respects, are reputable works, will confirm this assertion. Failing both to grasp its real content and spirit, as well as to perceive its place in the continuity of philosophic thought, they have either slurred over or entirely omitted its history as something unworthy of notice, or, at best, as something belonging rather to the history of religions. It is safe to say, however, that future writers, if they are impartial scholars—and none other have any commission to teach,—will not become a party to such gross negligence. For what has been done for so many other phases of the history of Mediæval life has now been done for its predominant system of philosophy: it has been set forth in its true colors, and in such a way as to bring out its genuine worth and lasting value—has been shown to be an integral part of the civilization of an age—the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries—"which constructs in all departments and destroys in none." A master, not only of

history, but also of philosophy, the author of this work presents us with a clear outline of the historical development of the philosophy of the Schools, as well as with an account of its relations to the general political, educational, artistic, social, moral and religious aims and ideals of the best period of Mediæval life. Though not controversial, Dr. De Wulf contrives to refute, in his calm, scholarly manner, most, if not all, of the misconceptions and misrepresentations of Scholastic Philosophy, while sketching in masterly fashion its fundamental principles. In our opinion there is no book in the English language so well qualified to represent what may justly be called Catholic philosophical thought, or that does such full justice to a long-abused subject as this work. It is written primarily, of course, for students of philosophy, but its language and style are such that the ordinary reader may derive both pleasure and profit from it. The author has supplied an ample bibliography, but it is to be regretted that there is no alphabetical index for a volume of such importance.

A PRACTICAL COURSE OF DOCTRINAL INSTRUCTIONS. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

Some time ago, Archbishop Hayes of New York, determined to introduce throughout his archdiocese an official programme of doctrinal instructions, covering all the teachings of our Holy Faith. The commission *De Cultu Divino* appointed by him, and the advisers whom the commission invited to submit suggestions and a plan for such a programme, decided that the best method would be to work out the wishes and directions of the Council of Trent and of subsequent Sovereign Pontiffs on the subject of parochial preaching. As a concrete result of the action taken, we have now the first two volumes of "A Parochial Course of Doctrinal Instructions," for every Sunday and holyday of the year. These volumes, constituting the dogmatic series, have been prepared and arranged by the Rev. Charles J. Callan, O. P., and the Rev. John A. McHugh, O. P. Two other volumes, to follow, will contain the moral series, arranged in similar fashion. In the complete course, the Catechism of the Council of Trent will be presented in a revised English version, and with suitable arrangement and division as to chapter and verse. The contents of the Catechism are so treated as to harmonize with the Gospels and Epistles of the Sundays and feasts throughout the year.

The priest who consults these volumes for the matter and the doctrine of his proposed

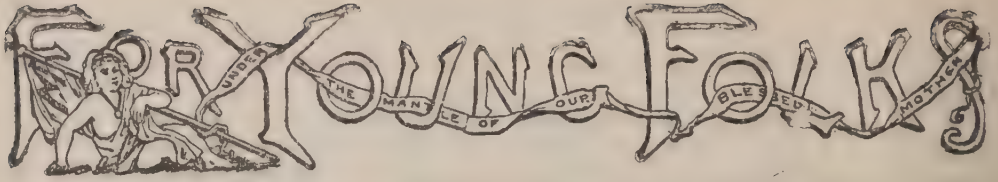
sermon will find, under each Sunday and holyday, four distinct divisions: an "Outline" composed by Fathers Callan and McHugh, based on the teaching of the Tridentine Catechism; a passage from the Catechism, developing the outline; one or more standard modern sermons on the subject of the day; and numerous references to other modern and classic sermons—to St. Thomas and the theologians, to the liturgists, and to other authoritative writers. Vol. I. begins with the first Sunday of Advent and ends with the sixth Sunday after Easter; Vol. II. begins with Pentecost, and concludes with the last Sunday after that feast. Vols. III. and IV. will contain moral instructions for another full year; so that, every two years, according to the method adopted in this work, the faithful will be taken over the entire Catechism of the Council of Trent and every part of Christian doctrine. This new Course is sure to be welcomed by others than the clergy of New York.

THE HYMNS OF THE BREVIARY AND MISSAL.

Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. Preface by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hugh T. Henry, Litt. D. Benziger Brothers.

Much has been written about the hymns of the Breviary and Missal; numberless translations have been published of these masterful effusions of the "inspired" singers, who, from the earliest times, have used this manner of composition, not only to inculcate the truths of religion, but to protect Christians everywhere against the teaching of heretics and schismatics.

Whilst the French and the Germans could boast of numerous collections of these hymns, with text and translation and elucidating notes, in handy volumes, the vast material of the hymns in the English language lay scattered in many publications, not always easy of access, until Dom Britt undertook his labor of love. After six years of careful and painstaking research, he has produced a book which reveals the "gracious image of the heavenly charms and human beauties" in the immortal songs of the Breviary. In scholarly fashion he gives the Latin text, the meter, occasional notes, and a literal prose translation of each hymn. He searched the most hidden treasures, and offers what he judges the best metrical translations from both Catholic and non-Catholic sources. Biographies of authors and translators rightly find their place in an appendix; English and Latin indexes constitute another valuable adjunct to this stately and scholarly volume.



Proverbs About the Tongue.

"THE boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declares the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue, an earthly death";

Or sometimes takes this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
The Chinese say, "outstrips the steed";

While Arab sages this impart:
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim's sprung:
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The Sacred Writer crowns the whole:
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

IV.—A CAPTURE AND A MEMORY.

WHEN Nassimar caught sight of Artie running towards the thick woods, he at once hurried downstairs, left the house, and started in pursuit. His mother followed him as fast as her old and stiffening bones permitted, but her limbs were far less supple than her tongue, and she was speedily left behind. Nassimar himself could scarcely expect to overtake so lusty and so terrified a youngster as Artie, especially as the latter had so good a start of him. The burly peasant was well versed in woodcraft, and depended on outwitting rather than out-running the escaping lad.

As a matter of fact, before he had

run a half-mile, Nassimar stopped, waited for Harnisette to overtake him, and then told her to return to the house and bring him a clothes-line. While she was doing so, he again took up the chase. Artie was making his way through the trees and approaching the old wall that enclosed Tellivot. One portion of the wall he knew to be crumbling pretty badly, and was quite sure that if he could reach it before his pursuer caught up to him, he could climb over it, and so get outside the domain altogether.

Unfortunately, Nassimar, too, knew about that part of the wall, and shrewdly suspected what the boy was thinking of. Accordingly, when Harnisette came puffing towards him with the clothes-line, he stopped, made a running noose at one end of the line, and then ensconced himself behind a little clump of bushes only a few yards distant from the broken part of the wall. Artie, who had been circling about and dodging his pursuer, failed to see him take up this position; and so, when he came within a hundred yards of the partial breach in the wall, he took his courage in both hands and dashed towards it.

Alas! just as he had almost reached the desired spot, Nassimar, with all the skill of a Western cowboy, flung his clothes-line lasso. It circled over the boy's head, fell upon his shoulders and breast, and was then hauled up tight. Artie's gallant effort at escape was wasted; he was a prisoner, and the malicious chuckling of his captor, who proceeded to wind the lasso around his arms, convinced him that he could only expect from his "guardians" still harsher treatment than they, had yet

given him. He was confirmed in this opinion when Harnisette arrived on the scene.

"Ha, ha!" she began; "so the poor little pet wouldn't stay with his fond guardians, wouldn't he? But we love him too fondly to let him go out into the terrible world all alone. Yes, yes, we'll keep him with us a while longer. But the dear little boy must be tired after running so long. Bring him along, Nassimar, and we'll let him rest down in the cellar where he can play with the hungry rats that infest the place. Only, for fear the desire to run away may again tempt him, we'll keep his hands and feet tied up."

"And don't fancy," added Nassimar to the dejected Artie, "that you are through with your experience of a rope. Once in the cellar, I'll give you a sample of what can be done with a rope's end. *Won't* I thrash you, though!"

In the meantime, on the other side of the wall, Snappy and Winder had not been idle. The former had speedily climbed to the top of the stone barrier, and, seating himself, pushed aside a branch of an overhanging tree that shut out his view. No sooner had he done so than he exclaimed in a tone that spoke of his stupefaction:

"Great Consul! What have we here? Talk of my imagination! This beats it all hollow. Here's action all right! Quick, Winder, get up here. Here's a sight for you—if not for your camera."

Without waiting for a second invitation his long-legged companion hastily hoisted his instrument to the top of the wall and followed it. He chose a spot to the left of the tree, and had a clear view of what was going on in the Tellivot domain. Thus it was that the motion-picture employees saw the concluding part of Artie's adventure,—saw him rush for the wall, saw the lasso catch him, saw Nassimar tying him up; and, moreover, heard the menaces of

that brutal fellow and his cruel old mother.

At Nassimar's last threat, about the thrashing he would give the runaway, Snappy's indignation boiled over.

"What a beast!" he exclaimed. "Look here, Winder—" Then, as he turned towards his companion, he broke off, and stared at him for a moment, speechless. Recovering himself, he continued: "Well, you *are* pretty cool, I must say."

Winder's alleged coolness consisted in his paying strict attention to business. He had got his machine adjusted and was quietly turning its handle, just as unconcernedly as if it were the crank of a hurdy-gurdy.

"Say," said Snappy, "are you actually reeling that business over there?"

Winder merely nodded his head in reply, without interrupting his work, in which he appeared to be very much interested,—interested, that is, in the artistic merits of the action, but not at all in the feelings of the actors. Snappy was not so unemotional. Jumping up, he shook his fist in Nassimar's direction, and exclaimed:

"I say, Winder, I'm going to complete that scene. It lacks one personage, and I'm *it*, with a big 'I.' Won't I shine in the rôle of the defender of the—"

Just then, however, Harnisette caught sight of the two spectators on the wall, and called Nassimar's attention to them.

"It takes insolence," said the old woman, "to be spying out what takes place on one's own land."

Her son shared her indignation. His face grew purple with rage, and, dropping Artie, he gathered a number of stones and clods of earth with which he proceeded to bombard the indiscreet on-lookers.

"Hold on there," he shouted. "Wait till I help you to get down."

Winder stood the bombardment for a minute or two, but when a clod hit his machine, he groaned, caught it up and

lowered it carefully on the safer side of the wall. A moment later he dropped on the ground beside it.

Snappy also got down from his perch and hurried after Winder who was striding through the bushes, taking about three feet to a step. As he caught up with him, he turned to the wall again, and, shaking his fist, cried out: "You great big brute, you're not through with Snappy yet, not by a scenario or two."

Having put the intruders to rout, Nassimar picked up Artie; the old woman took charge of the boy's bundle; and they returned to the house. There, according to promise, Artie was taken down to the cellar and deposited in a corner on the damp earthen floor. As mother and son regained the upper room, Nassimar said:

"Now that both the boy and the dog are safe, we must have a little celebration, mother. The old man had good wine, you know. To-night we must sample it."

"Yes," replied Harnisette, "we'll have a drinking bout in honor of coming into the guardianship of the property and its heir."

Left to himself in the damp cellar, poor Artie was a prey to the most saddening reflections. At first he cried a little, lamenting the failure of his attempted escape. Then, stopping his tears as best he could—his hands were bound, and so he couldn't wipe them away—he began to think of the probable fate of his best friend, Rex. He supposed that Nassimar had either shot or poisoned him, else surely the dog would have put in an appearance. Once more the tears began to fall, at the thought of this great loss.

From the miserable present his thoughts soon turned to a past that was the reverse of miserable. He recalled the time—oh, so long ago, it seemed—when he was little more than a baby, tottering on his trembling little

legs from his mother to his father. What happy days those were! Then he remembered that occasionally, in that pretty house by the sea, mention was made of grandpa. He became quite a bogey man to Artie, this unknown grandpa of whom papa and Mamma Beads spoke in so melancholy a tone. And why did grandpa hate Mamma Beads; for, strange as it seemed, he *did* hate her, and that without ever having seen her. She was an American; that was enough for papa's old father. He detested everything American, and would have nothing to do with Artie's father as soon as he learned that his wife had come from the United States. This estrangement between father and son had cast its shadow over an otherwise happy home. Artie had understood that much, and Mamma Beads must have understood it, too, for one day she said to her husband, "If you only went to see him?"

"He refuses to receive me," said Mr. Rolante, with a deep sigh.

"Perhaps he would relent if you were accompanied by his little grandson," and Mamma Beads pointed to Artie.

"My dearest Mary, 'tis an inspiration," cried her husband.

So papa and Artie had gone off in a fine automobile which papa drove himself, to the boy's great delight—but had gone without Mamma Beads who bade them a half-tearful good-bye.

After many hours of riding through a beautiful country, they had come to the residence of grandpa. It was not the savage-looking Tellivot, but a fine, cheerful mansion. But grandpa wasn't cheerful at all. What terrible words he had said to papa: "Stay if you wish, but that American, your wife, shall never cross my threshold."

Papa had then returned to his car, and they set out on the return journey. Alas! within a mile of the Rolante home, there had been a collision with

another car, and papa had been killed. Artie was taken back to his grandfather, who, although shocked at the accident, did not allow his grief to soften him towards his daughter-in-law. On the contrary, he swore over and over again, as he took a long look at the grandson they had brought to him, that he would be revenged as soon as possible on the woman who had deprived him of his son.

Artie did not know that, after grandpa had left his fine house and taken him away off to Tellivot, poor Mamma Beads received a cruel letter addressed to the Widow Georges Rolante. It contained only two lines without signature: "You took my son from me; I am taking yours from you. You will never see him again."

And, sure enough, Artie had never again beheld his mother. His heart bled as he recalled these scenes from the past, and his head dropped on his heaving breast. Suddenly, however, there came to him a familiar sound that roused both head and heart. It was a deep-mouthed barking: "Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow!"

(To be continued.)

Surprising Pronunciations.

It would be a great surprise to our young readers, if they were to visit England, to hear how certain words with which they are familiar only in print are pronounced over there. Englishmen call St. Mary Magdalen College "Maudlin," and St. John's College is called "Sinjin"; Beauchamp is pronounced Beacham; Belvoir, Beaver; Cholmondeley, Chumley; Seven Oaks, Sennocks; Chaworth, Chorth; Haworth, Horth; Hawarden, Harden; Weymss, Weems; Strachan, Straun; Mainwaring, Mannering; Marjoribanks, Marshbanks. And so of numerous other names, more or less familiar.

How "Dixie" was Written.

BY MAUDE GARDNER.

IT was a raw, blustery night, just before Thanksgiving, in the year 1896, when a theatrical company was playing the drama "The South Before the War" in Mount Vernon, Ohio. The ticket-seller, a stranger to the place, had for almost an hour been handing out colored bits of cardboard in exchange for bills and pieces of silver, when there appeared at the tiny window, an old man, stooped with the weight of many years, his hair, white with the snows of eighty Winters. In a hesitating, timid voice he asked for free admission.

"There are no free tickets here to-night," was the cold reply; and the old man turned sadly away and started homeward, disappointed despite the smile, so brave in its pathos, that came to his trembling lips.

But fortunately the manager, a kind-hearted man, came to the box office just as the bent form of the old man was turning dejectedly away. He made inquiries regarding him, and immediately sent a messenger to bring him back. Soon he occupied a comfortable seat near the stage, a delighted, happy old man, who revelled in the play of the Old South, again depicted that evening in song and story. And as a thrilling climax to his happy entertainment, no sooner was the play concluded than there appeared on the stage a trained chorus of a dozen voices, belonging to the company, who, with all the pathos and beauty in their power, sang the famous old Southern song, "Dixie." As the last note died away, the old man rose, and, in a trembling voice, said: "I am very grateful for your kindness."

The man was Daniel Decatur Emmett, who, thirty-seven years before, had written the words of the song to

which he had just listened. While "Dixie" had brought him love and fame, it had brought him no money. In a simple, one-roomed little cottage, which yet stands in the town of Mount Vernon, Ohio, the friendly old man was happy and contented with his garden and chickens and the many friends who always had a cheery word and smile for "Uncle Dan."

When he was thirteen years old, Daniel Decatur Emmett realized the dream of many an Irish lad when he joined a circus band, and became known as the best fife and drum artist in the country. As the caravan travelled from place to place, young Emmett's part was not only to play in the band, but also to sing comic songs; and these he often composed himself in an impromptu manner, and sang them to some popular tune while the band played the accompaniment. It was in this way that the world gained the song which has stirred Northern audiences as well as the people of the South.

It was in the early Spring of 1859, that Bryant's Minstrels, of which Daniel Decatur Emmett was a member, had returned from an unsuccessful tour of the Southern States to New York City. The chilly weather contrasted so strongly with the balmy breezes of the South that every man wished himself back in the warmer clime; and as they shivered in New York's bitter wind, "I wish I was in Dixie," became a common saying among them.

Emmett had been asked by his manager to compose a song full of noise and nonsense, and bring it to the next rehearsal. The time seemed short, but the minstrel's ready Irish wit had never failed him, and he agreed to try. He and a companion walked the streets. Their clothing was insufficient to keep them comfortable in the bitter wind, and Emmett's mind, which was on the song he must have by the next rehearsal,

kept running back to the oft-repeated phrase, "I wish I was in Dixie." On going to his hotel, he sat down and wrote the song which he called "Dixie Land," and which was sung for the first time in New York City.

Eighteen months later it had found its way into the opera, "Pocahontas," and was first heard in the South at the Pontchartrain Theatre in New Orleans when a company of Zouaves marched on the stage, singing:

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!

In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,

To lib and die in Dixie;

Away! Away! A-way down South in Dixie,

Away! a-way, a-way down South in Dixie.

The words and music went straight to the hearts of the great audience, and they applauded until "Dixie" had been rendered again and again. The song immediately became popular throughout the South, and was the favorite tune of the Confederate Army, being first used as a war-song on February 18, 1861, when Jefferson Davis was inaugurated as President of the Southern States.

Many years later, when the great war had passed by, Daniel Decatur Emmett made a visit to the South, for which he had always held a great reverence, although he was a Northern man and in sympathy with the Union cause. As the author of "Dixie" he was everywhere received with ovation, which gladdened the heart of the sweet old man, who, by this time, had settled down to a peaceful and happy old age in the little cottage at Mount Vernon.

Many visitors to the Ohio town are shown the tiny home where the author of "Dixie" lived, and from which his body was carried some twenty years ago to its last resting-place in Mound View Cemetery. Somehow, the spirit of "Uncle Dan" Emmett seems to linger about the little home he loved—a mute reminder of the writer of the old song which bids fair to remain the song of the Southland.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Heirs Apparent," is the title of a new novel by Sir Philip Gibbs, to be published next month in London.

—A charming little book for young children is "The Pussy Cat of the Baby Jesus," done in verse by Sister M. Antony. The illustrations by Sister Tarcisius are delicate and attractive. B. Herder Book Co.

—Readers familiar with the excellent productions of the Mary's Meadow Press will welcome the announcement of an illustrated volume of essays by Mrs. Armel O'Connor under the title, "What Will You Give to Your Child?"

—All readers of Dom Bede Camm's well-known work, "Forgotten Shrines," some portions of which were first published in THE AVE MARIA, will be glad to hear that he has in press a companion volume, entitled "Pilgrim Paths in Latin Lands."

—A useful and reliable work of reference is "The Catholic Press Directory," just published by Mr. J. H. Meier. Its purpose is to make our papers and periodicals better known, especially to advertisers. As many as 251 publications are listed. Their combined circulation is 6,379,677.

—Mr. Edward F. McSweeney, LL. D., chairman of the Knights of Columbus' Historical Commission, has written, and the Commission has published, an introduction to the series, "The Racial Contribution to the United States." An interesting pamphlet of twenty pages, it is an earnest of forthcoming valuable studies, by competent writers, of a question of which intelligent citizens should have more than a spattering of knowledge.

—What Mr. Shane Leslie calls the "whispered secret" that the beatification of King Henry VI. is within the bounds of possibility, and that Cardinal Gasquet is working at the ecclesiastical end of the project, will be of especial interest to such of our readers as recall Lady Georgiana Fullerton's "A Stormy Life." While primarily the story of Henry's wife, Margaret of Anjou, the novel gives a full-length portrait of Henry himself, who, even in his own day, was commonly called "the holy king."

—"Up and Down Lourdes," by Edith Cowell (Benziger Brothers), is the most unconventional, and at the same time one of the most

fascinating accounts of the famous Grotto that has yet appeared in English. It is a small volume of only 108 twelvemo pages, but each of its ten chapters is as informative as it is edifying, and withal as breezy as an ozone-laden gust from the Atlantic. The writer is as frank, as candid, as plain-spoken, and (consciously and unconsciously) as humorous as one of Thackeray's English duchesses. In comparatively brief space, the book gives a fairly comprehensive description of what one sees and feels at Lourdes, and there are incidental hints at arguments of not a little apologetic value.

—As a rule, stories of girls' schools do not make any strong appeal to others than girls themselves, and, possibly to such persons as are interested in various educational systems. An exception to the rule is "Gildersleeves," by E. M. Wilmot Buxton (Sands & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.). It is the story of a year in the life of a young high-school mistress in England; and the author has given so realistic a picture of the teaching staff, the pupils, the curriculum, and the psychological reaction to the disciplinary methods in use, that even the general reader will find his interest enchained. The unhealthy "grand passion" of some neurotic girls for their teachers is touched on with discrimination; and the sane and natural affection of the heroine for her hero is treated with all due reticence.

—The death of Pierre Loti gives a brilliant young French critic, François Mauriac, an opportunity to discuss the general nature of Loti's work, and to point out its incessant preoccupation with death. "Born of the sea," he says, "Loti's writings have the monotony, the uniformity, the endless ebb and flow of the sea. Nothing can be built upon this sand which the waves gnaw; and we remember the saying of Vauvenarges, 'The thought of death is a delusion, because it makes one forget to live.' But what is living? Where is true life? There is no builder and no warrior who does not weaken occasionally and perceive mournfully the vanity of his effort. He despairs secretly in thinking of what happened to Babylon, or to Carthage, of the young men who have died for countries they were told would be unending.... And even the world shall pass.... No, the thought of death did not mislead Our Lord, nor the martyrs, nor men like Pascal. This thought may become a

source of life. The misfortune of Loti was that he thought of death not as a place to begin, nor as a means, but as the end. It is necessary to love pain for its being penitence; Loti adored it like a pleasure. The torments of his heart were so high a good to him, that he closed his heart to joy."

—Although historical novels and romances are not so popular at present as they were a few decades ago, there will always be a large number of readers interested in the fiction that uses history for its background, and brings into bold relief characters who actually played their rôles on the stage of the world. Such a novel is "In the Days of Owen Roe," a story of the great Catholic Rebellion of 1641 (B. Herder Book Co.). It is not out of place, since this is an Irish novel, to assure our readers that its author, James Murphy, does not belong to the latest school of "Hibernian novelists," and that, accordingly, such æsthetic pleasure as they may derive from the artistry of the tale will not be marred by the pain they could not but experience from cynical irreverence and modernistic tendencies. The narrative is full of life and strenuous action; and, although the historical personage of the title, Owen Roe O'Neill, does not himself enter upon the scene—the great leader was still in Spain at the date of this story's ending—there are other heroes aplenty.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal."

Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers.) \$6.

"God or Gorilla." Alfred Watterson McCann. (Devin-Adair Co.) \$3.50.

"Christian Spirituality." Rev. P. Pourrat. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$4.20.

"The Conversion of the Pagan World." Paolo Manna, M. Ap. (Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.) \$1.50.

"The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart." Maud Monahan. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Life of Cornelia Connolly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." A Member of the Society. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.

"The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.

"The Life of Cardinal Gibbons." Allan Sinclair Will, Litt. D. Two volumes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$10.

"From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon." Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. (D. Appleton & Co.) \$5.

"The Life and Times of John Carroll." Peter Guilday. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$5.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Patrick Houston, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Sister Imelda, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Zoe, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Eudoxia, Sisters of Charity I. W.

Mr. William J. Butler, Mrs. Eliza Beck, Mr. Samuel O'Brien, Mrs. William Reiland, Mr. Grafton L. McGill, Miss E. Felix, Mr. H. B. Scott, Mrs. Margaret Mahon, Mr. George Phillips, Mr. David Lally, Mr. James Rice, Mrs. John Ryan, Mr. Edward Bauer, Mr. C. E. Fisette, Mrs. James Ryan, Mrs. Bridget Ryan, Mr. C. W. Bechtold, Mr. J. F. Dickmann, Mr. Michael Geary, Mrs. Margaret Lynch, Mrs. James Quin, Mr. George Thompson, and Mrs. Josephine Wolfer.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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The style as well as the contents make it one of the best apologetic works which we have come across; and it should prove of great value in dealing with Protestant objections.—*The Southern Cross* (Adelaide, Australia).

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The trying hour when first came the thought, "What if the Old Roman Church should be right?" is beautifully pictured in such way as to bring sympathetic recollection from many others whom conviction forced, like Father Fidelis, to break from the course of religious thought in which they had been raised. The wrestling alone with doubts and difficulties, the silent communion with God inevitably brought the only solution; and in the bright telling of the story all Catholics will find direct sympathy and positive interest. ... There is a singular gift of interesting presentation throughout. Converts will appreciate it. Inquirers into the truth will find it of value. All Catholics will find in its story a trial, a pleasurable encouragement.—*The New World*.

... A life story covering more than fifty years, and of the most intense and un-

usual interest, is related in a most charming style. This book is a noble and almost unique contribution to the literature of autobiographical apologetics. ... The fifteen chapters written fifty years ago constitute one of the clearest and most illuminating brief defences and explanations of the Catholic Church against the misconceptions, errors, and misrepresentations of the Protestant tradition that this reviewer knows of. The second portion of the book, dealing with the missionary experience of Father Fidelis, are of another kind of interest, but are no less fascinating.—*Catholic Columbian*.

... The volume is exceptionally well written and of great interest from the psychological and the apologetic point of view. Nothing more effective or convincing could be put into the hands of a truth-seeking Protestant, especially of the Anglican persuasion, than this book.—*Fortnightly Review*.

As an humble religious, Father Fidelis has worked for over a half a century in the vineyard of the Lord. The history of his conversion to the Church, like that of Von Ruville, will knock at the door of many hesitating and undecided souls and, with the grace of God, help them to dissipate all doubts.—*Herold des Glaubens*.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 4.—St. Dominic, C.
 SUNDAY, 5.—ELEVENTH AFTER PENTECOST. Our
 Lady of the Snow.
 MONDAY, 6.—Transfiguration of Our Lord.
 SS. Xystus and Comp's, MM.
 TUESDAY, 7.—St. Cajetan, C. St. Donatus, B. M.

WEDNESDAY, 8.—SS. Cyriacus and Largus, MM.
 THURSDAY, 9.—St. Romanus, M. St. Oswald,
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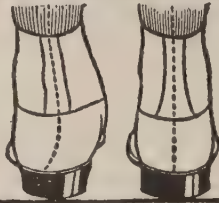
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VOL. XVIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 4, 1923.

No. 5

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Voices.

BY P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY.

I HAVE heard sweet voices singing in a
choir,
Voices intoning youth's clear joyousness;
The cheerful accents of the friends who
press
Dear friendly hands beside the evening fire;
The murmur of the poet to his lyre;
The lullaby, with the nigh measureless
Contentment that love's cradle-songs possess,
And hymns of many a nobly-tuned desire.
But never has a gentler voice e'er spoken
Than childhood's, raised beside the mother's
knee,
Whispering a prayer when the long day
is done:
Then have I heard a voice, whose words
betoken
A sweet and everlasting melody—
A child's glad prayer to Mary and her Son.

Early Saints in the Roman Breviary.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

WHEN Christians, in the days
of the early persecutions,
appeared before their judges,
public notaries, as in the case
of any other "criminal" trial,
took down the questions of the judges
and the answers of the accused. These
records were deposited in the public
archives, and to them any person had
the right of access. To this fact the

Church owed many of the *Acta Sanctorum*, or Acts of the Saints—official records of the martyrdom of her faithful children. Others of the "Acta," such as the famous "Acts of the Martyrs of Lyons," were compiled by Christian eyewitnesses of the trials, tortures and deaths of their heroic brothers and sisters in the Faith. Unfortunately, the number of completely authentic Acts of the Martyrs of the early ages is small. Among them are the Acts of the Martyrs of Lyons just mentioned, the Acts of Saints Perpetua and Felicitas, martyrs of the Church in Africa, and the Acts of the Martyrdom of St. Polycarp. There are, unhappily, no original Acts of Roman martyrs extant; these having perished, doubtless, in the persecution of Diocletian. The same fate overtook most of the Acts of the Martyrs of Africa.

When peace came to the Church, new *Acta Martyrum* were drawn up with the aid of traditional memories of the martyrs and of any surviving documents. Naturally, the earlier of these compilations are more valuable historically than the later; so that, as is said by Horace Marucchi, from whose work, "The Elements of Christian Archæology," I have taken these details: "The Acts of the Fifth Century have a certain authority; those of the Sixth Century already mingle much legend with history," while, regarding the compilations made by the monks in the Eighth and Ninth Centuries, this eminent

archæologist remarks, that they are, to some extent, imaginative, their authors attributing to one martyr the details belonging to the history of another, repeating accounts of the same miraculous occurrences, or of the same tortures, in their descriptions of different martyrdoms, and "multiplying the supernatural, which, all the same, does occur in Acts the most authentic."

Although these later "Acta," therefore, are not in all their parts strictly historical, nevertheless, they contain a foundation of historical truth—the names, for instance, of the martyrs, the approximate date of their passion, the name of the prefect or judge before whom they were tried, their place of burial, etc. Hence, historians are able to disengage the historical from the legendary. It might surprise some of our non-Catholic friends to learn how particular the authorities of the Church were, even in very early days, to avoid giving official approval to Acts of the Martyrs of which the historic truthfulness was open to suspicion. Thus we find Pope Gelasius, at the end of the Fifth Century, forbidding the reading of such Acts in a church, because they recounted, said the Pope, miracles which were not proved, and because the names of their authors were not known.

The Acts of the Martyrs were in time replaced by the "Martyrologies," which were, says Marucchi, "a sort of *résumé* of the Acts of the Martyrs." Every local church had its calendar of martyrs and saints. The early martyrologies were formed by the combining together of the calendars of various local churches, particularly of the churches of metropolitan cities. Later martyrologies added to the names of the saints a brief biographical notice, taken from the Acts of the Martyrs. The present Roman Martyrology, which is read publicly during the Office of Prime in monastic houses, is an edition of a

martyrology revised and completed by Cardinal Baronius in 1598.* Pope Benedict XIV. points out that, although the official martyrology (quite rightly) may not be altered without the consent of the Holy See, it does not follow that the Church absolutely guarantees every statement made therein as indisputably historically true.

This great authority says the same concerning the Lessons in the Roman Breviary, the book from which all clerics in sacred Orders recite the daily Office. He blames equally those who pretend that the Breviary lessons are "crammed with fables" and those who, at the other extreme, contend that it is "impious and quasi-heretical to express doubt of historical facts related in the Breviary, and much more to set about refuting any statements contained in the Breviary lessons."†

Coming back to the Acts of the Martyrs, we may be sure of this, that they contain valuable foundation of historical truth. Woven in with this foundation is matter not strictly and literally true in the historic sense—what is termed "legend." But "legend," particularly Christian legend, is often very far indeed from being the same as mere myth. It has frequently a truth, and a most instructive, edifying, enlightening truth, of its own. It gives us the atmosphere of early Christian days: it is full of the beautiful and inspiring spirit of the first age of the Church; it pictures vividly the heroism, the love, the devotion, the direct simplicity of spiritual view; the tenderness, joined with sublime courage, of the Christian heroes and heroines of the primitive Church.

Even if this or that martyr did not say to his judge just those words that are put in his mouth, it was, nevertheless, just the kind of thing Christian martyrs did say; if this particular tor-

* "Marucchi," *op. cit.*

† Benedict XIV., *apud* "Marucchi," *op. cit.*

ture was not applied to such and such a martyr, hundreds of Christians did so suffer; if this miracle did not happen in the course of the passion of one sufferer, similar wonders did distinguish the witness borne in their deaths by others. Moreover, the main object of the *Acta Sanctorum*, as of the martyrologies and of the biographical details contained in the lessons, antiphons and responsories of the Roman Breviary is to edify and hold up examples. So long as the general view presented by what is legendary is a true one—and by comparison with indisputably authentic Acts we know that it is a true one,—this main object is effectively obtained. We need not suppose, indeed, for a moment, that legendary matter is preferred by the authorities of the Church to strict matter of fact, or has been purposely introduced by authority. The action of the Popes in setting aside matter recognized to be doubtful, and in ordering the correction, from time to time, of the lessons of the Breviary, shows that this has not been the case.

But Breviary lessons and martyrologies and Acts of the Martyrs are not inspired Scripture. They have grown up by a natural process, certainly overruled and guided by Providence to fulfil its end, and carefully watched over by authority, but not guaranteed as infallibly correct in every detail. There is no need to labor the point. To do so would be somewhat like making a mountain out of a molehill. With a foundation of firm historical truth, with a true "atmosphere" created by devout artistry in what is actually legendary, an atmosphere full of true Christian sentiment and representing, if not literally recording, fact, we have what we need for true edification, built, not on mere imaginings, but partly on strict fact and partly upon a legitimate elaboration of a perfectly true traditional impression of the Christian life and the Christian contest

of the days of the great persecutions.*

In certain offices of saints in the Roman Breviary, this tradition—not by any means all legendary,—is most beautifully and dramatically set forth so as to minister to Catholic piety and devotion with an unrivalled effectiveness, due both to the tradition itself, which they carry on, and to the unstudied art which distinguishes the Liturgy of the Church. They breathe, do these offices, the very spirit of Christian prayer and praise; they give, in concise biography and by rapid flashes of vivid description, in antiphon and responsory, most telling impressions of saintly life and character in primitive times. The present writer hopes to contribute to these pages from time to time some slight sketches of saints as shown to us in the Breviary, to which this article may serve as an introduction. Each sketch will be complete in itself, so that the patience of readers may not be tried by having to wait and pick up later the threads of a subject broken off by that discouraging announcement, "to be continued in our next."

* It has always seemed to the writer that many traditional happenings, not susceptible of strict historical proof, and, therefore, because of the necessity to avoid giving a handle to hostile critics, not relied upon by our historians, may, nevertheless, be quite true.

PUT your heart into the search for a friend, freely offer assistance to any of the crowd who need it, and sooner or later you will find a hand outstretched toward yours, and your soul will meet its likeness. Do not imitate those who, shut up in their individuality as in a citadel, indifferent to all passers-by, yet send forth on the four winds of heaven the melancholy cry: "There are no friends!" They *do* exist, be sure of it; but only for those who seek, and for those who do not remain content to spin out the thread of life in a corner, like a spider's web, intended to catch happiness.—*Souvestre*.

A Tool of Fortune.

VII.

JUST as Wanda disappeared through the door leading into the pantry, Lewin senior, who had just arrived, stood on the threshold, greeting the Councillor with a ceremonious bow.

Raz advanced to meet him, affecting a glad surprise; although a glance at his caller might have made him understand that he had everything to fear from his visit.

"Why, my dear sir," exclaimed Raz, "a moment later and we should have passed each other on the road! I was just about to start for town."

The banker preserved a circumspect demeanor, and did not even take the hand stretched out toward him.

"Really," Lewin began, slowly, "the business that brings me here is important enough to occupy both of us."

The Councillor tried to keep up the appearance of courage.

"How serious you are!" he replied, carelessly. "I really hope that you have not put a bad interpretation on my little joke."

As he spoke he pointed to a chair beside the table.

"So you call it a joke?" rejoined the Jew. "My compliments."

Then, as Raz was so embarrassed that he did not know what to reply, Samuel pointed to the door and said, lowering his voice:

"The conversation we are about to have should not be overheard; at least it would not be to your interest to have it overheard."

At the mere sound of Lewin's cold, confident tone, the Councillor felt as if the ground were slipping from under his feet.

"What is the use of being so serious about a trifle? I confess that I acted

very thoughtlessly. But, since you wish it, I will bolt the door. However, there is no one about, I assure you, excepting my daughter."

"She will probably have the last word to say in this matter—but, to begin with, I want you to listen to the few plain facts I have to tell you," answered the banker.

Raz's pride was aroused by the tone of his visitor.

"Permit me, sir. In point of fact—"

"Permit me also," interrupted Lewin. "I must stop you. Are you going to talk again about jests? At your age one does not play tricks; one does not commit forgery under the pretext of a joke."

"Forgery! forgery!" stammered Raz, as if he had but just comprehended the terrible significance of the word. Then he went on, his face scarlet: "You do not understand me, I see. Would I have put myself into your hands so willingly and sent you the note, if I had really intended to forge your signature? I see now that I have committed a grave error. But did you not urge me to do it? You said, 'Sign the note yourself,' did you not? That was a jest. Then why not consider my foolish act in the same light?"

The Jew shook his head.

"One can say anything. You astonish me, and yet I have seen many strange things in my long life."

The unfortunate nobleman hung his head. The blood rushed to his face; his temples throbbed. His pride suffered, and yet he saw himself powerless, vanquished, even before the beginning of the struggle. He made a show of resistance, however.

"I had faith in you and I am deceived," he said. "It pleased you to refuse me a service that would have cost you little and would have saved me. Do not now take advantage of the situation in which a moment of forgetfulness has

unfortunately placed me. Give me the note; I demand it."

A silent sneer curled the banker's lips.

"Do you ask me to return your note to you?"

"I do."

"And do you acknowledge that you have committed a forgery?"

"No,—a hundred times, no!" cried Raz, rising.

The banker imitated him, and the two men stood for a moment facing each other.

"Then," said Lewin, going toward the door, "it only remains for me to prove it to you and to others by the means I consider most suitable."

Raz, half-fainting, made no effort to detain him—at first. A forgery,—a real forgery! And so he was guilty; and this man had it in his power to ruin him and his children, to dishonor forever their proud name! The fury of despair seized him. With a bound he sprang upon the banker, clutching him in his nervous grasp.

"I want the note! Give it to me! Do you hear?" he hissed.

The banker did not offer the least resistance. Resigned, like all those of his race, he merely closed his eyes, seeking to escape in this manner from the danger that threatened him.

"Before you have time to strangle me, I can call for help," he answered, calmly.

Raz relaxed his grasp, as if ashamed of his violence. Then Samuel quickly recovered himself, and assumed his former arrogance.

"You must know that in coming here I had no intention of giving up the weapon you have forged against yourself. The note is in my safe. Supposing you commit another crime, in what way will that help your cause?"

"What do you want of me, then?" asked Raz, bending his head.

"That is more reasonable. If I have come to your house in person, it is because I see a possible means of settlement. You would do better to let me talk."

"Go on: I am listening," replied the Councillor.

"Very well; let us sit down again—opposite each other. And now, my dear sir," continued Lewin, fixing his piercing eyes on his host, "hear my preliminary discourse. You and your class are in the habit of despising Jews. You need them, it is true; but there are no iniquities of which you do not believe them capable. Perhaps you are somewhat in the right. But take note of this: never would I, the usurer, the devourer of widows and orphans—the Jew, in short,—do what you, my very honored sir, have dared to do."

These words were pronounced slowly, with a smile full of pride. Lewin relished his vengeance; he knew that he held his victim entirely at his mercy. Raz sat motionless, feeling neither anger nor rebellion, but rather a pity and disgust for himself. He divined Lewin's secret thoughts, and knew at what price he could save, not his honor, but his name. He knew that his daughter would be the price of the sacrifice; and, although he had thought of this before, at this moment he would have preferred death. The sweet image of Wanda rose before him like that of a martyr; and, without hoping to move Samuel to mercy, he felt that he must make one more effort for the sake of his beloved daughter.

"After what I have just heard," he replied, "I see that it would be quite useless to appeal to your mercy. But, though you have no pity on my old age, on my hairs whitened by sorrow. Think of my children; spare them this last suffering, this last shame—of despising their father. You are a father, too. This appeal should find an echo in your

heart: you should know the feelings of a father—”

“Permit me to interrupt you,” said Lewin, raising his fat, puffy hand. “You have touched a sensitive spot. Yes, it is on account of our children solely that we shall be able to come to an understanding. But let me clearly define the situation. If you refuse my conditions, I will pursue you without mercy; I will drag you before the courts; I will have no regard whatever for your white hairs, nor for your name, nor for that of your children.”

“God will avenge me,” answered Raz, resignedly.

“That is possible, but neither you nor I know anything about that. Even if He interferes in human affairs, I should be willing to expose myself to His anger in this case, as I consider that justice is on my side. Now, this is what I wish to do: to arrange matters so that you can honorably extricate yourself from the complication in which you are involved, and at the same time secure the happiness of one who is dearer to me than anything in the world. You will doubtless understand that I refer to one of my sons.”¹

Raz nodded an assent.

“You are also doubtless aware of the nature of the proposition I am about to make to you.”

This time Raz remained mute, but a deep flush mounted to his cheeks.

“Sir,” said Lewin abruptly, rising at the same time, “I have come to ask the hand of your daughter for my son Leopold.”

He sat down again immediately; showing that, although he consented to observe certain formalities, he intended to hold his position as master and to be obeyed. Then, as the silence was prolonged beyond the point he considered necessary, he continued:

“Either your daughter, or prosecution for forgery.”

Raz made a feeble protest.

“That concerns Wanda and not myself.”

“On the contrary,” replied Lewin, “it depends solely upon yourself. Do not let us resort to vain subterfuges. On the day when you say to your daughter, ‘I want you to marry Leopold Lewin; our peace and happiness—our honor,’ you may add, if you think it necessary—‘depend upon it,’ I feel sure she will consent to the sacrifice. I do not deceive myself when I use the word ‘sacrifice’; I have too good an opinion of your daughter not to think that it will be a sacrifice.”

As Raz sat motionless, absorbed in his reflections, Lewin went on:

“I am modest; I consider that your daughter will confer a great honor upon us by consenting to change her name for ours. I have tried my best to dissuade Leopold from this idea. But what can one do? Love belongs to all races and to all countries. It is neither Jewish nor Christian. The boy is literally devoured by it. I set great store by him: he is to be my successor, the perpetuator of my work; and there is not, on my part, any sacrifice of which I am not capable to secure his happiness.

“Allow me to point out the advantages, both moral and physical, that you will secure by this union. First of all, there is your honor; no forger in the Raz family—pardon me for touching your wound. Secondly, no further embarrassment in financial matters. I will take upon myself the management of your estate; you can live here quietly with your son, or without him if his duties call him elsewhere. He is a young man of merit. What will he be able to do if you refuse my proposition? Nothing. What can he accomplish aided by us? Everything. Accept it then, sir. If there is a loser in the bargain we are about to make, it will

surely not be you. I could be even more severe, and ask you to acquaint your daughter with my offer at once. I wish to spare her pride, however, and a humiliating confession on your part. I will go now, feeling sure that in eight days you will bring me your consent. Your note is in my safe. It shall remain there until the day when my son calls Wanda Raz his wife. As to the five thousand roubles that you need, I shall hold them at your disposition as soon as you bring me your daughter's plighted word. I will now conclude by bidding you good-day, certain that you will reflect, and that the result of your reflections will be such as to make us agree in every particular. So now good-day, sir."

Lewin then took his leave, with a last glance at Raz. A moment later his sleigh disappeared behind the massive, snow-laden trees.

(To be continued.)

Midday in Summer.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

LONG grasses waving in the orchard-space,
With trunks of apple trees bird-pecked and rough;

The drowsy drone of bees throughout the place,

And every breath of wind a perfumed puff.

Black bitten by the insects, in the trees

The fruit hangs over-ripe, each rotten speck
A wound made by some handit of the breeze,
Which strides with vicious buzz an airy deck.

High overhead a phantom fleet lies still,

Anchored in sea of deepest, purest blue.

Their vapor shapes await the current's will,
Their misty bulwarks changing to the view.

Slow waves of warmth, and silence, save the cheep

Of restless bird, made drowsy by the heat,
Which sits upon its perch almost asleep;

And clear upsprings the cricket's anvil-beat.

The Tragedy and Triumph of a Vocation.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

III.

WITHIN two years and two months after their establishment at Derby, the Sisters of the Holy Child had received twenty-two postulants, and ten novices had been clothed with the religious habit. The ideals of the society were now taking definite shape. Mother Connolly, as we shall henceforth call her, had no rigid mould to which she wished each individual to conform, but she knew how to fashion, with a masterly hand, all the material she possessed into a pattern which yet gave scope to the development of personal character. She well knew that the gifts of grace are founded on those of nature, and that every soul is capable of giving to God a special service and love which can be supplied by no other creature. The society, in the first freshness of its spring, was enjoying a period of fervor and happiness.

The school was satisfactory in numbers and in the progress of the pupils, when the hand of Pierce Connolly began to make itself felt in that peaceful abode of religion and self-consecration. Situated as they were, nothing could be more inopportune or more undesirable than his interference with the affairs of the society, either religious or secular. To quote once more from the biography:

"The favor shown Pierce Connolly by Gregory XVI. and some of the cardinals had led to expectations of rapid ecclesiastical promotion for him. His hopes ran high. We have already seen that his proposed entrance into the Society of Jesus soon came to naught, and it was said that he had worked hard to secure his own appointment as Papal Nuncio to Ireland. . . . The death of Pope Gregory put an end to these designs;

his successor was not disposed to consider him favorably."

A chaplaincy at Alton Towers soon became too tame a position for his ambitious soul, and among other schemes, his thoughts turned to the new society, over which, in some inexplicable way, he imagined himself entitled to a guardianship. As a first step in this self-appointed vocation and a surer means of guiding the Sisters in the higher paths, he wrote to a friend in Rome, the Rev. Dr. Samuele Asperti, begging him to come to England and take up the duties of chaplain to the new community at Derby.

Mother Connolly's first knowledge of this was when the Rev. Doctor presented himself at the convent and announced the purpose for which he had come. In accepting him, she made a serious mistake, not because of any personal objection that could be made to him, but on account of the situation the circumstance created. It is possible that in her surprise she was not quick enough, and hesitated about offending Mr. Connolly, whose motives, however ill-advised, naturally seemed prompted by kindness and a sincere interest in all that concerned her and the society. It was only a very short time until she saw her error, but irreparable mischief had already been done; and much more was to follow.

Mr. Connolly's next astonishing move was to institute in the civil courts a suit for the restoration of conjugal rights. We will pass over an account of the miserable proceedings. This suit was brought at a time when the Church was not in favor in what was then considered the most Protestant country in Europe. During its progress, Mother Connolly was repeatedly advised to seek refuge on the Continent, as the general opinion seemed to be that the law would decide against her. But that she firmly refused to do, saying, that such action would imply weakness on her part, that,

until forced to do so, she would never lay down the work she had undertaken, nor desert the community whom she regarded as her children, nor doubt the justice of God, whom, she felt sure would not suffer the dreadful thing, which cast its shadow before her, to become a reality. She was right. To the great surprise of all concerned, the Privy Council decided against Pierce Connolly, who might have appealed the decision, however, had not his funds been exhausted. He was obliged to let the case drop, leaving the victory with Mother Connolly. The plaintiff then threw off the mask, and renounced his allegiance to the Church, about which he took occasion to make the most infamous charges.

After some time, his activity in this matter subsided, and he joined his three children in Italy. (Mercer, the oldest, had been taken from Stonyhurst some time before.) Re-entering the Protestant Episcopal Church, he served a parish in Florence until his death, which took place in 1853. He had succeeded in winning the affections of the children entirely away from their mother, but Adeline, the daughter, returned, after the death of her father, to the Church, and spent the remainder of her life in works of charity.

As to the unhappy man, the cause of so much sorrow and scandal, it is difficult to form a judgment. Cardinal Wiseman said of him: "The unfortunate man was not at all times responsible for his words and deeds. The astounding inconsistency found in his various writings, the contradictory statements, the positive assertions which give the lie to his early expressions of faith, devotion and sincerity, all tend to prove this opinion correct." In his conversion to the Faith he was judged to have been absolutely sincere by the friends whom he lost as well as those he gained. The wise and holy

believed in him, Christ's Vicar honored him; and there is testimony of the one who, above all others, knew him best and believed that he was called to do greater things than herself for the cause of religion. The mercies of God are above all His works. With Him be the judgment.

To return to the progress of the Society of the Holy Childhood. Mother Connolly had large ideas as to the work of her community, too comprehensive, perhaps, to fall within the scope of a single Order; but she counted upon an increase of members. Her plans show the extent of her zeal. As she saw the needs of the Church in England, and as her knowledge of souls and their different capabilities increased, her heart expanded with the desire to make room for all vocations and all needs. "She wished," says her biographer, "the society to be a kind of hive of spiritual industry; not to be confined to education, although education was its principal exterior occupation, but to undertake all spiritual works of mercy—visiting the sick and dying, instructing converts, preparing women and girls for the Sacraments, bringing up orphans, providing retreats for seculars, and training servants....

"She wished every talent to be utilized in the service of God. Her own manifold interests and varied gifts gave direction to her activity. She was an artist of no mean ability, a fine musician, the possessor of a glorious voice. She was always loth to give up a project until it had been tried. If it proved impracticable, she would renounce it cheerfully, wasting no time in vain regrets. And she had the gift of inspiring others with her own enthusiasm and enterprise. A superior who knew her well spoke of this as one of her greatest talents. 'She was essentially a pioneer. She could interest others in a new scheme, and fill them with a belief in

their own power to succeed. Then, having begun the work, she would retire, leaving the completion and the credit of its prosperity to others.'"

Mother Connolly was far ahead of her time in her ideas as to what should constitute the curriculum of schools for girls. She believed that women should have a general knowledge of many subjects of which the majority then knew nothing. Even in the poor schools, she was not satisfied with the "three R's," but endeavored to introduce some higher studies into the schools for children who were to begin to earn their living at an early age.

History, geography and some acquaintance with literature were thought by her necessary to the development of minds destined for the humbler walks of life. In the academies and boarding schools, where the pupils remained much longer at school, philosophy, logic, astronomy, even geology and architecture formed part of the program of the higher grades. She encouraged the study of languages; and, as a relaxation from tasks more serious and prolonged, desired that drawing, painting and music be taught.

At that period there were not so many holidays as now, no Easter or Christmas vacation, only five weeks in midsummer. Every day had its regular routine of hours, which, albeit long perhaps, was supplemented by daily recreations and the tension relieved by little entertainments, plays and excursions in which the pupils took great delight. Mother Connolly's love for children was beautiful; she mingled with them constantly, and they never stood in awe of their superior. She was specially interested in the little ones. In the rules for teaching which she composed, it is specified that they were not to be kept too long at any particular task, and should be allowed to move about the class room. This in some respects was

anticipating the modern Montessori method.

The older girls were taught geography in such a way as to kindle the imagination and arouse thought. Above all things, the lessons were to be made "interesting." So, too, with history. Maps and pictures figured largely in all these lessons. Original composition, reading and letter-writing were always to be regarded as the most desirable accomplishments of an educated woman. Mother Connolly often said that no woman who could not read aloud an article from a leading journal in such a manner as to be enjoyed and thoroughly understood by her hearers, could not be considered educated.

Mother Connolly's directions regarding the first religious instructions to children are truly admirable. She writes: "The first lesson should be given in the form of simple tales, to excite their curiosity and arouse their imaginations, placing Almighty God before them in the light of a tender and loving Father, a kind and good Creator, who has made us all and created everything, who has bestowed upon us all we possess, thus leading their young hearts to a sincere love of His goodness. They should not yet be taught to look upon God in the exercise of His power as a judge or punisher of sin. After a tender love of God has taken possession of their hearts, through the stories of the life of Christ especially, they will be ready to hear of sin and its punishment; for they will then understand the evil of offending One who has done so much for them."

Church history was taught from the beginning, even to the children of tender age. They were told the thrilling stories of the early martyrs, and of the persecutions which had extended almost to their own day. To be sure, there were no more hangings, burnings or imprisonment for one's faith; but the cry

"No Popery" was still rampant in England, and many of the first pupils of the Holy Child Jesus had seen it chalked on the doors of their parents' houses during the riots of 1850.

At this time and afterward, Mother Connolly's methods were strongly criticised by her more conservative fellow-Catholics. She was an American, a convert; her ideas were foreign to those with which they were familiar. Determined to have the best teachers in default of qualified nuns or secular mistresses, she introduced professors into the schools. This caused her to meet with great opposition from both laity and clergy. But patience, tact, and a sense of humor won victory for her in the end.

Again, the acting of "plays" was quite unheard of in a convent school. Catholic parents of the better class were, at that time, intensely afraid of "worldliness," which they thought amateur performances were likely to engender. But Mother Connolly held that with proper subjects chosen, such performances were advantageous for the children; she believed that it gave them grace of deportment, fluency of speech and ease of manner, as distinguished from the awkwardness which so often characterizes young girls on their entrance into society. It was, moreover, a healthy diversion for the pupils. She thought they imbibed noble sentiments from the characters they sought to portray; and it is a notable fact that several of the children thus chosen to appear upon the convent stage became members of various religious Orders. Apparently, they were not injured by the performances in which they had taken part.

She did not believe in a too rigid decorum in school; it was unnatural, she argued, declaring that it was an easy thing, for the sake of order, to make discipline too severe. The chil-

dren were encouraged to express their opinions and ideas without fear of repulse. "Above all things," said Mother Connolly, "the pupils must be trusted. Confidence in children develops a high sense of honor, bringing out and strengthening all that is best within them."

Her method of moral training was rather a spirit than a system, and, wonderful to relate, all that she accomplished was done practically alone, without advice from others older in the Faith and experience. It is a well-known fact that most of the many founders of religious communities of women have been under the direction of some wise and learned spiritual guide. It was not so with Mother Connolly. Cardinal Wiseman brought her to England, but his work with the society practically ceased with this. Circumstances beyond his control had removed her from his influence, and no one took his place. But her confidence in Almighty God was so great, and her habit of going to Him in every difficulty, and then calmly awaiting the trend of events, were such a part of her life that one might be justified in believing that she did not feel the absence of a worldly adviser as much as one less firm of character would have done.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE young live on the hope of the future, the old on the memory of the past. Let us consider that there is nothing more vain than hopes of this kind, and that they mostly deceive us; that out of fifty, scarcely three come to anything. God seems to take pleasure in confounding them, because they are so many usurpations of His rights. To labor for success is to diverge from the ways of Divine Providence, and to quit the road marked out for us from all eternity.

—Louis Lallemant, S. J.

James Luno's Secret.*

I.

BASIL CAMUS kept a little inn on the outskirts of a small Spanish seaport town. His wife was dead, and his eldest son had become a priest and had been sent to Lima as military chaplain; he had with him only his youngest son, Joseph, who was feeble-minded. He was a great vexation to his father, as he was of no use in the inn; so he was sent to tend the goats.

One day Basil was sitting outside his inn, taking the cool air, but with a frown on his face, and by his side his greatest friend, Uncle Bernard, as he was called, an old soldier on half-pay.

"Cheer up, neighbor!" said the latter; "don't be so down-hearted. Follow my example. I have my trials as well as other people. Do you know what I do? When I am going to bed I put down my hat and I say: 'Now, there are my cares'; and I put down my waistcoat and I say: 'There are my troubles'; then I say my prayers and go to sleep. Why can't you do the same?"

"The worst thing," said Basil, "is that the time for conscription is close at hand. Suppose Joseph should draw a bad number?"

"Never mind if he does. It would be a good thing: it will draw him out; he will see other places. If he stays forever minding goats, he will become an out and out imbecile. The army is not so bad as you think. I got on well enough. It is true I was an officer's servant, and I had a famous master. I loved him like a brother. I once saved his life. You see this scar on my forehead? I threw myself between him and a furious French soldier, and got the blow on my head instead of its going through his heart."

* A true story in all but unessential details. So many years have passed since the events occurred, that the real names of the characters might now be given.

"Ah, Bernard! my poor boy is not fit for a soldier. He is not like his brother Gaspard in any way; but he is meek, and has a good heart."

"Very well, then; if you don't want him to go, why can't you buy him off?"

"Where is the money to come from?"

"From your savings, old fellow; I know you have got some. Your goats are flourishing, and so is your business."

"Don't talk nonsense, Bernard; the matter is serious. Am I to be left alone in my old age?"

"Sell your inn, and come and live with me in town."

"Impossible! I have always lived here, and I could not bear to go anywhere else. I shall stay here till I depart for the other world."

Neither of the friends had known that a young man had been lying on the grass near them, but out of sight. He now came forward as if passing by, yawning like a donkey.

"My lad," said Bernard, who had a very sharp tongue when he wanted to use it, "the fellow that yawns at midday is not worth much."

"I have been shooting," said the young man, "and have walked many miles."

"Well, no one forced you to go. I thought you were a barber, and I heard the other day you wanted to learn French. Why can't you mind your business, and not wish to be above others? People who do that generally go wrong."

"Uncle Bernard, you have a bitter tongue. If it were not for your gray hairs I would give you a good drubbing"; and, casting on the old soldier an angry look, he passed on.

"Be off with you, lord barber!" cried Bernard after him. "You are brimful of pride. You care little for my gray hairs, but a good deal for what I could tell of you if I chose."

"My word, how you gave it to the

barber!" said Basil. "He'll have a spite against you for sure."

"I said only the truth," replied Bernard. "He is the worst fellow in the town; but I am a match for him, and he knows it."

II.

James Luno, the barber, did not go home; but wandered up to the hills, where he found Joseph Camus feeding his goats. The poor boy was glad to have a chat with him.

"So, Joseph, you are going to draw your lot?" asked James.

"Yes," replied the lad, beginning to cry; "my father won't buy me off. What good does his money do him?"

"Has your father money?"

"Yes: he has a hundred gold crowns and more. He turns all his money into gold. His share when grandfather died was a big one."

"Do you know where he hides this gold?"

"I do; but my father does not know that I do. He thinks I'm a fool. One night I saw him make a hole in the wall above the head of his bed; he placed his money there; then he put the brick back and whitened the wall again. What is the good of keeping the money there instead of buying me off? But, as he won't, if I draw a bad number I shall take to my heels and hide."

"You will never hide long," rejoined James; "they'll soon find you, and then you'll go to prison. Listen to me. I have to draw also, and if I get a bad number I shall go with the others. But, as soon as I see a good opportunity, I mean to desert; and you'd better come with me."

Joseph's face lighted up. "Will you really take me with you?"

"Yes, if you will promise to tell no one. Will you swear it?"

"Yes," answered Joseph, "by the soul of my mother."

Some weeks after this the drawing

of lots took place; and both Joseph and James drew bad numbers, and were soon drafted off to Seville. Joseph fell completely under James' influence, and served him like a slave.

After some months James told Joseph he was going to desert; he kept his word, and they both got as far as the mountains in the vicinity of their native town. They hid in a cave, and James sent off Joseph to the shepherds to beg for bread, as they would be sure not to betray him.

"When night falls you can go to your father, and beg some money from him to escape to Gibraltar; and there we can live in peace, and earn our living," said James. But when evening came the wily barber observed: "After all, I think I had better go to your father; I think I can argue with him better than you can."

Joseph, who dreaded his father's anger, gladly agreed.

James was about to depart when he remarked: "Your father has a dog; lend me your knife, and your handkerchief to cover my head."

Joseph complied.

At the end of an hour James returned. "Your father will give nothing," he said. "All I could do was to get from him your shepherd's clothes. Here they are; put them on. I learned that the soldiers are on our track, and we must separate. Bury yourself in the mountains. As for me, I shall try and get to Portugal."

III.

The sun rose bright and beautiful. Uncle Bernard went out for his early walk. As he passed the inn, he was astonished to find it shut.

"I hope old Basil is not ill," said he; "I'll see." He pushed open the door. All dark and silent within. "Basil!" he called; "are you there?"

No answer but the moaning of a dog. Bernard burst the door wide open, and

the light came in. To his horror, he found a knife on the ground, and near it the corpse of his old friend, half hidden by the mattress. There had evidently been a struggle. All the furniture was overturned, and there was a hole in the wall behind the bed. The dog was half dead.

"Robbed and murdered!" exclaimed Bernard; "the gold has cost him his life. May God have mercy on his soul!"

He closed the door and immediately set out for the police.

The knife lying on the ground, with which the murder had been committed, belonged to Joseph; it was well known. And a handkerchief of his, all blood-stained, was found in a bush not far from the inn.

Inquiry proved that Joseph had deserted the day before the crime, and shepherds owned to having met him, and given him bread. He had often told the neighbors that his father had money, and could buy him off if he pleased, but would not. Save the gold, which no one could prove to have been there, nothing was gone but Joseph's shepherd dress of sheepskin. Everyone was convinced that Joseph had committed this terrible crime. Search was made for him through the mountains, but in vain.

IV.

Some years passed, and our story leads us to Lima, South America, in which place much notice was taken of an officer who had distinguished himself in the war, and who was on intimate terms with the colonel of his regiment. It was even whispered that he would eventually marry the colonel's only daughter.

Another battle was fought, and Don Victor Guerra, as the young officer was called, again distinguished himself, though he nearly lost his life. He was carried from the field, and the surgeon attended to his wounds; they were so

serious that the chaplain was sent for, the surgeon having declared that the officer might die suddenly.

The chaplain, Don Gaspard, hurried to the hospital, and was left alone with the sufferer. When he came out he was deadly pale.

"Are you ill, Don Gaspard?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh, no! It is nothing. That room was so very close; I shall be quite well in a few moments. Do go back to that poor fellow; he is in dreadful pain."

The chaplain hastened to the nearest church. He fell on his face before the altar, and prayed there for a long time. When he rose all trace of agitation had passed.

The reader will easily guess that Don Gaspard had heard the confession of his father's murderer—of him who had also blighted the life of his unfortunate brother.

James Luno was not aware that Don Gaspard was the son of Uncle Basil, and he did not learn it from the priest. Don Gaspard fulfilled his duty as a confessor, and none but his Master knew of his inward suffering. Contrary to all expectation, Victor Guerra, as we must now call him, recovered. He was praised for his courage, and advanced to the rank of colonel. The remorse of his sick bed bore no fruit. Puffed up with pride, he threw himself more and more into the vortex of the world. His colonel was now general; and Guerra was more than ever anxious to marry his daughter, a beautiful girl, and heiress to a large fortune.

The regiment was ordered to Spain; and Guerra, quite confident that no one would recognize him, though he had been absent a comparatively short time, went with it. Arriving at Malaga, he boldly pressed his suit. The General disliked the idea; but, unhappily, Guerra, by his agreeable manners and the *éclat* of his prowess in battle, had won to his

side the young lady and her mother. So the General yielded. Victor and Teresa were betrothed.

The marriage was to take place in Madrid, where the eldest brother of the General resided; and to his house the family proceeded. Colonel Guerra had to stay at Malaga for a court-martial to be held on a deserter. He was president of the council, which was formed of six subordinate officers.

The indictment was read out against Joseph Camus, a shepherd, who was accused of desertion from the army and parricide. After long search he had finally been apprehended. No one observed the deadly pallor that overspread the face of the Colonel, nor his strong effort to preserve his composure. The thought came into his mind: "This man's death will place a perpetual seal on my secret."

The defence was feeble indeed. It consisted simply of the prisoner's strong assertion of innocence, and his council's declaration that he was half-witted.

The Colonel managed to avoid meeting the prisoner's eye; but he said, in a harsh, rough voice, to the members of the council: "Question the fellow."

One of the younger of the officers was moved with compassion at the sight of this wretched, broken-down creature.

"Did you not say that on the day of the crime you were not alone?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Who were you with?"

"I can not tell you."

"Why not?"

"Because I have sworn to be silent by the soul of my mother."

"What did you do with the money you stole?" asked another.

"I stole nothing."

"He means to deny everything," said a third, with some irritation; "these peasants are such liars!"

"Do you know this knife, prisoner?"

"No, I don't." He had in reality quite forgotten it.

"Enough! enough!" interposed the president, who, at the sight of the knife, started up as if struck with a blow. "Remove the culprit."

"In the name of God, in the name of Our Lady, I am innocent!" screamed the prisoner, raising his hands.

"Take him away!" repeated the president sternly.

"I am innocent!—I am innocent!" repeated Joseph, with groans and tears, as he was led away.

"I really believe he is," declared the youngest officer, much moved.

"What are your reasons for saying that?" asked the president, sharply.

"I feel it in my bones," replied the officer.

"Unanswerable proof," said the president, scornfully. "Perhaps this is your first court-martial?"

"No, it is not," answered the young man; "and at the last one I voted for the condemnation of the prisoner. My conscience obliged me to do so; and to-day my conscience obliges me to declare this poor young fellow innocent."

The voting began, and on examination the votes were found to be equal: so many for life, so many for death. The casting vote rested with the president. In case of condemnation his vote counted for one, in case of acquittal it reckoned as two. He did not hesitate a moment but wrote down:

"Having heard the evidence against Joseph Camus, I vote that he should be shot in conformity to the standing orders of the army." And he signed the death-warrant, "Victor Guerra."

The next day the prisoner was executed, and Colonel Guerra at once left for Madrid.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.—*Montaigne*.

The Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.

IT is generally thought that the block of stone which rests under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey, London, where the sovereigns of the United Kingdom have, for centuries, been crowned, is none other than the famous Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, which used to stand within the ramparts of the ancient palace of Tara at the north side of Dumha-na-nGiall, the Mound of Hostages, where the kings of Ireland were enthroned.

In support of this idea, I may remark that, up to the middle of the last century the stone in Westminster is stated to have had a tablet affixed to it, giving the history of its voyage across the Irish Sea and its wanderings in Scotland until chance deposited it in its present supposed quarters. However, for some reason, which I have no means of ascertaining, the Irish record was removed from the stone at a later period and replaced by one in which its history is related only from Scone—the ancient home of Scottish royalty.

The history of the Lia Fail, as pieced together from the writings of bards, poets, and antiquarians, is the history of early Ireland epitomized. That the stone at Westminster is the real Stone of Destiny has long been a disputed point. Indeed, there is much more evidence testifying to the falsity of the idea than that its transfer to Westminster, via Scone, had ever taken place,—witness the transposition of the history on the Westminster stone.

According to legends, the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, was brought to Ireland by the Tuatha-de-Danaans, a people who overcame the Firbolgs under their last king, Eochaid, and ruled the country until they themselves were overthrown in turn by the Milesians. It

was the property of Fal, one of their chieftains, hence its name, Lia Fal (pronounced fawl).

The Tuatha-de-Danaans were a wandering people who had dwelt in Greece for some time, learning magic from the Greeks, until they became much more skilful in the arts of necromancy than their masters. Having used their newly acquired knowledge to good effect in aiding the Syrians, when the latter came into conflict with the Greeks in battle, they were obliged to flee the country, lest the vengeance of their hosts should annihilate them. In the "Annals of the Four Masters," it is stated that Ceasair, granddaughter of Noah, landed in Ireland forty days before the Deluge, and that she with her following of three men and fifty girls were its first inhabitants. So the descendants of Japheth, who, according to O'Brien's Irish Dictionary, crossed the Hellespont after the Deluge and settled for a time in ancient Greece and then began their wanderings through Europe to Gaul and Britain, might have been the progenitors of the Tuatha-de-Danaans.

Fal and his followers put much land between themselves and their late teachers, for Scandinavia was their next stopping-place. Being learned in science and the arts as well as in necromancy, they lived peaceably in the country, devoting themselves to the instruction of youth. Soon, however, their roving spirit asserted itself, and they crossed the North Sea, bringing with them four treasures: the Stone of Fal; the sword used by Lugh of the Long Arms,—another Tuatha-de-Danaan chieftain; the spear of the same Lugh; and the Cauldron of the Daghdha from which, it is said, no man went away unsatisfied. The rovers appear to have spent a short time in Scotland, when they set sail again, this time to Ireland where, as we have said, they conquered the Firbolgs. Placing the Lia Fail in Tara,

which they selected as a centre of government, the Tuatha-de-Danaans ruled Ireland for two centuries. They were eventually defeated by the Milesians, who adopted both Tara and the Lia Fail, —using the latter as a coronation-stone for *their* kings.

Speaking of these early times, Mrs. Stopford Green, in her learned book, "Irish Nationality," says:

"We do not know when the Gaels first entered Ireland, coming according to ancient Irish legends across the Gaulish Sea. One invasion followed another, and an old Irish tract gives the definite Gaelic monarchy as beginning in the Fourth Century B. C. They drove the earlier peoples,—the Iberians, from the stupendous stone forts and earthen entrenchments that guarded cliffs and mountain passes. The Gaels (i. e., the Milesians,) gave their language and organization to the country, while many customs and traditions of the older race lingered on and penetrated to the new people. Over a thousand years of undisturbed life lay before the Gaels, from about 300 B. C. to 800 A. D. . . . The barbarians, who swept over the provinces of the Empire and reached to the great Roman Wall, never crossed the Irish Sea.

"Out of the grouping of the tribes, there emerged a division of the island into districts. Each of the provinces had its stretch of seaboard and harbors, its lakes and rivers for fishing, its mountain strongholds, its hill pastures, and its share of the rich central plain. . . . All met in the middle of the island, at the Hill of Usnech, where the Stone of Division still stands. There the high-king held his court, as chief lord in the confederation of many states. The rich lands of Meath were the high-king's domain.

"Heroic tales celebrated the prehistoric conflicts of giants by which the peoples fixed the boundaries of their

power. . . . Amid such conflicts the Con-naught kings pressed eastward from Usnech to Tara, and fixed there the centre of Irish life. . . . The 'hearth of Tara' was the centre of all the Gaelic states, and the demesne of the Ardri. 'This, then, is my foster mother,' said the ancient sage, 'the island in which ye are, even Ireland; and the familiar knee of this island is the hill on which ye are, namely, Tara.' There the Ardri was crowned at the *pillar-stone*."

All of which goes to prove that there was a special stone at Tara on which the kings of Ireland were crowned; and it is said that it acted as a test of true kinship, for if the claimant were the rightful heir and came of royal blood, it uttered a shout which was heard by all the people; but if the claim was spurious the stone remained silent. According to Keating, this virtue passed from the Lia Fail during the reign of Connor MacNessa. This king—one of the three pagan men of Erin who heard of the Christian faith before the coming of St. Patrick,—the story goes on to relate, is said to have been informed of the Crucifixion by his chief Druid and died of sorrow because he could not go to the assistance of Our Lord. Another story states that he really did journey to Calvary, and died in defending his Saviour. Be that as it may, Connor MacNessa's reign synchronized with the life and ministry of our Saviour; and the sudden dumbness of the Lia Fail at that time might be taken as symbolical, since all oracular images were heard no more after Christ had voiced His thoughts in human speech.

The legend, or fact, of the transfer of the Lia Fail to Scotland by the Irish king, Fergus—when he was elected to rule over his own countrymen who had settled in the western part of that country,—is attested by several Scottish writers, among whom figure John of Fordun, and Hector Boece. The former,

a canon of Aberdeen cathedral, was the chief authority on Scottish history in the Fourteenth Century. His "*Scotch-cronicon*" covers the history of Scotland up to the year 1153, and he left other volumes in preparation which brought the work down to 1437. These were edited after his death by Walter Bower, Abbot of Inchcolm; but later, he prepared an abridgment of the work which is known as the "*Book of Cupar*."

Hector Boece, who had been a professor of philosophy in Montaigu College, Paris, was the first principal of Aberdeen University. He wrote his history of Scotland nearly a century after the Abbot of Inchcolm had finished editing the posthumous papers of Robert of Fordun, so it is more than likely that their material was derived from the same source. Boece, however, deviates somewhat from the statements of his predecessors, and denies to the Tuatha-de-Danaan tribe the possession of the Lia Fail, tracing its early history to Spain, from whence it was brought to Ireland by the Milesians. He also credits it with powers of enchantment and prophecy; so that in whatsoever country it was found, that nation would be ruled by a king of the Scottish (i. e., Irish) race. He further adds that it was in fulfilment of that prophecy that Fergus brought the stone to Scotland. But when the English king, Edward I., gained the victory so decidedly against Robert Bruce, he felt entitled to say that he had conquered Scotland, and, as a proof thereof, he abducted the Stone, and took it with him in triumph to London, where he placed it under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. There it remained practically forgotten, until the time of the Stuart kings, when it again came into prominence—its prophetic character being used to strengthen their claim to the throne of England; in proof of which James I. was crowned thereon.

Irish writers, however, amongst them Dr. Petrie, cast grave doubts on the Scottish version of the story of the Lia Fail. Indeed, they regard the tale as highly varnished for political purposes, and in no way related to the real facts of its history. They admit that a Coronation Stone was taken from Scotland to London by King Edward I. It was not the Lia Fail, for the simple reason that it never crossed the Irish Sea at all, neither in the company of King Fergus nor another,—in fact, never was removed from Tara since Fal, the Tuatha-de-Danaan chieftain, brought it over the North Sea, and set it up there for the coronation service of the kings of Eire.

Later on, however, several Irish writers, lacking access to authoritative documents during the stress of the Penal Times, and eager to advocate the Stuart cause in the interests of their holy Faith, gave the Scone-Westminster migrations of the Stone credence, advancing in proof the fact of the Stuarts' reigning in England being the fulfilment of the original prophecy.

I do not know how much credence was given to these latter writers; but it strikes me as strange that such an important event as the removal of a historic and prophetic national monument from Ireland to Scotland or London should not have been mentioned in the Irish Annals, or its loss sung by the bards or poets when the records of other and much less important incidents have been carefully noted. One is inclined, therefore, to give credence to the scribes who assert that the Lia Fail is still somewhere within the four seas of Eire; for, in summing up, the facts are: the Sixth Century witnessed the fall of Tara as a royal residence. Four centuries later, antiquarians visited the spot; they recorded the result of their observations in the Book of Ballymote and the Book of Lecan, which testify

that the Lia Fail then stood in Tara amongst the ancient monuments.

The stone which is (now) under my two feet
From it Inisfail is named,

wrote Keneth O'Hartigan, the poet, in 975 A. D. And in the year 1024, Cuan O'Lochan wrote:

Between two strands of strong tide
The Plain of Fal (is given as a name) on all
Erin.

There is a long poem (still extant, I believe,) composed by the latter poet about the royal ruins of Tara; and when Dr. Petrie and O'Donovan visited the place in the last century, they recognized all the monuments mentioned by O'Lochan. Fifty years later, scientific surveyors visited Tara and bore testimony to the above.

Another very ancient Irish MS. bears further testimony thus: "Fal lies by the side of the *Mound of Hostages* to the north, i. e., the Stone that roared under the feet of each rightful king who took possession of the mighty throne of Ireland."

As to its present site, it is stated on well-authenticated testimony that down to about the year 1824, there stood on the north side of the *Mound of Hostages* a large pillar of stone, which is thought to be none other than the Stone of Destiny. Be that as it may, the following account throws much light on the controversy. During the Rising of 1798, some peasants fell in the Battle of Tara, and were buried there under a great mound called the Forradh. To this spot the people of the neighborhood, in later years, removed the aforementioned pillar-stone—presumed to be the original Stone of Destiny,—in order to mark the spot where the Croppies lie. It stands there to-day—a tall pillar of about twelve feet in height, half of which is underground,—and forms a conspicuous monument on the famous Hill of Tara. There is neither inscription nor chisel-mark on it, and, as it is

formed of granular limestone—a stone not found in that part of the country,—it must have been originally brought from a distance. If it is the real Coronation Stone of the ancient Irish kings, it is significant that it should still stand amidst the ruins of the ancient royal residence of the High-Kings of Ireland as a silent sentinel, guarding the lonely graves of the men who fought and died in striving to make their beloved land a nation.

A Famous Abbey of England.

BY N. TOURNEUR.

THOUGH the Abbey of St. Albans is more often than not overlooked by pilgrims to the ancient homes of the Church in the British Isles, there are only two sites, north of the English Channel, which are older in the records of Christianity. So great were its mitred abbots during the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries that they disputed priority even with Westminster. So learned were its monks, that Adrian IV., the only English Pope, vainly sought admission as a young man, because he was then considered too unlettered for the fraternity of the Benedictines. As a church, St. Albans remains unique in England.

The site of this abbey in Hertfordshire, was holy ground long before the mission of St. Augustine. Indeed, some aver it is the oldest inhabited spot in Great Britain. Certain it is that, for a very long period before the Romans landed, here stood the strong place of the Cassii. The troops of Cæsar stormed and destroyed it, and then there arose the first city built of stone and lime in the British Isles. Now great tree-covered mounds and parts of broken Roman masonry indicate its site.

St. Albans arose out of the blood of a martyr. During the persecution of

the Christians under Diocletian, a young Roman of good family was living in Verulamium, on the other side of the little River Ver. Though Alban was a pagan, one of the Christians who were being persecuted, took refuge in his house. Alban hid him, and during the few days that Amphibalus, the Christian, was secreted, the young Roman hearkened earnestly to him and was baptized. When his hiding-place was discovered, Alban made the priest fare forth privily, and clad himself in the Christian's robes, and awaited the arrival of the soldiers. On being set before the prefect, recognized, and put to question, Alban declared himself to be a Christian, and was taken forth to Holmhurst, the hill across the Ver, and executed. There he was buried.

Persecution ceased, and the Roman Empire, under Constantine the Great, became Christian. Then, in time, heresy disturbed the peace of the early Church, and Germanus of Auxerre and Lupus of Troyes were sent to England. During their visit, the remains of Alban were solemnly disinterred, and a small chapel of wattle and thatch was built over the spot. Then came the invasion of the Angles, and in the general destruction, the chapel not only perished, but so great was the slaughter that all knowledge of its site perished. Not till in the second half of the Eighth Century was the grave of the blessed martyr revealed. Before Offa, King of Mercia, set out on a pilgrimage to Rome, Alban's remains also were discovered miraculously by the leading of a star. On his return from Rome, the king founded and richly endowed a monastery upon the scene for monks of the Benedictine Order.

Finally, Paul de Caen, a Norman prelate, much favored by William the Conqueror, erected a great abbey church on the ancient site. Almost eight hundred years have passed, and with them

have come many changes, yet the noble transepts, central tower, the eastern part of the nave and portions of the magnificent choir, remain. The Roman brick in them, quarried out of the city of the Romans near by, and almost as old as Christianity, is weather-beaten but hard as granite.

The abbey suffered severely during and after the suppression of the monasteries under Henry VIII., whose coffers were enriched through loot from St. Albans' beautiful shrine of gold and silver. Laden with costly jewels and gifts, it was surpassed in value only by those of St. Cuthbert of Durham, and St. Thomas of Canterbury. To-day, nearly the whole of the shrine itself has been recovered, the pieces have been almost perfectly fitted together; and the symbol, once so lovingly wrought by Mediæval hands, has been reverently placed in its old and true position. Yet, but for the townsfolk of St. Albans—that town, which had gradually established itself around and had depended so much upon the abbey,—who came forward and bought it as their parish church, the abbey would have been pulled down and its stones sold as builders' material. Not many restorations have been done so happily as the great rebuilding of the abbey church, which took place in the last century. The nave roof was then replaced, and the west front, first built in the Twelfth Century, skilfully restored.

St. Albans was a place of pilgrimage for centuries, and so it came that in the town were many hostels for the pilgrims—from the abbot's guest-house at the service of the nobles, to the inns for the middle classes, and resting-places for the peasantry, where all were cared for free of charge.

Several of these ancient pilgrim hostels of the abbey remain. Among them is one that, as early as 1448, is mentioned as the "George upon the

Hupe." In those days, this great rambling building possessed an oratory chapel of its own, which is referred to in a license of 1448, yet preserved, by which the abbot authorized the inn-keeper to have low Mass celebrated on the premises. This was for the good of "such great men and nobles and others as shall be lodged here." The chapel, alas! was desecrated when the abbey ceased to exist as such, and has long since disappeared.

Whatever the posturings and claims of the Church of England, in this instance, of exactly and skilfully restoring the abbey church of St. Albans and the shrine, it deserves thanks for conserving so fine and so historic a symbol for Catholic posterity.

Beginning Early.

SCIENTISTS tell us that what is well taught to children in time becomes habit, and needs to be taught no longer. It is, perhaps, for this reason that the babies of Japan never cry. Little Japs are taught to bear pain without murmuring; to live on a little; to be always patient, and to keep their tempers. If a child falls everyone laughs, and the faller laughs too. Young boys and girls are given charge of the smaller children, often working with the little creatures strapped to their backs. Of course it is especially the peasants of whom we speak. Japan is a land of good manners, discipline and hardihood.

But the Japanese children are not the only ones who are trained from the time they can speak. Little French men and women seem to wear a garment of politeness as naturally as your kitten wears her fur coat. It has always been so. This training was shown in the dark days of the Revolution,—that awful time when the best blood of France flowed in the streets of Paris, and when to be a Christian or to bear

an honored name was to be proscribed and murdered by the savages who then ruled the country.

The little Duc d'Angoulême was amusing himself in prison by reading Plutarch's Lives when a revolutionist entered. "Welcome, *monsieur!*" said the boy. "You find me enjoying the company of Plutarch's heroes."

The Count de Pallance was only ten years old when he was beheaded. As the rough cart in which he rode passed through the streets he stood erect, as calm as a statue. When his turn came, the headsman lifted his long curls, that the gleaming knife might do its work more readily. "Thanks, *monsieur!*" said the polite little Count; and in a moment he was dead.

Fine manners do not always make fine men and women, any more than fine feathers make fine birds; but there is something in the old-fashioned courtesy, now going sadly out of fashion, which means deference to the aged, respectful attention to one's superiors, calmness under misfortune, forgetfulness of one's self and thoughtfulness of others. If this is not religion, it is something very near to it. Children are learning something besides politeness when they are learning to be polite.

A Golden Deed.

An Oriental monarch once met a poor man leading a mule which was laden with gold for the royal treasury. The mule had become so tired that he soon lay down and refused to go a step farther. Thereupon his master shouldered the load himself. He went on well enough for a few paces, but at last he, too, became exhausted and was about to fall under the weight. Then spoke the monarch: "Friend, do not give up yet. Try and carry the burden a little farther. Your tent is near by, and the gold is all your own."

Amber with Gnats in It.

HAVING been taken to task for praising a book by a Protestant author (our praise was general), and for quoting some passages of it (they were carefully selected), we can not do better than to repeat what we said on a former occasion to a correspondent who charged us with the same offence.

It is hard to understand why any open-minded Catholic should not welcome, from whatever source they may come, refutations of atheism, defences of Christian doctrine, and pleas for the safeguarding of Christian morality. Our civilization being Christian, it is natural that there should be defenders of it on all sides; and when they write in a good spirit, they certainly deserve recognition and encouragement. One ought to be tolerant of errors found in any book from a non-Catholic pen, the main purpose of which is to uphold Christian principles and morality. And there are many such books, which preserve some fragments of Christianity to hundreds of thousands who in all probability will never possess more.

It ought not to be necessary to inform any reader of this magazine that when we quote a non-Catholic author with approval we do not mean to sanction all that he has written, or that in praising his defence of some truth of religion we condone any of his errors. Concluding a learned work in refutation of atheism, and many other isms with which the vast majority of people in this country are affected, a professor of mathematics and astronomy in a State university, writes these words: "We have honestly endeavored to construct a Theodicy, or to vindicate the divine glory as manifested in the constitution and government of the moral world. We have endeavored to reconcile the great fundamental doctrines of God and man with each other, as well as with the

eternal principles of truth. It has likewise been our earnest aim to evince the harmony of the divine attributes among themselves, as well as their agreement with the condition of the universe. In one word, we have aimed to repel the objections and solve the difficulties which have been permitted to obscure the glory of the Divine Being, whether those difficulties and objections have seemed to proceed from the false philosophy of His enemies, or the mistaken views and misguided zeal of His friends. How far we have succeeded in this attempt, it is not for us to determine. We shall, therefore, respectfully submit the determination of this point to the judgment of those who may possess both the desire and the capacity to think for themselves."

To our mind, these words reveal an admirable spirit; and when quoting them and others it never occurred to us to look for errors in the work. Who is there that rejects a piece of amber because a gnat happens to be embedded in it? Hatred of heresy is a good thing; and "heresy-hunting," as it is called, is a commendable occupation when it is not an exclusive one, as in the case of some persons there is danger of its becoming. It was a lesson in tolerance to us, whether needed or not, to receive in the same mail letters from two theologians—one would be classed as advanced, the other, as belated—in which the same work of a Protestant author was praised for its fairness toward the Church and denounced on account of certain opinions which, however, neither of our correspondents would take upon himself to pronounce really heretical.

American Catholics may indeed be somewhat lacking in hatred of heresy, but we praise them for their toleration of the erring who are not wilful, and for their commiseration of ignorance which is invincible.

Notes and Remarks.

Knowing the devotedness and self-sacrifice of our missionaries in Africa, it is no surprise to hear of the rapid progress of the Church there in spite of Mohammedanism, and other formidable obstacles. The Dark Continent now has a Catholic population of about two million natives in 103 mission provinces. The exact number of bishops and priests is unknown to us; but recent statistics mention 248 native priests; 1030 Brothers, Europeans and natives; and 4937 European and native Sisters.

In reference to the work of Catholic missionaries in Africa, we may quote from a recent tribute to them by the Rt. Hon. J. X. Merriman, who, by the way, is the son of an Anglican bishop. 'An enormous amount of good has been accomplished by the Dominican Fathers. The work of the Trappists in Natal is known and praised on all sides. In the Belgian Congo and the German territory, thanks to missionary effort, the natives are better treated than ever before; and are living under constantly improving conditions. We honor the Catholic missionaries for what they have done in Africa.'

Two or three weeks ago, we chronicled the sale (in London, to an American agent) of a copy of the famous Mazarin Bible, the first book printed from movable type, and dating from about 1450. The price was \$47,500. Some interesting information about this grand prize of bibliophiles, called the Mazarin Bible because Cardinal Mazarin was the owner of the first copy of it, is furnished by R. C. Gleaner, of the *Catholic Columbian*. He writes:

It is in two volumes, double columns, forty lines to a page. A description of it in a catalogue runs: "Volume I. has large initials in colors, in many cases heightened with gold and with decorative work. Volume II. is marked by numerous large and small initials

in red and blue. The headings at the beginning of each book are of red and hand-drawn. The lower margin of the first four leaves, the top margin of the last few leaves of Volume I., and the margin of a few other leaves are water-stained. Volume I. measures 14 15-16 inches by 11 inches, and Volume II., 15½ by 10¾ inches."

What a proof of the love of the Church and her children for the Word of God in this invaluable old book! The first thought was to give to the world the Word of God in the printed page, and this book is a silent but eloquent witness of the love of the Church for the Holy Scripture; also an answer to the oft-heralded and much-believed charge that Martin Luther rescued the Word of God from oblivion and gave it first to the world.

It is, indeed, something to remember with deep gratification and reverent pride, that the first book from the press of Gutenberg, the reputed inventor of printing, was a Catholic Bible.

A formidable array of figures is presented by Dr. S. Dana Hubbard in the *New York Medical Journal*, to support his contention that Prohibition does not prohibit. He cites the records of Bellevue and King's County Hospitals, which show that since 1918, when there were 1758 admissions for drunkenness, the number has steadily increased, until last year there were 5624 admissions. Twenty-nine hospitals in New York reported to the Department of Health that in 1918 there were 5710 cases diagnosed as alcoholism, and in 1922, 6869. The records of the Police Department show that in 1918 there were 5323 arrests for drunkenness. Last year this number grew to 7866, and the increase was quite steady from the time Prohibition went into effect.

More impressive than Dr. Hubbard's figures are some of his comments on them: "The normal man will never become a drunkard; and the real way to get at the liquor question is to protect the man with the 'squint brain,' the potential dipsomaniac who, once the habit is acquired, will go through fire and

water, in any weather, to get his drink. Those wanting a drink will get it, law or no law. The man too lazy to attend church just around the corner will walk five miles to keep a date with his regular bootlegger.

"Temperance can not be made possible by statute. There is only one sure way to make moral progress, and that is through the hearts of informed men and women. Temperance is not abstemiousness (prohibition), but reasonable use of things. The one simple fact is positive—legislation covering drinking of intoxicating beverages is not to be respected, and public statute is helpful in government only so far as it is respected and willingly supported by public opinion, no further."

All but the most intemperate of Prohibitionists will admit that there is sober truth in what Dr. Hubbard says, though some may think that he might have set forth his statistics more soberly.

A graphic account of a visit to a leper settlement of which we had never heard was contributed to a recent issue of the *Advocate* of Melbourne, by Mr. Wilbur Donovan of that city. This lonely lazaretto is situated on a beautiful island, Makogai, twenty miles from Levuka in the Fiji Islands. "As we approached the settlement," says the writer, "it was hard to make oneself believe that here on an island of almost indescribable beauty, snugly encamped in the palm groves, were harbored human beings afflicted with the most terrible of all diseases. So far no cure has been found for it, but the careful treatment received by its victims here tends greatly to their betterment, and minimizes the effects of the malady. Everything is spotlessly clean, and all the lepers are as happy and contented as could be. We visited a building where some of the worst cases are segregated. Eight beds were occupied by blind

patients. They were indeed a most pitiful sight. The disease had attacked their eyes, and some of them were already without ears....Many conversions take place every year."

The settlement is in charge of Marist Sisters, one of whom is a leper. She lives in a little house by herself, and declared that she was "very happy, though a little lonely at times." Her heavy cross is borne with a smile. A former chaplain of the island is also a victim of leprosy, but he is still able to celebrate Mass every morning. He, too, is happy and contented, and is devoted to the lepers.

"The last I saw of that beautiful island of mercy," concludes the writer, "was a group of lepers standing on the beach, alongside of them some of those heroic women who, year in and year out, labor for afflicted humanity. Long shall I remember all that I saw at Makogai, but especially the Sisters and their Christlike work."

The recent return to New Zealand of the Rt. Rev. Henry W. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland, after a lengthy sojourn in Europe, was made to synchronize with the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of his arrival in that thriving Dominion. The occasion was marked by the reception of a congratulatory letter from Cardinal Gasparri, an autographed blessing from Pius XI., and innumerable tributes from New Zealanders of all classes and creeds. The following from the *New Zealand Herald* is typical of non-Catholic comment:

Bishop Cleary's return from his journey abroad has called forth an expression of loyalty and affection from the people of his diocese that many others will eagerly desire to endorse. Through his Lordship's twenty-five years in this Dominion he has won wide esteem. It has been his cherished duty to expound and apply the faith of his Church, and in this ministry he has been tirelessly diligent in spite of many trying periods of ill-health.

When the path of that duty has taken him into controversial defence of Roman Catholic tenets and practice, he has maintained a courtesy that has disarmed criticism and won respect for the cause he championed. Remembered with especial gratitude is his brave and tender-hearted work as a chaplain with our troops in Flanders. There he displayed a fortitude and unselfishness that inspired many and endeared him to all, and withal was as unaffectedly solicitous for the good of those under his spiritual care at the front as he had been faithfully active in his ministrations in his diocese. It is a source of widespread gratification that he has returned in greatly restored vigor, and celebrates under such happy auspices the Silver Jubilee of his arrival in New Zealand.

The "Conference Week" of Catholic writers in France concluded on a note of earnestness and intelligence which seems to indicate that French Catholics are at last beginning to solve the problem of organization. Who knows how different the religious history of their country might have been if the disarray and disagreements of fifty years ago could have been overcome; if, instead of a perpetual discussion of the privileges of the nobility, there had been more talk of the rights of the Church? In an address delivered at the close of the recent Conference, M. Gaetan Bernoville, editor and director, said among many notable things:

"Let us not fool ourselves with the mirage of national order entirely formal and external. The great organic disorder, that which estranges the individual and society from God, continues to ravage the body and soul of France. Secularism has broken up the French family, untied the conjugal bond, surrounded the hearth with sterility. By its fault, the wings of Victory have been unfolded over empty cradles. Because of it, at the very moment when the title of French citizen recaptured some of its ancient and glorious prestige, we stood face to face with the terrible reality of internal defeat. Because of it, whole

generations of French children have been brought up in ignorance of God and the sacredness of human destiny. Through its fault we are deprived of those spiritual forces which are the religious Orders, of those spiritual forces which the State, anxious to rebuild the country and realize the fruits of victory, ought to recall with a loud voice. Of what earthly good is it to win over Germany in the matter of reparations, if we lose everything upon the very hearthstones of France?...We have the right and duty to demand of a national policy that it shall assure by legislation, in conformity with the dictates of intelligence, the full and free development of Catholic life."

Should the clamor for equal political rights for women continue, we shall soon have pullets crowing all over the country,—something of which Lincoln once expressed dread. The future of the nation is certainly in the hands of women, but not in the way an increasing number of them think. Insanity is spreading, and it would seem to be communicable. Thousands of young women, now spend their time and energy in a mad hunt for notoriety and pleasure. If they marry, they find household cares irksome and disagreeable. How can such women teach their children what they do not know themselves, or educate them properly either in heart or mind? Superficial, flippant, and wedded to gayety, idleness and folly, as they are, their little ones, more often a burden than a joy, they do not realize—or, if they do, unfortunately care little—that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

Not the least important and interesting of the studies inspired by the sixcentenary of St. Thomas Aquinas is one contributed by the Rev. Dr. Smith, O. P., to the *Catholic Historical Review*.

The purpose of the paper is to show from the writings of the Angelic Doctor that he merits the consideration, not only of the philosopher and theologian, but also of the historian. "His biography and his writings," says Dr. Smith, "indicate that he possessed not only the ordinary historical knowledge required of an intensive scholar of the Thirteenth Century, but an added familiarity with history, historians and historical criticism that ought to arrest the attention of specialists in history. The Angelic Doctor had a keen historic sense; he used history to a surprising degree; he not only met the requirements of his time, but he surpassed them; his position as historian in the Thirteenth Century challenges investigation of that period."

Commenting on the authoritative statement that the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York City, will close its doors permanently "unless the present diamond jubilee campaign for funds is successful," the editor of the *Catholic Transcript* reads a lesson to the graduates of our Catholic colleges, and, incidentally, to the colleges themselves. He says: "St. Francis Xavier's, and many another Catholic educational institution, has failed in one respect at least, and that respect is an educational one. They have failed to educate their students up to and into a sense of gratitude for benefits received. The fact that St. Francis Xavier's, after educating 5000 New Yorkers, is in need, ought to be a contradiction and a calumny. But is it a contradiction? Is it a calumny? It is neither one. It is a shameful and unworthy thing. Nor is the college wholly without blame. Gratitude is, perhaps, a natural virtue. But gratitude can be fostered; it is not successfully fostered in Catholic institutions. And we need look no further than St. Xavier's for a horrible example."

A Page from a Precious Little Book.

THERE is one great drawback about book reviews when a volume to be noticed is one of exceptional merit. Very often the writer is obliged to give his recommendation before he has had time to read the work to the end; and it happens, not unfrequently, that he learns when too late how much more praise some books deserve than they have received at his hands.

We remember to have published, on its appearance, an appreciative notice of the sixth volume of the Jewel Series* by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; but having examined "Jewels of Prayer and Meditation" more leisurely, we feel obliged to recommend it again, and to quote the powerful passage at the end of the book. Like many other pages, it is calculated to affect strongly all who read it. The double charm of these "Jewels of Prayer and Meditation" is that they are gathered from unfamiliar sources and set by a skilful hand. Mr. Fitzgerald could have given us nothing more appropriate as a clasp to the casket than this concluding meditation, which will bear many readings:

I find this a very pleasant, enjoyable world—one that has used me kindly. Everything has gone smoothly. I have health and happiness and comforts; I keenly relish all the innocent joys about me—reading, study, the arts, plays, society. Though many friends are dropping away, it seems to me that I am to be exempt. Yes, the end seems a long way off yet; not that I am so rash as to assure myself of such a thing, but there is that sort of instinct within. But these things scarcely touch me. There is influenza about, and I hear of those known to me "succumbing," as it is termed. I catch cold myself, and have to stay in for precaution's sake, meaning to "shake it off." It is of a shivering sort; and a smiling doctor comes and says that I "have such a fine

constitution we shall do very well"; of which I am more certain than *he* is, but still it is annoying. So it goes on. Somehow the nights are sleepless and oppressive; the cough, too, does not mend, and I find breathing hard work; all most painful and annoying and tedious, but I am to recover by and by, of course; that is assured.

Suddenly some one enters the room softly and even tenderly, and, with many hesitations and apologies, falters something about 'would I not like to see Father So-and-so?'—just for my comfort, that's all. *That's all!* The notion makes me start, gives a sort of chill I have never experienced. Father So-and-so comes in the next moment, and, after a little general talk, glides off to the subject—the last Sacraments. What does this mean? It is such a shock—yes, shock to me. Can there be danger? "No: only precautionary," he says, in a very soothing yet rather peremptory way, as though time were precious. But now for confession, and he will be back in a couple of hours to 'give me the last Sacraments.'—"God above!" I gasp when he is gone, "*this means dying and naught else!*"

Such, like enough, is the common sequence of things in this dread matter. On three-fourths of the world it comes somewhat after this fashion, and with as terrible a shock.

The little book is dedicated in the following exquisite lines to the memory of Pauline, daughter of Lady Trevelyan, a musician of rare talent, whose beautiful life, "cut short too soon," was harmonious in the highest sense of the word. It is rarely indeed that even the most charming books begin and end so felicitously as Mr. Fitzgerald's "Jewels of Prayer and Meditation."

The velvet touch—the vanished hand—
Ah! seek them in the Silent Land.
No more shall flutter down the keys
Her fingers lighter than the breeze.
Silent the tone, extinct the fire,
Hushed Chopin, Brahms, and all the choir.
Music her life, cut short too soon;
Herself the note, her soul the tune.
That sweet *cantabile*, her heart,
Was Nature's own, informed by Art.
All was in time, no chord was wrong
Her willow grace itself was song.
No needless *fortes* to offend,
The notes grew softest at the end.
The Saint of Music grudged the strain
And won her for the heavenly train.

* The other volumes are: "Jewels of the Mass," "Eucharistic Jewels," "The Layman's Day," "Jewels from the Imitation," "Catholic Jewels from Shakespere" and "Words for the Worldly" are out of print. Published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne.



A Rhyme with Reason.

BY A. E. RYDER.

IN speaking of another's faults,
Pray don't forget your own!
Remember those with homes of glass
Should never throw a stone.
One has no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company
We know the world is wide.
I'll tell you of a better plan,
(You'll see it works full well)
To find and cure your own defects,
Ere others' faults you tell:
Remember curses, chicken like,
Sometimes to roost come home;
Don't speak of others' faults until
You have none of your own.

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

V.—AN ESCAPE AND OTHER MATTERS.

WHEN Rex, all entangled in the sweep-net, was thrown into the woodshed, he acted for the first few minutes just as foolishly as any other animal, or, for that matter, as any man does, when dominated by anger. He growled and barked, rolled about furiously, strained himself to break the strong meshes of the net,—in fact, tired himself out without securing any worth-while results. In the course of a quarter of an hour, however, he desisted from such useless efforts; and, quieting down, began to look the situation fairly in the face. The only redeeming feature of the situation was that he was not actually muzzled. True, some of the meshes had got into his

mouth, but he could move his jaws freely enough; and he knew he could chew the strands until they would fall apart. The worst circumstance of his entanglement was that his forepaws were tied together, thus depriving him of his best chance of using his full strength in the endeavor to get free.

A little reflection—and if you knew Rex, you would not doubt that he *could* reflect—made it clear that he must first disentangle his paws before attempting any serious effort to get out of the net. Accordingly, he quietly began chewing the strands in his mouth, and persevered until he could move not only his jaws but his whole head. Then, he started on the meshes in which his feet were tangled, and chewed vigorously at them. It was a tedious job, and as he stopped occasionally to see whether he could move his feet, he growled out his disgust at the strength of the strands; then, finding he could not yet break them, resumed his chewing with additional spirit. At last, after two hours of work, he managed to get, first one forepaw, and then the other, free. This much being accomplished, he felt quite equal to the task of ridding himself entirely of the obnoxious net.

Placing one paw in an opening, between the strands, he pulled at the mesh with all his might until he could insert his other paw; then, exerting his full strength again, tugged away until one strand after another broke. In the course of half an hour he increased the size of the opening sufficiently to get his head through it, and shortly afterwards had the forepart of his body free. It took some time still to rid his hind-quarters and flowing tail from all the strands; but at length he finished that

task, and the badly chewed-up net lay on the floor of the shed.

Rex lay down for a time to rest from his strenuous exertions, but, after a few minutes, got up again, and looked about him, as if to see what was to be done next. Evidently, he had to get out of the shed; but how? There was only one door, and there were no windows to the hut-like building; and the door was bolted on the outside. The dog stood up on his hind legs, and pushed against the door, but it didn't move. He sat down and did some more reflecting. Suddenly, a good idea seemed to occur to him. Shoving his paws against the door might be no good; but, suppose he threw the whole weight of his good-sized body against it, what then? The plan was worth trying, at any rate. Rex went back to the extreme end of the shed—it was about thirty feet in length,—turned and ran swiftly towards the door. Just before reaching it, he turned sideways, jumped, and flung himself lengthwise against the barrier that separated him from the outside world and his master, Artie. It was a new style of battering-ram, but it proved effective; the door broke away from its rusty bolts, and Rex was free.

In the meantime, our friends, Snappy and Winder, having been routed from their posts of observation on the top of the wall, had hurriedly made their way through the trees and clearings until they were a good distance from the Tellivot domain. Arriving at an open space more extensive than usual, Snappy threw himself at full length upon the greensward.

"Talk about a reception!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps we didn't get a royal one from that ogre of a farmer and the old sorceress who accompanied him."

Winder dropped on the grass alongside him, and endeavored to regain his breath. Perspiration rolled from his forehead down his cheeks, but instead

of pulling out his handkerchief and wiping it off, he gave all his attention to his machine, which he examined with the most scrupulous care.

"There's nothing broken," he finally announced with a sigh of satisfaction; "but what a retreat! I'm still hot from it."

"You look it," replied Snappy; "you bear the signs. You look like a mountain stream after a storm."

"The storm was one of hail, my lad; and we didn't have any umbrellas."

"But I had my cane; and I would have liked to break it on the back of that rascal who lassoed the boy."

"Oh, yes; of course you would. But it would have been the rascal who would do all the breaking."

"I think not," protested Snappy with an air of disdain.

"Look here, boy," said Winder, "these pictures you've been acting in have robbed you of your judgment. That fellow, you see, was a regular brute who would not have merely pretended to strike, and been content to make the stones merely whistle about your ears. There would have been blows to receive, my Snappy,—real blows."

"A row, eh? Well, I've seen others."

Winder shrugged his shoulders.

"Young imp," he retorted, "you'll wind up by believing that you have beaten him. Just remember that the folks you occasionally beat are paid for allowing you to do it. With that farmer, things would have been a good deal different."

"Well, old fellow, I wouldn't be displeased to have an encounter with him."

"Much obliged, I'm sure. If that fellow had knocked out one of your eyes, all the blame would have fallen on me."

"Not at all; you are responsible only for your machine. It was about it that you were anxious."

"You young ingrate! I trembled for both you and it. Once more I tell you

that old man Nolatri would never have forgiven me if anything had happened to you. Ah, well; 'tis the last time I'll ever accompany you on any of your excursions."

"Not much it isn't. You know very well that I have only to beckon, and you'll follow me as usual. You see, Winder, we are inseparable, we two. And at heart, you are proud of me. Ah, you don't find actors like me running about the streets! Without me, you would be nowhere!"

"That's it. Blow your own horn, you vain little magpie. As for me, what am I, anyway? Merely a piece of machinery. I turn,—I produce the film... and that's all."

"Come, come; don't be so modest. You're an artist, Winder. You put your whole heart and soul into your work; and you love that work."

"Well, my work is anonymous, anyway."

It was easily seen that Winder was not very sincere in running himself down, that he was in reality quite tickled with his small companion's praise.

"All the same," continued Snappy, "I'm not particularly proud of the rôle you made me play to-day. It wasn't quite a success. And yet the subject was a good one."

Winder, who had taken up his camera and was examining it, contented himself with a mere shrug of his shoulders as a reply; but Snappy continued:

"A wonderful subject, I tell you; and I flatter myself that I know something about such matters. There was all that was needed: the landscape, in the first place."

"Yes," said Winder, "I grant you the landscape."

"And the drama? And the personages? Were they not striking enough? That youthful martyr, the old witch, the brute with the lasso—what a scene!

Oh, if I had only intervened! It would have eclipsed 'The Two Orphans,' 'Without a Family,'—our whole repertory, in fact."

"Well, we're a great deal better off in our characters of spectators than if we had taken part in your drama. The public might enjoy the scene in the 'movies,' but we wouldn't have seen much enjoyment in the furious attack of that big brute of a farmer. I'm glad the affair is at an end."

"But it isn't at an end, you old grumbler,—not by a long shot. I am going to take part in the grand final scene of that drama; and you're going to help me, although I naturally reserve the rôle of hero for myself. I bet you, I can reconstruct the drama as far as it has gone. That boy is, of course, an orphan. The old woman and the big fellow with the whiskers are his guardians. The place, so solitary and savage, suggests that the boy is being hidden. As the poor little fellow was lonesome and ill-treated, he ran away, and was recaptured. We witnessed that last scene. What bothers me is the next one."

"It doesn't bother me in the least. In the meantime, we ought to be returning to the inn where we left the rest of our company. Nolatri will be getting anxious." Looking at his watch, Winder arose, saying: "Come on, 'tis time we were moving."

"Time we were resting, you mean. The play isn't played out"; and Snappy stretched himself out on the grass with his hands serving as a pillow for his head. But Winder, for once, didn't fall in with his companion's humor.

"Yes or no, are you coming with me?" he inquired.

"No!"

"All right; then I'll have to make you come."

"Indeed," replied Snappy with a merry laugh.

"Yes," said Winder impressively; "I'm going to make you come."

"I'd like to see you try it."

"Well, you're going to see, right away."

Winder, thoroughly aroused, bent down to lift up the refractory Snappy; but, the first thing he knew, he fell, face downwards, in the very place where the boy had been lying. Quick as a flash, Snappy had passed between his legs, tripping him up as he went. Winder got up, quite cross.

"Look here, Snappy," said he, "don't you make me angry."

"Poor Winder!" laughed Snappy.

The long-legged camera-worker then set about in earnest to capture the mischievous lad, but his efforts were all in vain. Whenever he was sure he had Snappy, that active youngster was much more surely elsewhere. In fact, the acrobatic youth had put Winder completely out of action in less than five minutes, celebrating his victory by placing one foot on the prostrate form of his assailant, and triumphantly asking, "Do you give up?"

"Yes, you ungrateful imp, I give up."

"Then, that's *that*. Now, get up, old boy; and listen. Before night falls we'll do a little reconnoitering, so as to be ready for action later on. And, as I am a good scout, I'll send a message to Nolatri. There ought to be, somewhere around here, a sheep-herder or a goat-boy who will consent to take a message to the inn, if we pay him well."

"That won't prevent Nolatri from scolding us for being so late," grumbled Winder; "but it's prudent, anyway; send him word."

Snappy drew from his pocket a neat little memorandum book, tore out a leaf, and wrote:

"Dear Nolatri, send car at midnight to the place messenger will show you. I'll need it.—SNAPPY."

(To be continued.)

The Father's Portrait.

Many years ago a merchant died, leaving a large estate, and it was necessary to advertise for his heirs to come forward and prove their right to the property. People knew that the merchant had a son somewhere; but he had been absent travelling for several years. In a short time three young men made their appearance, each claiming to be the true son and heir. It was impossible to tell which had the real claim. Finally, to decide the matter, the judge ordered a cheap portrait of the deceased merchant to be brought, and said to the three claimants:

"I have made a mark, as you perceive, on the breast of this portrait; whichever of you can hit that mark with an arrow will be entitled to the estate. I can not decide otherwise."

The bow and arrows were brought, and two of the young men took turn in shooting at the mark, but neither succeeded in hitting it. When it came to the turn of the third, he was observed to tremble and grow pale as he took aim; and when about to shoot he threw down the arrows, and bursting into tears, exclaimed:

"No, I will never aim a blow, not even in appearance, at the breast of my father! I would rather lose a hundred estates than do such a thing."

"Noble young man!" said the judge, "you are the true son and rightful heir. The others are impudent impostors; for no dutiful son would try to pierce the heart of his father, though it were only in a picture."

Irish Proverbs.

Honey is sweet, but don't lick it off a briar bush.

Laziness is a heavy burden.

A black hen lays white eggs—don't judge by appearances.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—D. Appleton & Co. have just published "Cures," by Dr. James J. Walsh. They describe it as "an entertaining book, filled with much curious information."

—"The Sacrifice of the Mass in the Light of Scripture and Tradition," is the title of a new book by the Rt. Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D., soon to be published by Kegan Paul & Co., London; it consists of about 250 pages. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Lépicier, the well-known Roman author and theologian, contributes an introductory letter.

—Readers of German literature will be interested in a volume of autobiography, "Selbstbildnis," by Hermann Bahr, the eminent Austrian novelist and critic whose conversion was a sensation. In this book, however, he deals, not so much with his religious experiences, as with the dark times during which he developed into a literary leader.

—There should be many English and Irish readers everywhere to welcome the appearance of "Gaelic Pioneers of Christianity: The Work and Influence of Irish Monks and Saints in Continental Europe (Sixth to Twelfth Centuries), by Dom Louis Gougaud, O. S. B. Translated from the French by Victor Collins, with a Preface by Father Augustin, O. S. F. C." Gill & Son, Dublin, publishers.

—"Constructive English," by Francis K. Ball (Ginn & Co.), aims to present the essential principles necessary to effective speaking and writing. The scope of the book has been made comprehensive: grammar, punctuation, sentence structure, capitalization, and spelling are carefully treated. Many excellent exercises are provided, as well as an unusually complete index and table of contents. The author hopes his book may become a "*vade mecum* for students in schools and colleges."

—From the publishing house of Pierre Téqui, Paris, come two rather interesting brochures, neither of which, by the way, has an index, and one of which has not even a table of contents, although each imperatively calls for such aids to the reader. "Lettres de Msgr. De Ségur à Ses Filles Spirituelles" is a second edition of a popular book; while "Miracle et Mystique" is a translation of one of Dom S. Louismet's works on mysticism, a notice of the original of which has already appeared in these columns.

—"St. Joseph's Oratory of Mount Royal," is a translation, by the Rev. A. B. O'Neill,

C. S. C., of an interesting French brochure written by Mr. Arthur Saint-Pierre and published last year. A shrine to which no fewer than a million pilgrims made their way in the course of a single twelvemonth is manifestly worthy of consideration, and Catholics generally may be presumed to take an interest in its story. The author calls his work "a descriptive and historical account," and divides it into three main sections: "What One Sees at the Oratory," "A Historical Sketch," and "The Miracles of the Oratory." The interest of the work is enhanced by numerous good illustrations. Published by The Oratory, Côte des Neiges, Montreal.

—The ideals at which every young woman who has assumed the responsibility of nursing should aim are set forth in "The Catholic Nurse," by the Rev. Richard J. Murphy, S. J. In simple, familiar language he has so vividly portrayed the development of those ideals, that the most unsophisticated young woman may adopt this little manual as a counsellor to direct her in the many difficulties which will confront her in her everyday life as a nurse. The author seems to have limited the service to Catholics, though every principle which he has laid down applies with equal force to all nurses, whatever may be their religion. To young women aspiring to the nursing profession, this timely book may be recommended without qualification. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

—It is a gratifying sign of the times that the various Catholic Truth Societies are continuing the publication of numerous valuable, though cheap, pamphlets on subjects doctrinal, apologetic, devotional, hagiological, and miscellaneous. From the C. T. S. of Ireland we have received: "The Liquor Traffic in the New Ireland" (proposals for legislative restriction), by the Very Rev. P. Coffey, Ph. D.; "Hypnotism," by the Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S. J., Ph. D.; and "Mysticism in Everyday Life," by John Howley, M. A. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Dr. Coffey, in advocating restrictive legislation on the liquor question, advises nothing so futile as Prohibition.—From the London C. T. Society come two pamphlets: "Revelation," by Rev. J. Lattey, S. J.; and "The Question of Reunion," by the Rev. R. Downey, D. D. Father Lattey's purpose is to explain the Catholic idea of Revelation, and then, in a lesser degree, to justify it. Dr. Downey's pamphlet is the re-

print of a paper read to the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury (Anglican) in July, last year, and contains an incidental plea for the study of St. Thomas' "Summa."—The C. T. S. of Canada sends us "Roads Beyond the School," by R. Cloran, S. J., a new edition of a pamphlet which, during the past ten years or more, has done most excellent work in the matter of aiding young men to choose their proper vocations.

—We welcome a translation from the tenth complete French edition (by E. J. Strickland) of "Abandonment to Divine Providence," by the Rev. J. P. de Caussade, S. J., who was one of the most notable spiritual writers of the Eighteenth Century. His work, an octavo of 377 pages, is divided into two unequal parts. The first is a treatise (of 91 pages) on total abandonment to Divine Providence,—a treatise, by the way, which has already appeared in an English form. The second part (286 pages) contains "Spiritual Counsels," or letters of direction for persons leading the interior life. This second part has never before been translated into English; and, as it presents the practical part of Father de Caussade's work—giving advice, answering objections, and solving difficulties,—it will be found as instructive as it is interesting. Exeter, England: Catholic Records Press. For sale in the U. S. by the Herder Book Co.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal." Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers.) \$6.

"God or Gorilla." Alfred Watterson McCann. (Devin-Adair Co.) \$3.50.

"Christian Spirituality." Rev. P. Pourrat. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$4.20.

"The Conversion of the Pagan World." Paolo Manna, M. Ap. (Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.) \$1.50.

"The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart." Maud Monahan. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Life of Cornelia Connolly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." A Member of the Society. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.

"The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.

"The Life of Cardinal Gibbons." Allan Sinclair Will, Litt. D. Two volumes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$10.

"From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon." Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. (D. Appleton & Co.) \$5.

"The Life and Times of John Carroll." Peter Guilday. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$5.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William J. McGarrity, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. Hildebrand Roesler, O. S. B.

Sister M. Dorothy, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Mark, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Paschal and Sister M. Presentation, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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Some Press Appreciations.

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The style as well as the contents make it one of the best apologetic works which we have come across; and it should prove of great value in dealing with Protestant objections.—*The Southern Cross* (Adelaide, Australia).

... We learn from the title-page that the convert was at one time President of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges, and afterwards Father Fidelis of the Cross, Passionist; we gather from the dedication that he is still alive; we are told that the light came to him in the autumn of 1868, and that the bulk of the book, the "apologetic" part, was written fifty years ago. But after that the author strictly confines himself to the story of his own spiritual evolution, except in the last few chapters. ... Such stories have a perennial interest, and in the hands of Father Fidelis his loses nothing that clarity of mind and intensity of conviction can give it. ... In spite of the heights to which Anglicanism has climbed since, and the mists evolved from Modernism, the simple issue remains, now as then—where is the teaching Church Christ founded? By what authority? That question is answered fully and satisfactorily in this able book.—*The Month*.

The trying hour when first came the thought, "What if the Old Roman Church should be right?" is beautifully pictured in such way as to bring sympathetic recollection from many others whom conviction forced, like Father Fidelis, to break from the course of religious thought in which they had been raised. The wrestling alone with doubts and difficulties, the silent communion with God inevitably brought the only solution; and in the bright telling of the story all Catholics will find direct sympathy and positive interest. ... There is a singular gift of interesting presentation throughout. Converts will appreciate it. Inquirers into the truth will find it of value. All Catholics will find in its story a trial, a pleasurable encouragement.—*The New World*.

... A life story covering more than fifty years, and of the most intense and un-

usual interest, is related in a most charming style. This book is a noble and almost unique contribution to the literature of autobiographical apologetics. ... The fifteen chapters written fifty years ago constitute one of the clearest and most illuminating brief defences and explanations of the Catholic Church against the misconceptions, errors, and misrepresentations of the Protestant tradition that this reviewer knows of. The second portion of the book, dealing with the missionary experience of Father Fidelis, are of another kind of interest, but are no less fascinating.—*Catholic Columbian*.

... The volume is exceptionally well written and of great interest from the psychological and the apologetic point of view. Nothing more effective or convincing could be put into the hands of a truth-seeking Protestant, especially of the Anglican persuasion, than this book.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK.

Blessed is the man that hearest me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii. 34.

SATURDAY, 18.—St. Agapitus, M.
SUNDAY, 19.—THIRTEENTH AFTER PENTECOST.
 The Most Pure Heart of Mary. St. Louis
 of Toulouse, C.
MONDAY, 20.—St. Bernard, C. D. St. Oswin,
 K. M.

TUESDAY, 21.—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, V.
WEDNESDAY, 22.—SS. Timothy and Hippolytus,
 MM.
THURSDAY, 23.—St. Philip Benizi, C.
FRIDAY, 24.—St. Bartholomew, Ap.
SATURDAY, 25.—St. Louis, K. St. Ebba, V.

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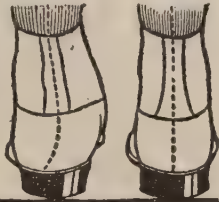
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1., 48

VOL. XVIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 18, 1923.

No. 7

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Queen of the Court of God.

BY MICHAEL WALSH.

WHILE the heavenly choirs chanted,
And the heavenly organs played,
Upborne on angel pinions,
With the sun and the stars arrayed,
Was Mary, the spotless Virgin—
Spotless and chaste from birth.
No flower so fair could wither
In the dust and the gloom of earth!
Queen of the boundless heavens.
Oh! what a wondrous sight!
Mary was crowned in splendor,
And clothed in robes of light.
Broken and hard and rugged
Were the pathways her feet had trod;
But now she will reign forever—
The Queen of the Court of God.

The Herods of the Bible.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

I.

IN the Bible there are four Herods: (1) the Herod of the Wise Kings of Our Lord's Infancy, and of the Massacre of the Holy Innocents; (2) the Herod of the Beheading of John the Baptist and the mocking of Our Lord; (3) the Herod of the Acts of the Apostles and of the imprisonment of St. Peter; and (4) the Herod of the Trial of St. Paul.

The first Herod came from Idumea. His father's name was Antipater, of whom the great Jewish historian,

Josephus, says: "He was an industrious man, who made much money, and pushed himself in the world by forming cliques and political parties." His son, the first Herod, is said to have been "clever, witty, handsome, ambitious, and unscrupulous." With his talents and money he gained the favor of Hyrcanus, the then legitimate King of Judea, and became his son-in-law.

But the Saviour was soon to be born; and "the sceptre must, therefore, depart from Judah." It did. Hyrcanus was taken prisoner to Parthia. Herod fled to Rome, and there by his arts ingratiated himself into the favor of Antony. By him he was sent back to Jerusalem as its king. But Hyrcanus had a brother and three sons. These, as lineal descendants, might have favor with the Jews, and one day become competitors for the throne, which Herod was arranging for the new dynasty he had intended to establish in his own line. The four were therefore put to death. Josephus says that Herod also put to death his wife, Mariamne, and the two sons he had by her, because they were of the blood of Hyrcanus; her mother, too, he did away with; and finally her father, Hyrcanus, when he had regained his freedom and returned to Jerusalem.

It revolts one to read of the list of murders that Philo, the eminent Jewish writer, and a contemporary of Herod's, lays to his charge: "Forty of the chief noblemen of the Tribe of Judah, seventy-two senators of Judah, that ruled

the people, he put to death. He burned all the genealogies of the princes of the House of Judah, and employed one Nicolaus to write out a pedigree for him, proving his descent from David; in order that he might be looked upon as a lineal successor of the olden kings." Having during thirty years done all this to smooth his way, it can be imagined with what amazement and chagrin he saw a well-appointed company of Eastern nobles ride up to his city gates, and make the astounding inquiry: "Where is the Prince born, who is to be King of the Jews, for we have seen His Star in the East, and we are come to adore Him?" No young prince was recently born in Herod's palace; therefore, "Herod was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him." He sent for the priests and scribes to learn about this Prince.

In the genealogy of David's line, there was no trouble in proving unbroken succession from the son of Jesse to King Zedechias, who in the Captivity, was taken prisoner to Babylon. It was all contained in the Books of Kings and in Jeremias (37). During the seventy years of the Captivity in Babylon, the Exiles were allowed to choose their own ruler, who should be of the Tribe of Judah. The Books of Esdras tell of the Return, and that Nehemias of the Tribe of Judah was their ruler; and he and his successors bring the direct line down to the brilliant days of the Machabees; from which time, Josephus assures us, the line continued still unbroken to King Hyrcanus, whom Herod slew. It was a most complete confirmation of Jacob's prophecy thousands of years before: "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah nor a law-giver from his race, until He comes, who is to be the Expectation of the Nations."

The sceptre had now departed; and, most strange, Herod was the instrument chosen by God to end the sceptre and

the line. Herod did not know that he was executing God's will; he thought but of furthering his own ambition. It was with haste, though well concealed, that he now resolved to learn from the priests and scribes what they had to tell of the young Prince. They might search the Sacred Writings; but he was determined to add an unwritten chapter, which was to be the final one in the genealogy. He summoned them. They read for answer: 'And thou, Bethlehem, art indeed a small place; yet out of thee shall come One, who shall be the Ruler of My people, Israel' (Micah, 5). Herod's busy brain settled it. All that he wanted to know further was, when did these Easterners first see "the star," and what had they to tell of its movements. Herod was a well-read man. He knew, that when Balaam was called to curse the tents of Israel, that, instead, he blessed them (Numb. 24), making mention at that time, that a new star was to arise in Jacob. Herod knew, also, that it was a universal belief at the time through all the East, as is learned from Josephus, that "out of Judah should arise a universal ruler, who was to rule over all the earth."

Accordingly he summoned the foreign princes, pretended gladness at the news, made particular inquiries about the star, and took gracious leave of them with the request, that when they had found Him, they 'would return and tell him, that he, too, might come and adore.' They went to Bethlehem; but they did not return by Jerusalem. Bethlehem is not far away, only about six miles; and perhaps this was one reason why Herod did not put spies on their track. The country was full of his spies; and from what we know of his past life, it is plain that (humanly speaking) they were, indeed, a deplorable necessity. But the usual way to the East was through Jerusalem and down to Jericho. The bed of the Jordan

is the lowest of all the rivers of the earth. It can be crossed in several places; for instance, at its entrance to the Dead Sea, it is 180 yards broad, and only three feet deep. But the usual, and the safest, way was by Jericho.

As the Wise Men did not return, spies were sent to seek them. All that could be learned was, that they had been at Jerusalem, and had left; and that they had gone on with some silly proceedings at an old stable hard by the town. It was plain that they were moonstruck.

So, too, Herod believed; but he must take no risk. And so the Massacre of the Innocents was ordered "from two years old and under." Eastern liturgies place the number at 14,000. Herod died of a loathsome disease at the age of seventy.

II.

Herod I.—or, as he is generally known, Herod the Great,—had meant to enjoy life, and make himself known in the world. He had surrounded himself with all manner of splendor and luxury, married no fewer than ten wives, by whom he had fourteen children, and was on intimate terms with the reigning kings. He may have read in the Psalms: "The sorrows of death have compassed me, and the perils of hell have found me" (Ps. 114); but he experienced it in the thirty-seventh year of his reign. He died, according to common computation, in 3 or 4 A. D. The angel could, therefore, say to St. Joseph in Egypt: "They are dead, who sought the life of the Child."

By the will of Herod the Great, his son, Herod II., whom he had originally meant as his successor in Jerusalem, became Tetrarch of Galilee. The mother of this Herod was a Samaritan woman; and he himself must have been crafty, for we find Our Lord calling him a "fox." His first wife was a daughter of the King of Arabia. He divorced her, in order to marry the wife of his brother

Philip, the infamous Herodias; and it is this which brings him into Bible notice; for St. John the Baptist condemned it. 'And Herod took and bound John in prison because of Herodias. And Herodias said to the dancing girl: Ask nothing else than the head of John the Baptist.' And she: 'Give me, my lord and king, the head of John the Baptist.' "It is interesting," says St. Ambrose, "to know who was slain, by whom, for what reason, and on what occasion. By adulterers, the just is slain; and by the guilty, the verdict of capital punishment is turned on the judge." St. John was "the judge"; they were "the guilty."

In St. Luke (23) we read, that this Herod was desirous to see Our Lord, "because he had heard many things of Him." He thought Our Lord would work a miracle to please him. "And he questioned Him with many words; but He answered him nothing." Then Herod, and all he had invited, "despised Him"; and they put on Him the garment of a fool, and sent Him to Pilate. Herod had been in Jerusalem for the Pasch. At this time he must have been tetrarch for thirty years or so. What followed the murder of St. John and the mocking of Our Lord? Herod lost favor with the Romans, was banished into Gaul, and through loneliness and chagrin put an end to his life, according to tradition.

The third Herod, known as Herod Agrippa, was nephew of the last, and grandson of Herod the Great, whom he especially resembled in his love of riches and show. He spent his early life in Rome; and vying with the young nobility in splendid equipages, dwellings and banquets, he got into debt, and had to fly from his creditors. In the cradle of his race, Idumea, he awaited the turn of fortune; and it came. Caligula made him tetrarch; and on the banishment of his uncle, the second Herod, he was made Tetrarch of Galilee

and Petræa in his stead. Later on Judea and Samaria were added; and he was thus brought into close relations with the early Christians. These he persecuted in order to curry favor with the Jews.

"Herod stretched forth his hands to afflict some of the Church; and he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword. And, seeing that it pleased the Jews, taking Peter also, he cast him into prison" (Acts 12). It was on this occasion that St. Peter was delivered by the Angel, for "prayer was made by the Church without ceasing to God for him." We read in the same chapter of Herod's punishment. 'And upon a day appointed, Herod, arrayed in royal purple, made an ovation; and the people cried out: It is the voice of a god, not of a man.' He took pride in this; "and forthwith an angel of the Lord struck him; and, eaten up by worms, he expired," about 42 A. D.

That was Agrippa I. He was succeeded by his son, Agrippa II., or Herod the Fourth. This man was not a favorite with the Jews. He was fond of fine buildings and lavish display. He figures in St. Paul's trial recorded in the Acts of the Apostles (25). "And King Agrippa and Berenice came down to Cesarea to visit Festus." He told them of St. Paul, who had just appealed to Cæsar. 'Then Agrippa said to Festus: I would also hear the man myself. To-morrow, said Festus, thou shalt hear him.' Next day St. Paul spoke before them all. "And Agrippa said to Paul, in a little thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Agrippa went with his famous sister, Berenice, to Rome, and died there in his seventieth year.

THERE is only one good time for each of us to die, and that is the exact hour at which God wills that death should find us.—*Faber*.

A Tool of Fortune.

XI.

His mind filled with conflicting reflections, Jean crossed the little court and rapped at the door of Rabbi Lewin's house. After a pause of a few moments, light footsteps were heard within.

"Who is there?" called out a girlish voice.

"A traveller in distress," was the ready rejoinder.

Then all was again silent, and the young man was about to turn away when footsteps—heavy ones this time—were heard inside. The bolt slid back, the door opened cautiously, and Jean found himself in the presence of a young man with red hair and beard, and a sickly though not unpleasant expression. He held a candle in his hand and peered out into the face of the unexpected visitor. A slight exclamation of surprise escaped his lips.

The stranger was about to speak when his attention was suddenly attracted toward another object—a charming young girl standing in the dimly-lighted vestibule. She seemed the living incarnation of the virgin mentioned in the Cantic of Canticles: as white as alabaster, with hair of a bluish-black tinge, a small nose and wondrous eyes—Oriental eyes, velvety and passionate,—shaded by long silken fringes that veiled their brilliancy; a fascinating but innocent smile parted lips as scarlet as berries.

For a moment these three persons whom fate had brought together on this stormy night, stood looking at one another in silence.

The girl was the first to speak:

"Welcome, sir! We are happy to receive you and to give you rest and food. Consider our house as your own." Then, laying her dainty hand on her

companion's shoulder, she said, with a note of impatience in her tone: "What are you waiting for, Jacob?"

Then, only, the person addressed as Jacob opened the door wider and stood back against the wall to allow the stranger to pass in.

"Call your father, Rachel," he said. Then turning to Jean: "Come in, sir! My uncle will wish to welcome you himself on the threshold of his home. Pardon me for my moment of hesitation; but, really, my surprise was so great that I am still asking myself whether you are Jean Raz or whether my eyes deceive me."

"You are not deceived," replied Jean. "I also recognize you as Jacob Lewin. I have not seen you for several years, but you are not much changed. We certainly never expected to meet again under such circumstances as these."

Rachel now reappeared, followed by her father. He was an old man, whose white hair fell in straggling locks from under a black skull-cap, and whose white pointed beard gave him the appearance of a sage or of an alchemist of bygone ages. He wore gold-bowed spectacles, and his long coat was closely buttoned down to his knees.

"Whoever you may be," he said in a husky tone, "you are welcome. Our house shall be yours."

Jacob hurriedly whispered some words in Rachel's ears, the import of which must have astonished the girl; for she immediately looked again at the stranger with undisguised curiosity in her expression. Then, as if to prevent the explanation Jacob was about to make to her father, she hastened to say, in a clear tone:

"Father, this is Jean Raz, the son of Councillor Raz, of Wola."

Jean bowed; he fancied that when the name of Raz was spoken the Rabbi had trembled and that the three had exchanged a rapid glance. He now fol-

lowed them into a low room, where there was nothing to indicate the particular customs of the inmates. Indeed, the first impression produced upon the young man was a sense of physical comfort, as the warmth penetrated his benumbed limbs.

The table was spread for the evening meal, and Rachel arranged a place for the unexpected guest, who was surprised at the cordiality of his reception, and captivated by the melting black eyes that looked smilingly at him.

"I am only one of God's poor," said the Rabbi, when they were seated; "but what has been given to us we are happy to share with you."

During the meal Jean related the chief incidents of his journey, and expressed his desire to reach Wola in time for the feast of Christmas Eve, the traditional *Wilia*. It was his intention, he said, to pass the night at the hotel opposite the cathedral and to start on his way at dawn. "But," he added, rising, when the meal was over, "I have allowed myself to forget my driver, who doubtless is angry enough."

"Do not worry about him," replied Rachel. "He is warming himself before a good fire in the kitchen, and his horses are taken care of."

"How can I express my gratitude?" stammered the young man, in apparent confusion.

Rachel now made a remark to Jacob in an undertone, and he at once left the room. She then resumed her seat; but the conversation languished, without any attempt on Jean's part to revive it. He felt no astonishment at the Rabbi's silence nor at the severe expression on his face. He was under the enchantment of the girl's charm, but still he felt that he must go. He rose regretfully at last, and approached the Rabbi with outstretched hand. At the first words of thanks, however, the old man interrupted him:

"My daughter and myself beg of you to accept our hospitality for the night. My nephew has just gone out to order a conveyance for the morning, which shall take you safely to the end of your journey."

Jean felt disturbed and perplexed. He well knew that it was Rachel speaking with the mouth of her father, as it was she who had sent Jacob on his errand. Already between herself and him there was established a mysterious current of sympathetic understanding. Love is often thus born from the meeting of two hearts, as thunder from the shock of electric currents.

Rachel interposed in her turn, saying with a blush:

"Stay, sir; it will be the wisest thing for you to do. We have a chamber to offer you, which, though modest enough, is better than a public one. Do us the favor of accepting it; I ask it in the name of your sister." Then, after a pause, she added: "And perhaps I have a certain right to do so."

She offered him her hand as she spoke, and, although not immediately consenting, he felt that he would remain. But what could the girl's last words mean? He fancied that the Rabbi had looked severely at his daughter as she spoke; as if to check her.

Delighted with the music of the girlish voice, Jean soon forgot his anxiety and abandoned himself to the charm of the present. When at last he rose to retire, the Rabbi said, in a solemn tone: "May the God of Israel bring you sound slumber and a happy awakening!"

Rachel then took up a candle, and, going before the guest, remarked:

"My father can not mount the stairs; let me, then, do the honors of our humble home."

Jean followed her, not at all surprised at this freedom, being familiar with the customs of the Slavs. On reaching the

top of the staircase, Rachel opened a door; then, with her pretty head slightly bent in the docile attitude of a servant, she offered him the candle she held in her hand.

"This is the room. My father is poor, but if we had a palace, and in it a room panelled in cedar encrusted with gold, and if I were the daughter of King Solomon instead of being the daughter of a poor rabbi, I would have guided you to it even as I have guided you to this."

These remarks, colored with Biblical poesy, made Jean smile. His hand was not quite steady when he took the candle from the girl, and she was at the bottom of the staircase before he could find words to reply; then he called down:

"Thanks! I shall surely sleep better than King Solomon, and I shall have pleasanter dreams than his."

When the young man was alone, the humble room seemed illuminated by the brilliancy of Rachel's beauty. He retired to bed, but not to sleep. Attempting to analyze the emotions that overcame him, he recalled incidents of the evening. "How strange! How strange!" he kept repeating to himself.

As he lay looking at a ray of moonlight that fell across the covers of his bed, a sound of melody reached his ears. He listened; an instrument—a harp apparently—was accompanied by a full, sweet female voice. Was the beautiful Rachel lulling her visitor to sleep like the captives of Sidon in the palaces of the Kings of Israel? The music lasted but a few moments, and a little later Jean was sleeping the sleep of youth,—dreamless, because at that time life is itself a dream.

He was awakened at daybreak by a tap on his door, a respectful voice, which he did not recognize, called out:

"The sleigh is ready, sir!"

He hastily arose, and, for a moment,

hardly realized where he was. Then the remembrance of the last evening came into his mind, and the image of the Rabbi's charming daughter rose before his eyes. He hoped to see her once more before taking his departure. As if divining his thoughts, she met him at the foot of the staircase, and the glance they exchanged was almost tender. An odor of steaming coffee came through the door of the dining-room.

"You see we do not wish to detain you," said the girl; "and yet you must not go away hungry."

"How can I ever thank you for all your kindness?" answered Jean, in a low tone.

"There is nothing to thank us for; we have only done our duty."

She then brought the young man a cup of coffee, which he drank standing.

When he had finished his coffee, he said:

"Thank your father in my name for his hospitality, and tell him how deeply grateful I am for it."

Rachel interrupted him by offering him a rose she had picked from a bush in the window.

"Accept this; it is the most valuable thing we have. Have pity on it and do not let it freeze."

Jean unbuttoned his coat and put the rose next to his heart, looking steadfastly at the girl as he did so.

"It shall remain there."

"Until to-night?"

"Forever!—the remembrance of it, at least."

Both lowered their eyes for a moment.

"Good-bye!" said Jean at last.

"I do not like that word. Say '*Au revoir*' instead; for we shall certainly meet again."

She then put a scarf over her head and accompanied him out, in spite of his remonstrances. They stood for a moment on the threshold; the snow-

covered expanse seemed covered with diamonds, while the sun hung suspended on the horizon like a huge lamp veiled with silvery gauze.

At last Jean went down the steps, entered the sleigh, pulled his cap down over his ears and was about to give the word to start, when Rachel called out in German, as if unwilling to let him go without knowing the truth:

"I think I ought to tell you, sir, that my cousin Leopold is going to marry your sister."

The words rang out clearly through the frosty air. A moment later the sleigh was driven off; but Jean, stupefied, still heard the words seemingly close to his ears:

"My cousin Leopold is going to marry your sister."

(To be continued.)

A Friend of the Outcast and Oppressed.

THE name of the Marchesa di Barolo is one that will never be forgotten in Italy so long as the virtue of Christian charity exists in the souls of her adopted countrymen. A philanthropist and reformer in the truest sense of the word—one, moreover, who did not blazon her charitable deeds to the world, but went quietly about from day to day, visiting the imprisoned, relieving their wants, soothing their anguish and enlightening their souls,—religion and charity was the very breath of her nostrils.

If Silvio Pellico had lived long enough he would have been her biographer; and none knew better than he the number and extent of her virtues; for she had been his friend and benefactress: he had lived in her household and eaten her bread. But he had already drawn up a few notes which were to form the material of a future history, and it is from these that the chronicle here appended has been gleaned.

The Marchesa di Barolo, *née* Julia Victoria Frances Colbert, was a lineal descendant of the great Colbert, and was born in 1785, in the ancestral castle of her family, Maulévrier, in La Vendée. Several of her near relatives were victims of the French Revolution, dying on the scaffold during the early reign of Republican tyranny in their native land. His daughter grew up amidst these heart-stirring associations. For her father she always cherished a deep veneration, which he merited in every respect. He took great pains with the education of his children, giving his daughters a more cultivated training than was at that day usually bestowed upon women. The eldest was married to the Count Pelletier d'Aunay, the youngest to the Marchese Tancredi Falletti di Barolo.

Piedmont was at that time united to the French Empire, and the young Marchesa and her husband spent some months of every year in Paris. But their home was in Turin. She soon became greatly attached to the country of her adoption. Graceful and beautiful in person, she was equally so in mind and character. Gay and sprightly in society—of which she was at one period very fond, and for which in the height of her charitable undertakings she never lost her taste,—she was at all times distinguished by the solicitude she manifested for the pleasure and comfort of others. It had pleased God to withhold from her the blessing of children, a deprivation keenly felt by herself and her husband; but they both acquiesced in this dispensation of Providence with Christian resignation; and after a time resolved to apply their great wealth to the alleviation of poverty and suffering.

They were, however, discriminating in their charities: seeking out, in many instances, that class of persons who have seen better days, and who are as solicitous to hide their misfortunes as

others less deserving are eager to make them known. In this manner they rescued many families from poverty, and placed them in a way permanently to benefit their condition; educated a number of young men in a manner which allowed them to pursue chosen lucrative professions; and also enabled others to enter upon the ecclesiastical state, which had been the desire of their hearts, but from which their means had previously debarred them.

From the beginning of her residence in Turin, the Marchesa di Barolo had always felt a particular solicitude for prisoners. Although she had had no experience with that class of persons, she found herself drawn toward them with an extraordinary commiseration. One day in Easter Week she happened to be passing when a procession of the Blessed Sacrament was leaving the Church of St. Augustine. She knelt down, and was suddenly horrified to hear a voice above her crying out: "It is not the Viaticum but soup I want!" Turning around, she discovered that it came from one of the barred windows of the Senatorial Prison, and at once requested the servant who was with her to accompany her to the place. Thinking hunger had prompted the blasphemous exclamation, she desired to give some money to the prisoner to buy food. The Marchesa soon learned, however, that it was not starvation but irreligion which had instigated the prisoner to cry out as he did.

She requested to be taken through the various departments, and was wounded to the heart by what she saw and heard. She was then led to a higher story, where the women were confined; having no light in their abode but what came through very narrow apertures above their heads. Clothed in rags, lost to all sense of respect or decency, they crowded around her with loud cries. When she gave them the alms they

solicited, instead of thanking her they threw themselves on the ground, fighting with one another like animals for the money she had bestowed.

Horrified and disgusted as she was at the dreadful things she had heard and witnessed—things which until then she had not even imagined could exist,—she left the prison with the firm determination to return and do all in her power for the alleviation of the misery of soul and body which had there displayed itself in its worst form. But her husband would not consent to this; her friends told her that it was a thankless and hopeless enterprise upon which she wished to engage; her confessor was of the same opinion. With her usual sweetness of disposition she quietly submitted for a time, but resolved in her heart to make another attempt whenever a favorable opportunity should present itself. She made inquiries as to the best mode of obtaining access to the prisoners, and was told she could do so freely by becoming a member of the Confraternity of Mercy, originally founded for their relief. The Marchesa joined this Confraternity and announced her intention of visiting the prisons in her turn.

She began by serving out the soup; and after a time requested the jailers to leave her alone with the prisoners, with whom she could not converse freely in the presence of their guardians. This was refused; but later the hearts of the keepers were softened by her piety and amiability, and they allowed her to see the prisoners alone. They surrounded her, cursing, screaming, and vociferating that they were innocent of the crimes for which they had been incarcerated.

She underwent this ordeal several times without showing either fear or disgust, and soon they looked forward with pleasure to her coming. She began to advise them and to pray; but at this

many took alarm and refused to remain in the room. Quietly dismissing them, she continued her devotions with the more tractable prisoners. This stimulated the curiosity of the others, and they requested to be readmitted at the next visit. The desired permission was readily given, and very soon the Marchesa had all the prisoners under her sway.

After some weeks she began to teach them the catechism, dividing them into classes according to their intelligence. At the end of a few months she resolved to teach them to read. Some of them learned very quickly. These she employed in assisting her to teach their companions. "My children," she would say to them, "I try to do you good that you may also do good to others. You can not give your companions everything they want: give them at least what you can. Let us help one another, and ask God to help us all. I am grateful to you for the trouble you take in order to lighten my task." It seemed to give them genuine pleasure to think they had spared her fatigue and lightened her charitable labors.

Well knowing that in order to reach the soul of the outcast it is necessary first to appeal to the body, the Marchesa, besides giving alms from her private purse, had recourse to higher powers in order to improve the physical condition of the prisoners. She obtained generous gifts of money from the Duke and Duchess of Genoa, the Queen Maria Teresa, and the Prince and Princess of Carignano. With this fund she bought clothing, some of which she took weekly to the prison and distributed among the women. She also obtained permission to have Mass said in the corridor, and arranged an altar there for the purpose. Having used every means to prevent the introduction of spirituous liquors into the prison, she was at last successful, and thereafter her task was lightened.

But so great was the opposition she met with from some of the prisoners because of this that several of them went so far as to push her, strike her, and even spit in her face. But the Marchesa quietly endured these insults, seeing in them only a stronger reason for using every available means in the cause of temperance, the absence of which had rendered such abuse possible. She considered the prison as a moral hospital, in which we must expect to find incurable cases; and she felt that nothing done through a motive of charity is ever thrown away. "Let us give without reckoning," she said: "God will reckon for us."

After she had worked five months in the Prison of the Senate, the women in the House of Correction sent to the Marchesa to ask her to visit them also. In this place they had abundance of air and light. She found great consolation in the results of her efforts with these unfortunates, with whom she pursued the same course as in the Senatorial Prison. There were times, however, when this noble woman suffered great discouragement. Continual association with these abandoned persons was very trying on her health and nerves; the multiplicity of the crimes with which they were charged distressed her beyond measure. It was only prayer and the knowledge that her labors were productive of great good that enabled her to persevere.

She had not been long engaged in her good work before she saw that, in order to accomplish any lasting results, the prisoners must be separated: those convicted of lesser offences, or whose criminal record was comparatively recent, being worthy of a different atmosphere from that which surrounded them in the company of lifelong felons and incorrigible sinners. She made many appeals for a suitable building, to which she begged leave to transport those

whom she thought proper subjects for segregation; and at length the house of the Sforzate was made over to her, with permission to put in it whomsoever she pleased. This house was spacious and had a garden where the prisoners could walk, also a chapel where Mass was said and catechetical instructions were given.

The prisoners at the head of each ward said morning and evening prayers aloud, and the Rosary was recited daily. Manual labor was insisted upon. The women did all the work of the place, besides spinning flax and hemp; each receiving a small proportion of the fruit of her labor, so that when her time had expired she would not leave the prison penniless, and thus be more exposed to every kind of temptation.

Although she had several reliable and efficient helpers, the Marchesa gave daily supervision to all that went on,—a duty which occupied three or four hours every morning. But her principal care was to soften those turbulent spirits which had never been trained or guided. And in this she was eminently successful; as the meekness and sweetness of her own disposition, the gentleness of her manner, the beauty of goodness which shone in her eyes, was an ever-present example, influencing them far more than any other method could have done to encourage them in the practice of virtue.

At last the time had come when, the success of her mission assured, and her work well established, the Marchesa felt that she might profitably seek the assistance of religious who would undertake the care of the prison and the office of teachers. With this view she applied to the excellent Sisters of St. Joseph, whom she herself had introduced into Piedmont. They readily complied with her request, agreeing to take full charge of the prisoners, but under her direction.

As time went on, experience taught

her that many of the women who are discharged from prison again go astray, because circumstances seemed almost to force them back into the paths they had previously followed; and she became possessed of the desire to establish a refuge for such as would profit by it. But, although her heart was constantly urging her to execute this charitable project, the consciousness of her inexperience, joined to her great humility, and the certainty that her desire would be opposed by her husband and friends who thought her already overburdened with good works, made her hesitate long before taking the preliminary steps.

The constant prayer of faith was not unheard. When the time came, everything ran smoothly; those most dear to her gave up their objections, and a sum was accordingly devoted to the purchase of a house in one of the suburbs of Turin. It was placed under the special protection of Mary Refuge of Sinners, and was capable of accommodating two hundred penitents. The Sisters of St. Joseph also presided over this institution. Some time afterward the Marchesa established in the same suburb St. Philomena's Hospital for infirm and crippled children; and at a short distance from it the School of St. Ann for girls belonging to poor and respectable families.

The results of this work of the refuge were incalculable. Some of the women wished never to leave the asylum, but desired to consecrate themselves to God by religious vows. So often and so earnestly did they speak of this to the Marchesa, that she consulted with the archbishop, who gave his consent. She at once proceeded to build a convent on a piece of land adjoining the Refuge. These poor Magdalens led a penitential, laborious and severely mortified life and besides devoted themselves to the training and education of a numerous class of children under twelve years of

age, who, through evil association, had fallen into vice. These were called Little Magdalens. The Oblates of St. Mary Magdalen were another offshoot of these foundations,—a congregation devoted to every office of charity.

Although these various institutions occupied much of the Marchesa's time, she found leisure to look after a great many poor families. And, while her chief solicitude was directed to the poor, she was not blind to the spiritual necessities of the rich. She had long felt how great an advantage it would be to the noble families of the Kingdom to possess a conventual school where their daughters could receive a religious education and be at the same time trained in all the duties of their social position. As a result the Ladies of the Sacred Heart were invited to Turin, the King having given his consent. The Marchese di Barolo, at his wife's request, completed the beneficent work by placing at the disposal of the nuns his own large and beautiful villa. Until such time as it was ready for their occupation, the religious were hospitably entertained at the Di Barolo palace in Turin.

(Conclusion next week.)

No just judge or jury would render a verdict after hearing only one side. In a court of justice the representative of the defendant and his witnesses always have the same consideration as those of the prosecution. Therefore, no sane man or woman should condemn—in thought, word or action—an accused person after hearing only one side of the story; and as there is only about one chance in a thousand that the other side will ever be heard, one should forever hold his peace, and not let his respect for an accused person be diminished a particle. This is the duty not only of a true Christian but of every rational being.—*Anon.*

Riders to the Sea.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

OCH! all me life I've fought a mither's fight
 agin' the sea!
 But shure at last it claimed each one,—it took
 thim all from me.
 The lips o' fisher childher they know the taste
 o' salty spray,
 An' the hearts o' thim go sailin' beyant the
 sheltered bay.
 The life o' us is lonesome, then, for airy
 gossoon chat—
 Full soon they win to slicker an' to tied-down
 oilskin hat.
 Oh, Sheila is the stay-at-home; but riders to
 the blue—
 God be wid the rovin' hearts o' Conner, Bart,
 an' Hugh!
 Sheila is the stay-at-home, born under a kind
 star,
 The breath o' posies comes to her through
 windows set ajar.
 I talk to her o' ships that in the angry waves
 go down,
 But all she sees is sloping hills an' pastures
 green an' brown.
 Joy she carries heedfully like rare wine in
 a cup,
 An' love for just the gift o' sleep an' for her
 risin'-up.
 Oh, a colleen is a stay-at-home as steadfast
 as the dew;
 But God look on the reckless lives o' Conner,
 Bart, an' Hugh!
 Shure, there's nothin' in a quiet street or in
 a curve o' sand,
 There's nothin' for the fisher lads in all the
 patient land.
 An' lads must grow an' do their work an'
 women watch an' wait—
 A woman's place is on the shore or crouchin'
 by the gate.
 Oh, glad am I to start from sleep whin storm
 is on the world,
 An' all the ships that sail the sea are by the
 blast imperilled!
 Sheila clasps my arm in fear, an' then I know
 'tis true,
 God is buildin' souls o' men in Conner, Bart,
 an' Hugh!

A Tardy Repentance.

BY MARY CROSS.

I.

IN the earthly paradise of Rostrevor
 "it was the time of roses"; and
 Cloughmore caught the splendor of
 July's sunshine on its heights, starting
 steep and bare from the rich woods.
 From shore to shore the lough stretched
 in lines of dazzling light; and a white
 sail, flashing like silver, glided away to
 where the mountains seemed to meet.
 In the village was a small shop, with
 limp curtains drooping over an array
 of cheap blouses, sailor hats, faded
 ribbons and flowers, and mysterious
 wire shapes explained by the inscrip-
 tion above the door: "Ellen Pace,
 Milliner and Dressmaker."

Into this emporium of fashion came
 a pretty girl in a costume suggestive
 of foam, with eyes that were homes of
 love and laughter, and lips that were
 sweet and pure. A jingling bell sum-
 moned from the back regions a thin,
 pale, white-haired woman, her brows in
 an habitual knot, her mouth one straight
 hard line. But her expression changed,
 softened, and brightened at sight of
 her visitor.

"Is it really you, Miss O'Connor? I
 heard last night that you had come, but
 I didn't expect to see you so soon. It is
 more than good of you indeed."

"I wanted to be sure that you were
 really better; and seeing is believing,
 you know."

"I am quite strong again, thanks to
 yourself, Miss," replied Ellen Pace,
 her face still flushing and quivering
 strangely. She looked up and down,
 and swept imaginary dust off the
 counter, and twitched at her cap in a
 nervous, excitable way. "And it is
 thanks to you that I got through the
 Winter at all and was able to keep a
 roof over my head. I suppose you can

not help being kind to the poor and sad and lonely."

The few words summed up Aideen O'Connor's character with sufficient accuracy. Her acquaintance with Miss Pace dated from one day last Summer when she had been attracted by the poverty-stricken appearance of the shop; and, going in on an imaginary errand, had found the proprietress fainting—"from the heat," she had said; but Aideen ascertained that it was rather from privation.

The neighbors, not without cause, considered Miss Pace rather eccentric. They opined that she had saved a good bit of money and had starved herself to make it more; others declared that she had not so much as would cover a crutch; but no one really knew anything about her, and she held herself strictly aloof from all social intercourse. The empty cupboard, the threadbare garments, the bony face and figure appealed to the tenderest spot in Aideen's tender heart. She was like the sunshine—not to be resisted. Miss Pace drew down the blinds of a brusque reserve, but Aideen penetrated to the depths of the long-frozen heart. Her prompt and practical kindness helped the forlorn old maid over a very rough bit of life's road.

"I'm going away to Canada, Miss O'Connor," said Ellen Pace. "Would you believe it?—I have a brother there who has made money, and he wants me to go out and end my days with him. We had lost sight of each other for years; but he advertised for me in a Dublin paper, and so we were brought together again. But if it hadn't been for you, I should never have lived to see this piece of good luck."

Aideen congratulated her, glad that she was to be permanently provided for; and then departed for the house where she usually spent the Summer with Aunt Barbara, in whose care she

had been since infancy. Her mother had died then; and her father, Dr. O'Connor, had gone to India, where he had found an early grave.

A quick, light step sounded behind her, and a voice, with a slightly injured accent, exclaimed:

"At last! I've searched the whole district for you."

Aideen turned to behold a blue-eyed, black-haired young man, with a high-spirited Keltic face.

"Not quite the *whole* district, I think," said she; "and, if accuracy is a first condition of truth—"

"Oh, don't talk down to me like Aunt Barbara, dear! And never mind accuracy or anything, so long as we are together. I have been afraid that I have been dreaming and shall one day waken to a grim reality that knows no Aideen."

"Aunt Barbara may prove sufficiently rousing when you ask her consent. What *will* she say?"

"Why, naturally she will say: 'My niece is lucky to be adored by such an admirable youth as Terence Blake.'"

"I'm afraid she will not be quite so complimentary. She is always warning me against matrimony, and declares that an engagement is a period of temporary insanity, during which a man is unnecessarily polite to the woman he will be unnecessarily rude to all the rest of his life."

"Epigrammatic but unsound; true to the maiden-aunt tradition, otherwise erroneous. Perhaps at some time or another Aunt Barbara has had a disappointment, and thenceforth the grapes have ceased to ripen."

So chatting, they strolled along the broad, sunny road, like mirrors reflecting each other's brightness, as lovers should be. At a certain green gate they took leave of each other; and Terence went on to his mother's residence, a white house amid a wilderness of such

roses as Rostrevor brings forth in the greatest profusion.

Mrs. Blake was a wealthy widow, Terry her only child, and he was naturally the centre of her hopes and ambitions. She was just alighting from her victoria as he arrived; and she took possession of a basket chair on the lawn, under the shade of an immense Japanese umbrella.

"Well, mother mine, did you enjoy your drive?"

"Very much. Don't put away your cigar: I like it. What did you do?"

"Indulged in indefinite—or I should say *definite*—roaming. The O'Conors are here, mother. They came from Belfast yesterday."

"Indeed?" Mrs. Blake's tone was like ice-cream—sweet but cold; and under her mildly resolute gaze Terry grew red, twirled his "weed" confusedly, then jerked it from him.

"Smoking a cigar is like marriage," he said: "if it is begun badly, it goes on badly, and nothing will ever again put it right."

"And marriage is not like smoking a cigar: once you have begun it, you must go on with it, and can't throw it down just because it has proved a failure. What set you off on the subject, though? We were speaking of the O'Conors: did the one suggest the other?"

She waited with ostentatious patience for his reply, and at length it came.

"You have found me out, mother. I love Aileen with all my heart."

Mrs. Blake was not surprised. The information simply confirmed a haunting suspicion; and she told herself that she ought to have foreseen this result and prevented it in time. It was too late to interfere, and certainly Aileen was very charming. Besides, opposition is the life of love and may rouse even a passing fancy to vigorous stability, whilst amiable acquiescence may nip

both in the bud. Tell a man that he can't do better for himself, and he soon sets about showing you that he can. So reasoned Mrs. Blake, as Terry brought his confession to a close with:

"Now only your blessing and your consent are wanting to complete my happiness, mother."

"I shall not withhold either, my dear boy. At the same time I can't help wishing that we knew a little more of Aileen's antecedents. She appears to know next to nothing of her parents; and once or twice when I have broached the subject to Miss Barbara, she has turned a deaf ear. I suppose you don't know where Dr. O'Connor was practising before he went to India nor why he went there?"

"I really never thought of asking any questions, but I am positive there is nothing to be concealed."

"Well, I will call on Miss Barbara to-morrow and ascertain when she and Aileen can dine with us," said Mrs. Blake; and Terry kissed her hand.

Early the following day she fulfilled her promise, and found Miss O'Connor at home and alone, which was just what she wanted. After some polite fencing, Mrs. Blake came to the real object of her visit. She did not like Barbara O'Connor, but she respected her and had confidence in her honor and integrity.

"My son made me a very interesting confession yesterday," said Mrs. Blake, pleasantly. "He has fallen in love with your pretty niece, and he will soon, I suppose, be asking your consent to an engagement. I hope you approve?"

"I have no personal objection to Mr. Blake," said Miss Barbara. "I—I—I never expected that Aileen would care to marry—I never wished that she should."

"That is a little hard on her, isn't it?"

"On the surface it may seem so. She is very poor, Mrs. Blake. My annuity

dies with me, and I have saved little or nothing to leave her."

"I should not wish my son to marry for money, even if he needed to do so. On one thing only I insist: his wife must bear an unblemished name."

Lower drooped Miss Barbara's head, and the color receded from her lips.

"You leave me no alternative, Mrs. Blake. I am bound in honor to tell you what I have hitherto concealed from Aideen herself. Her father, I am sorry to say, died under suspicion of having committed murder; and the suspicion has never been removed."

A shocked exclamation from Mrs. Blake sent a flood of crimson to Miss Barbara's brow.

"Yes, 'horrible' indeed! He was my only brother, and he married a pretty, silly, vain creature, whose folly and extravagance made him wretched. His domestic troubles were no secret, and people were always predicting a sensational termination of some kind. Just eighteen years ago this month the end came. Mrs. O'Connor was suffering from a slight cold, for which her husband had prescribed. One night he went into her room and gave her the medicine himself before going to a patient some miles away. Before his return she was found by her maid dying, poisoned. You can imagine the sensation such a tragedy caused. My poor brother had to stand trial, but no evidence against him could be produced and, of course, he was acquitted. Nevertheless, he was a ruined man. He made a brave effort to live down the stigma, but in vain; his practice dwindled away. He went to India to begin afresh there, but in a few months he died. Aideen was left to my care, and has been with me ever since, not knowing her parents' story. You will excuse me from enlarging on it. In the lapse of so many years it has died out of public remembrance, but it is not impossible that it may be revived; and

now it is only just that you and your son should be made aware of it."

"Pardon my saying that you ought to have told Aideen the truth long ago. You would thus have saved her and others a great deal of pain, Miss O'Connor."

"I admit my own moral cowardice," answered Barbara. "I deceived myself into thinking that my silence was to save Aideen pain, whereas I realize that it has been to spare myself the agony of casting a slur upon my beloved brother's memory. May he rest in eternal peace! And that he truly does I, for one, do not doubt."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Blake (her eyelids were smarting). "Of course this ends everything between Terence and Aideen. If you still wish the truth to be hidden from her, no doubt we can find some plausible excuse for not sanctioning the engagement."

Miss O'Connor merely bent her head: as a matter of fact, she was past speaking; and Mrs. Blake retired, her heart aching for the pain she must inflict upon Terry. How would he, whose life hitherto had been like a white sail on a sunny sea, endure this downfall of his tender hopes? And poor little Aideen, so unconscious of the blot on her name, of the suffering in store for her whether the secret were kept or not,—who would not pity her?

As Mrs. Blake had expected, Terry was awaiting her return in the highest possible spirits.

"My poor boy, I am so sorry for you!" she whispered, tears gathering as she surveyed him in his youth and happiness.

"Mother dear, what has happened? Is Aideen ill?"

"No, but as surely separated from you as if she were dead."

And then, without further preface, she briefly repeated the story told her by Miss O'Connor.

"Thank Heaven, Aideen does not know and need not know!" were his first words.

Mrs. Blake said, less enthusiastically:

"No, if we can find some other reason sufficient for your dissociating yourself from her."

"But why must I do that? She is not responsible for her father's guilt, if guilty he were."

"My dear Terry, pray do not allow yourself to be carried away by foolish sentiment. Your course is clear. I pity the girl deeply and sincerely, but she is not the only one who must be considered. How can you marry the daughter of a suspected man?"

"I can't consider anything but the guileless girl who has never cherished an unkind or selfish thought, who loves me, believes me, trusts me. Why should I betray her trust? Can't I, can't you give her father the benefit of a doubt?"

"The question is not whether the man really was guilty or not. We need not discuss the matter, for your course is clear. I will be candid with you, and tell you that you must choose between her and me. If you marry her, I will not receive her, nor will I receive or regard you as my son. If you persist in this, you forfeit every claim on me, and I shall leave all my money to my sister's children." And with burning cheeks she left the room.

A fortnight passed without Aideen seeing her lover; though token of his existence had come, stating that he had been summoned unexpectedly to Belfast on business, which he would explain when they met. Aunt Barbara had developed a strange despondency and melancholy; and, to crown all, the girl had met Mrs. Blake driving to Killowen, and, instead of receiving the usual gracious smile and bow, had been startled with a passing glance of uninterested non-recognition. What did it all mean?

II.

It was a day of driving wind and rain; the waves breaking with a long, strong swish on the shore, and shreds of mist floating over the mountains. Miss O'Connor sat knitting, whilst Aideen read the following note, which had just been received with a large square parcel:

MISS AIDEEN O'CONNOR.

DEAR MADAM:—Accept, please, this present, which I made for you myself. When it reaches you I shall be gone. Good-bye! Gratefully yours,

ELLEN PACE.

P. S.—The lining will be useful.

"I suppose she is a little mad," said Aunt Barbara, when the present was displayed and proved to be a hat of many colors, lined with pink satin and rampant with wings and flowers. Further criticism was prevented by the clashing of the garden gate, which sent a shower of calceolaria blossoms over the wet grass. Aunt Barbara caught her breath as she quickly looked through the window.

"It is Terry Blake, Aideen. What is there to blush for?"

"O Auntie! I—he—" stammered the poor girl.

"I know," said Miss Barbara, sadly.

Instead of indulging in cynicism, she drew the girl to her side, bidding her remember that, whatever happened, she had still her Aunt Barbara; and that the sharpest sorrows lose their sting in time. With these mysterious words she quietly withdrew; and Terry entered, still the fond and radiant lover. After a brief interlude, Aideen went straight to the point.

"Terry, is there any reason why your mother should cut me? Have I offended her in any way?"

He suddenly grew deeply, darkly, beautifully red.

"She has refused to consent to our engagement, love. But I am of an age to

judge and decide for myself with whom I shall spend my life. In time she may relent. I am sure you will esteem me none the less because I am suddenly thrown on my own resources."

"O Terry, what do you mean?"

"That I shall soon find work to do, and be all the better a man for it. I have been negotiating the sale of my yacht and horses and other luxuries; they will fetch a good price—enough for us to begin housekeeping on, if you are willing to take me in my altered circumstances. Are you, dear?"

To that there could be but one reply; and Aideen wept, moved by his perfect unselfishness, his prompt sacrifice of his own pleasures to provide for her; though she was far from realizing the depth of his love and the height of his chivalry. They whispered to each other comfort and encouragement, until a sound outside brought them back to common existence, and Terry's eyes fell on the millinery monstrosity.

"What on earth is that?" he asked.

"A hat with a history," said she, handing him the note, which he read.

"Look here, Aideen, there is more in that hat than meets the eye. Your attention is pointedly directed to the lining. I scent a romance."

"O Terry, there really is something under the lining! I can feel a paper. What can it be?"

A few strokes of the scissors revealed a couple of sheets of paper closely written and addressed to Miss Aideen O'Connor.

"The will, of course!" laughed Terry. "To how many millions are you heiress? Or is it possible that she has left her business to you?"

But Aideen's eyes were fixed on the papers on which were traced the words tearing away the veil from the tragedy of her father's life.

MISS AIDEEN:—My name is not Ellen Pace but Agnes Watson. I was formerly

in your dear mother's service and am unhappily responsible for her death. Others will tell you the full story, and how circumstantial evidence seemed to condemn your father. I solemnly declare his innocence. It was I who during his absence that fatal night, accidentally gave your mother the wrong medicine. I discovered the error too late and was afraid to confess the truth.

Nothing prospered with me after. I lived in constant dread of the truth becoming known. I changed my name, but ever and ever the struggle grew harder. I was at the last extremity of want and despair when you found me. Before I heard your name I recognized you by your likeness to your father. Now you will understand some of my questions. I have always been a coward and I am so yet. So, while conscience and your angelic goodness to me force me to make this confession, I hide it where it may not be found until I am beyond your just reproaches. I scarcely dare hope that you will pardon me. But I earnestly implore you to say, "May God forgive her!"

AGNES WATSON.

The letter fell from Aideen's trembling hands, and she turned to her lover in an agony of entreaty. Then from him she heard all the sad story, understood the meaning of his mother's anger, of Aunt Barbara's warnings and endeavors to preach the instability of human affection; and, clearer, brighter, better than all, saw the nobleness of the man she loved.

"O Terry, Terry!" she sobbed, "I can think of nothing but how I am to outdo you in love and generosity!"

"It appears that Aideen does not wish that wretched woman to be sought after," said Mrs. Blake as she sat with Aunt Barbara in her garden. Above them shone a single star through depths of melting twilight.

"Yes, she has forgiven Agnes Watson; it is not in Aideen's nature to do anything else."

"Even I can forgive the poor creature," said Mrs. Blake, "when I remember that but for her tardy atonement I might have been estranged from—my children."

And in the glance she cast on Aideen and Terry, strolling to and fro "through dewy darkness dear as day" of the tall flowering bushes, there was nothing but kindness and love.

The Triumph of Turkey.

BY BEN HURST.

THE curtain has been rung down on the shameful drama at Lausanne, where nominal Christian statesmen have surrendered the lives and faith of millions of Christians to the absolute mercy of the Turks. Never before in European history has there been so cold-blooded a repudiation of Christian fellowship. It will be remembered as the direst consequence of the great war, whose evils are numerous enough. Turkey, in return for valuable concessions to the Western Powers, in commercial, mining, and industrial enterprises, is henceforth allowed to dispose of her fated Christian subjects without interference from outside.

Christianity, by consent of the Powers, is to be extirpated from Anatolia. The Turks have got a free hand to exile the Armenians, Chaldeans, and Greeks from their homes. Ismet Pasha has openly declared that the New Turkey wishes to be rid of its turbulent and disloyal Christian subjects, and that the chief means for securing the clearance of Asia Minor from the objectionable element will be the purchase of each individual homestead. There is no guarantee, except that of a man who has repeatedly gone back on his word

during the Lausanne Conference, that the customary Turkish methods of massacre, forced deportation, and labor beyond human endurance, will in future be laid aside. But, suppose that the derisory price allotted for each homestead is really paid over, whither are the defenceless refugees to turn their steps? Greece is already overcrowded with them. The barren hills and desert plains outside the frontiers of Turkey in Asia afford no means of sustenance, and the hostile Arabs want no intruders on their territories. The fate of the Christian Armenians is a crying disgrace to Twentieth Century Christendom. They were reduced by over half a million in a few years, thanks to a policy whose details are hurriedly passed over by Western statesmen.

After three and a half centuries of contact with European civilization, the Turks have recently shown the same blind Mohammedan fanaticism that distinguished them from the beginning. Deficient in culture, in honesty, in the barest humanity, they have succeeded in being treated on an equality with the other States built upon Christian ethics. Had there been unity in Christendom, the butcheries at Smyrna and elsewhere would never have taken place. Had there been true solidarity between the Christian States, Turkey could not have dictated her terms to them as she has just done at the council table of Lausanne. But the words "non-Turkish Minorities," were carefully substituted for "Christians" throughout the proceedings in order to save the faces of European statesmen. The rejoicings at Constantinople, however, throw a true light on what has occurred. We are told that even in the most Christian area of that historic city, no other emblem is any longer visible except the Star and Crescent.

Turkey's triumph coincides with the Mohammedan feast of Bairam, and

never before, perhaps, has it been celebrated with such a conviction of Moslem supremacy. From the minarets of the mosques, the Muezzins call upon the followers of the Prophet to give thanks for the victory. The allied forces are withdrawing in good order, leaving the city of Constantine henceforth to the unchallenged jurisdiction of the Turks. The farewell address of the British Commander to the Turkish Military Governor sounds the knell of all Christian hopes. The "traditions of fraternity" between the armies of England and Turkey are recalled; and the English General says that he is "pleased to extend his hand to those who represent the forces which fought side by side with England in the Crimean war." Gladstone's noble "Hands off!" when Turkey was throttling the Christians of Serbia and Bulgaria to extinction, find no echo, it would seem, in the England of to-day.

We are told by the signatories of the Lausanne Peace Treaty with Turkey that the world should be relieved at the settlement which puts an end to a juridical, if not an actual, state of war. But can the unfortunate pawn, Greece, who was sent to see what she could do against the great Moslem Power supposed to be incapacitated, consider herself secure from future molestation? The terrible Mustapha Kemal, who drove the Greek troops out of Asia Minor, and put to sword the civil population left behind, has, through his delegate, Ismet Pasha, imposed his will at Lausanne. Turkey has not only got full recognition as the chief factor in Asia Minor, but recovered what she had lost in Europe. There are no restrictions or supervisions as to how she shall deal with her Christian populations who hitherto had protection from their consuls in Turkish law courts. She has obtained what Germany can not obtain, the remittance of reparations

imposed on her by the Treaty of Sèvres.

A single crumb of comfort to the nations in the Near East, acquainted at first hand with Turkish ferocity and Turkish perfidy, is the refusal of the Serbian delegate to subscribe to the Lausanne Document. He managed to do this by means of a technical objection to the unfair ruling in connection with the war reparations. In point of fact, the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes is not contiguous with Turkish territory; but Thrace, taken from the Greeks, and now given to Turkey, becomes a danger zone, all the more that throughout history its fate has been often identical with that of Macedonia. This province, restored to Christian hands in the Balkan Wars, is now a flourishing field of Christian labor. Missionaries have poured in, Jesuits and Franciscans foremost, and are seeking out the submerged Catholics in this war-worn region.

At Skoplye the ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out with elaborate solemnity by both the Orthodox and Catholic communities. The altar of repose in the Catholic Church was guarded by soldiers, and was visited this year by all the State dignitaries. The Orthodox Metropolitan himself came to venerate the Cross. Best of all, there are touching evidences of innate Catholic fervor among the young folk. A priest writes: "There is a strong interest among the Orthodox in Catholic doctrine and Catholic ways. If all those who see in Catholicism a better religious support than in their own Orthodoxy, were to act on their convictions, and boldly join us, we should need hundreds of priests over here." This news, however consoling, gives one a deeper realization of the incalculable loss to Christ's Cause by the reinstatement of Islam, sentenced by the Allies in 1914 to be "driven, bag and baggage, out of Europe."

Quatre-Vingt-Quatorze.

A WAGON, heavily laden, was stalled in the middle of a rutty road. The driver, an angry and powerful man, was using every effort to extricate it,—that is, every effort known to charioteers of his class: blows of the whip on the backs of the horses, oaths without number, loud, deep and horrible; but all to no purpose: the horses refused to budge. The blows grew more violent, the oaths more frightful.

Suddenly a meek-looking priest came upon the scene; his soul shrinking at the blasphemies proceeding from the mouth of one of God's creatures.

"My dear man," he said in the gentlest accents to the angry peasant, "I am not astonished that you can accomplish nothing. Pardon me!—you are a Christian, are you not?"

"Well, yes, Father, I claim to be one," replied the man, rather embarrassed.

"In your anxiety about your horses it is likely you have forgotten it," said the priest; "otherwise you would never have been willing to offend the good God so deeply. Do not swear and everything will go well. Come now, I am going to help you."

The peasant once more began his work with the horses, the priest assisting him; but the man, to whom cursing and swearing had become second nature, resumed his oaths.

"Oh, no!" said the priest, in the same gentle voice. "Nothing can be accomplished by such conduct."

"But if I don't do it the horses will never stir," answered the man.

"Let me try by myself," said the priest, "and you will see."

The man murmured something. The priest took the whip from his hand and, cracking it with great noise through the air, cried out in a powerful voice:

"Get up, *Quatre-vingt-quatorze!*"

The words had a magical effect. The

horses lifted their feet from the mud, the wagon creaked and moved. The first steps were taken. In a few moments the bad place lay some distance behind, while priest and driver walked, well satisfied, beside the team.

"Now you see, my friend," said the priest, returning the whip, with that rarely beautiful smile which so distinguished his benevolent face,—“you see everything goes better when one does not use profane language. Just choose some sonorous word—no matter what, so that it be not an imprecation; crack your whip loudly in the air instead of upon the horses' backs, and you will not offend the good God, while your horses will go without any trouble."

Since that time, the good missionary who told this story went on to relate, the laborers in that parish have always spurred on their beasts, and that effectually, with the magical *Quatre-vingt-quatorze*. The priest was the saintly Don Bosco.

The Twilight-Bell of the Angels.

A legend owning no local habitation, and claiming no author, is borne on the swift wings of memory. It says that in the blessed abode of the angels a great bell swings; and that at twilight mortals may hear its voice, if they put from mind and heart all discord and worldliness,—everything that comes between them and love of their Creator. And its voice is hushed with the setting sun; for it is always twilight somewhere: The angels who set it ringing are sad or glad as they gaze into mortal faces, and learn that the bell is unheard, or that it sends its gracious message to a human heart, purged of strife and hatred, and filled with heavenly peace.

"So, then, let us ponder a little:

Let us look in our hearts and see

If the twilight-bell of the angels

Could ring for us—you and me."

Annulled Marriages and Divorces.

ONE must possess a great deal of true charity to bring oneself to believe in the good faith of those who periodically resurrect, and launch against the Church, slanders that have time and time again been shown to be without a shadow of truth. If the good faith of the accusers be actually admitted, it can only be at the expense of their scholarship or their intelligence. Take, for instance, the comments on the Holy See's "annulling" certain marriages,—comments made from time to time in European journals, and reproduced in American papers. The theme is sure to be discussed with every revival of the well-known play, "A Royal Divorce," dealing with the case of Napoleon Bonaparte, or with what is known as the Saxon scandal; and the statement is freely made that there have been instances in which Rome has granted a divorce in the full sense of the word—that is, has actually dissolved the bond of a genuine and consummated marriage and allowed the husband or wife, or both, to contract at once another marriage.

It need not be said that the statement is false, no matter by whom asserted. The Church for sufficient reasons has authorized, does authorize, and doubtless will continue to authorize, separation from "bed and board" in the case of Catholics really married; but she does not by any means declare that the bond of marriage has ceased to bind: she does not permit either party to marry again within the lifetime of the other.

This species of separation is not, however, what the slanderers have in view when they charge the Church with having granted divorces. They refer to cases in which the Holy See has pronounced a marriage null and void,—to the annulment of the marriage bond.

Now, the practice of the Church regarding the Sacrament of Matrimony has ever been uniform through the centuries. That practice has been so repeatedly explained and thoroughly justified that it might reasonably be hoped by Catholics that misrepresentation on this point, at least, should cease. Since it has not ceased, however, let it be reiterated yet once more that when the Holy See annuls a marriage, it does not break or dissolve the marriage bond or tie, but simply declares that such bond never really existed between the parties concerned. Canon Law mentions the specific cases in which a marriage contract is invalid, is null and void; and any annulments ever pronounced by Rome have been the result, not of caprice, arbitrary exercise of power, or expediency, but purely of the application of laws pre-existing in a regular and elaborate code. In essential matters the Church never changed one iota.

Another charge against the Church in connection with this matter is the insinuation that she is apt to be complaisant in the case of royal or princely sinners, though very stern and unyielding in the case of common mortals. The Saxon scandal had hardly become public before the secular press had it that proceedings for the annulment of the Crown Princess' marriage would be at once instituted at Rome. Only crass ignorance of history can acquit of calumny those who make this insinuation.

As often as kings and emperors have asked Rome to sanction their divorces or adulteries, they have invariably been met by an absolute *non possumus*,—"we can not do it." Pope Nicholas I. said so to Lothaire, King of Lorraine; Urban II. and Paschal II. said so to Philip of France; Clement VII. and Paul III. said so to Henry VIII.; and yet again, Pius VII. repeated the declaration to a greater ruler than any of these sovereigns—Napoleon.

Notes and Remarks.

An early settlement of the Ruhr difficulty may be hoped for, now that delay is proving injurious to industry everywhere. Other considerations have had no weight. It was too much to expect that they would have. The treasuries of nations are like the pockets of individuals. When they are empty, something has to be done, however disagreeable, it may be. A change in the French and Belgian Ruhr policy has become imperative. As Premier Baldwin put it, rather bluntly: "The very lengthily postponed payment of the reparations is hurting the trade of England and all other countries. The Ruhr situation is an unhappy symptom of disorders in any nation of the world."

The Premier declares that a great deal of nonsense has been talked about this subject by people who imperfectly comprehend it. He might have added that a great deal of untruth has been talked about it by other people who know the facts, and have no hesitancy in misrepresenting them.

By far the most noteworthy of all the tributes to President Harding, in our opinion, was the one paid by Archbishop Mundelein, of Chicago, who in a circular letter to his clergy and people, referred to the address which the President was to have delivered at Hollywood, Calif., and which was read by his secretary. It is said, on reliable authority, that of late the thought of death had often been in the President's mind; and it would seem as if he desired to impress upon his hearers the lessons which that thought inspired. It was like the Archbishop to stress them, and he did so thus happily: "The speech which the President had intended to deliver reads like the last will and testament of one who wishes to

impress on his people the one thing which is most needed by the country—that is, a return to the teachings of Jesus Christ, in which alone is to be found the solution of the world's problems, and without which peace in the proper sense of the word is impossible."

We are glad to see that the Hollywood address has been widely reprinted; let us hope that it will be widely and attentively read. By stressing the lessons of religion which it contains, Archbishop Mundelein performed a distinct service, and in so doing paid the finest tribute to the dead President.

The editor of the *Free Methodist* associates himself with the increasingly numerous non-Catholics who are sounding a warning against the irreligious tendencies of non-Catholic American education. He denounces as "worse than Ingersoll," those men who are doing incalculable injury to the cause of Christ while professing to be Christ's followers,—men to be found "by hundreds in the pulpits of the land, and in educational institutions, from the public schools to the great universities." He declares that the chief work of these anti-Christians is the destruction of faith in the Holy Scriptures; and he continues: "There are literally thousands of precious young people who have been reared at the family altar and who enjoyed the religion of their fathers and mothers, who have had their simple faith in the Bible destroyed by the things they have heard in the colleges and universities and by coming in contact with preachers and college professors who assailed the Word of God and the religion of their youth. This is a tragedy of no small proportions. It not only involves the loss of these talented young people in the activities of the Church, but it jeopardizes the souls of these children who were solemnly dedicated to God in in-

fancy. *It means ruin for time and eternity!* This is an alarming state of affairs, and, instead of getting better, it is becoming worse and worse. It is almost impossible to educate our children in these days without their faith's being undermined."

Among the more or less interesting items of information acquired by the committee of Scotchmen now in this country for the purpose of studying the various aspects of Prohibition is the fact that Mr. William H. Anderson, New York State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, has been indicted as a forger and a thief by the Grand Jury of New York County. The same Jury has requested a legislative investigation of the activities of the Anti-Saloon League since the beginning of 1913. Indictment does not, of course, necessarily mean guilt; but in the present case it does mean that a body of judicious citizens, conscientiously doing their duty to the public, has decided that there is a strong probability of Mr. Anderson's wrong-doing. If the requested legislative investigation takes place—and at this writing it seems altogether likely that it will be held,—our visitors from Bonnie Scotland will learn a good deal more about Prohibition than they probably anticipated doing when they left home.

An indication of what the attitude of our new President will be towards religious intolerance, is afforded by his message to the Knights of Columbus, convened last week in Montreal. He characterizes them as "a patriotic Order steadfastly devoted to American principles and ideals." But the message must be reproduced in its entirety:

The Knights of Columbus is in every sense a patriotic Order. You have established great war charities. You have helped to fill the national treasury with your contributions to the

various Liberty Loans, and you have sent your dearest and best to bear the heat and brunt of battle.

Your Order has ever shown its steadfast devotion to American principles and American ideals. You are Knights of Columbus, a name of great significance, representing not only a great discovery, but the eternal principle of all discovery and progress. When all the world doubted, when his own followers sought to turn back, he sailed on, daring to follow the truth. There is no finer knighthood. In it your noble Order stands resisting all evil counsel, supporting every patriotic cause, following the eternal principle that "the truth shall make you free."

This message of the President is all the more significant on account of being one of the first, if not the very first, of his official acts.

The Italians have a proverb to the effect that "translators are traitors," and a particular Italian author, Giovanni Papini, seems to be of the opinion that the proverb is verified in Dorothy Canfield Fisher's translation of his "Life of Christ." The translator, in a prefatory note to the English rendering of the work, acknowledges the omission of "occasional sentences, paragraphs and of one or two chapters"; and gives as a reason: "I was moved first by the fact that the passages omitted are of no more importance than any other passages in the book." Apart from the questionable ethics of such action without the consent of the author, the statement regarding the importance of the omitted passages is disputed. Mr. Papini, himself, in a letter to Dr. De Ville (quoted in *America*), says: "Please remark that I was not asked permission for changes or omissions, and I was very much surprised when I saw on the front of the book 'freely translated'.... The translator alone is responsible for the omissions that have been made, and I feel especially sorry, very sorry indeed, for the omission of the 'Prayer of Christ,' which, among

other things, is a chapter that has been considered among the best.... It is not my fault if the Catholic parts of my book have been obliterated—those parts which I value more strongly than all the others.”

Possibly the publishers of the American translation have under consideration a second edition of the work, which is still among the best sellers; and, in that case, they might gracefully apologize to Mr. Papini by inserting some, if not all, of the omitted passages or chapters. Failing that, a Catholic translation of the work, or at least a pamphlet containing such a translation of the omitted parts, would be well worth while.

The proposal to impose a tax on betting in England gives timeliness to a letter from Fr. J. B. McLaughlin, O. S. B., to the *Carlisle Journal* on the ethics of the bet. “I can see,” he writes, “two reasons why betting in excess is wrong; but I can not see any reason why betting in itself is wrong.” This distinction between simply doing a thing and doing it in excess is to be made, says the writer, in the case of other so-called vices—drinking, dancing, smoking, card-playing, etc. Fr. McLaughlin’s ethical views will not commend themselves to American advocates of sumptuary laws; but they will be endorsed by the saner among our citizens. Incidentally, the concluding sentence in the following extract from his letter is all the more effective in that it is unfortunately true:

Total abstinence from one or other of these innocent enjoyments may be safer; but not total abstinence from all. God made these powers of enjoyment, as well as our reason, which can keep them in due bounds. To say that reason’s best course is to crush them out altogether raises at once a deeper question—then why did God make them, if they ought all to be crushed out of existence? Our nature needs enjoyment to freshen it and rest it. And when men are cut off from all innocent

and natural recreations, their need of refreshment drives them to unnatural and sinful pleasures. Therefore, for the average man it is not safer, but most unsafe, to abstain totally from all innocent enjoyments; though it may be very wise and good for his self-control to abstain from one or other of them. And likewise, while total abstinence may be good for this or that individual, total abstinence for a community is bad. A nation that abstains from wine which is innocent, does not abstain from polygamy which is a sin.

Faith is that most precious gift which those who have it wish supremely for their friends, and which those who have it not might get if they wished a little harder for themselves. We have found this thought set forth in two recent essays not at all alike in character. The first is by Mr. Philip Cabot, in the August *Atlantic Monthly*, describing a personal experience. “No rational man, it seems to me,” he declares, in summarizing, “*who will give his mind to it and will examine the evidence, can remain in doubt that God is the source of life and that by faith—that is, love and obedience to His will—man can draw life from that source.*” He then goes on to suggest interesting practical measures, and observes:

The wise old Roman Catholic Church has offered one solution. For laymen as well as for priests it provides places of retreat; places of dignified and spiritual symbolism, to which the spiritually exhausted man may retire for a period of fasting and prayer, to cleanse and call home his spirit, and prepare himself to serve again his God in the material world. Something of this sort is obviously necessary for us all as a beginning, and from this each soul must build up for itself, with its highest skill and will-power, a method of cleansing and purification which shall make possible a true communion with God.

Such a method of developing and feeding the spiritual body seems to me to be the cure for that disease of the soul from which I and many of my fellow-men are suffering. It will, I think, cure the spiritual madness which I tried at the beginning to describe, and may enable us to save our tottering civilization by regaining control of the great scientific, mechanical, and industrial processes which

have deprived us of liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and, almost, of life itself.

This is quite in line with Mr. Woodrow Wilson's admonition in the same magazine: "The sum of the whole matter is this, that our civilization can not survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ, and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit. Only thus can discontent be driven out, and all the shadows lifted from the road ahead." A memorable admonition is this.

* * *

We turn then to an enthusiastic little book, "Belief and Freedom," by Mr. Bernard Holland, C. B. This is how a good convert, who knows the road to faith, puts the matter:

Religion, like marriage or a profession, is a choice of life, and by far the greatest choice of life, because it dominates all the rest. Men say, "I wish I were able to believe." They can, if they choose. They are like a man who says, "I wish I could go to Paris," when nothing prevents him except deficiency of will-power; they are hypnotized by the imagination that they can not believe. The road of belief is open to them at every moment if they will only take the first step upon it—entrance into the Catholic Church. So long as they think that will and choice have nothing to do with the matter, they will not be believers. But let them once for all exert that will and choice, and enter the Catholic Church, and then they, too, will find that they do believe as part of the corporate society which does believe. St. Peter accepted union with Jesus Christ, and chose Him as Guide and Master before, and not after, he proclaimed Him as Son of God.

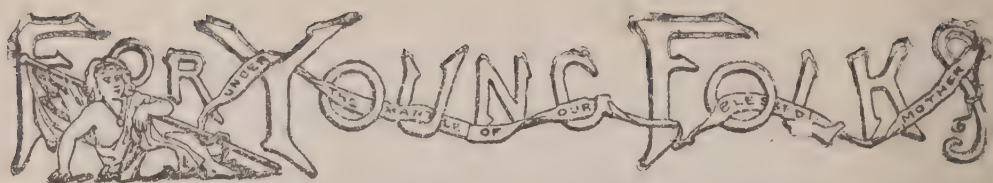
In all of which there is acute sense and yet gentleness. If men could only be brought to wish to believe! Upon that "if" hinges conversion, more than upon erudite apologetics or the solution of critical difficulties.

To be taught a lesson in tolerance by Frenchmen must have been an unpleas-

ant experience for those tourists from this country who lately got themselves into trouble for refusing to travel or dine in the presence of colored people—we who are so boastful of our freedom from prejudice and like qualities. That the colored folk from French colonies were quite as refined as their fellow visitors to Paris counted for nothing. Their skin was not of the right color. It is a pity to go, abroad and not to profit by it. The first thing to learn is to conform to general usage. In Rome do as the Roman, in France, as the Frenchman. Of course, Americans do not all appreciate the service rendered by the colored troops of France during the war, especially their service in the Ruhr district after the declaration of peace; but the French Government does appreciate it, and is determined to resent protest on the part of foreigners against the presence of any colored men in public places.

We have the open confession of a Protestant minister who became a convert to the Church that the arguments against her claims never seemed so strong as when, pondering questions of the soul before retiring to rest, he caught sight of a row of little stockings and wondered how, in the event of his taking the important step so long contemplated, he should be able to provide for the innocent wearers. The value of the estate of a former Archbishop of Canterbury was placed at £18,262. Had he been a poor man, how much more positive his doubts might have been as to the validity of his orders and the character of the Establishment!

It is precisely the same with those of the household of the faith. When the world is too much with us, as the poet expresses it, we are very apt to forget that stern truth: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away."



Feather-Bed-Time.

BY S. M. M.

SUCH putting to bed as there was of songs
and feathers,
Such meetings and matings, such billings
and bickerings,
Such sudden high flights to make portent of
clouds and weathers,
Such folding of wings.

The business of berries and bugs the while
is over;

Now to roost—and a perch for the night is
the clamorous quest;

Wee ones and wives are safe stowed, but the
airy rover

Has small thought of a nest.

There are pinions to preen, breast plumage to
order and number,

There is sunset to hold to his heart and
fling back in song;

Then silence,—and one dim last tremulous
challenge to slumber,

Sweet, tentative, long.

Then to bed in the grave eucalyptus, or wal-
nut splendid,

Closed in by their cunning of rafter and
roof and beam;

So, a daytime of singing and winging abroad
is ended

In a bird's bright dream.

THE word "cord," some say, comes
from Cordova, where fine thongs of
goatskin, treated after the manner of
Morocco leather, were first sold. In
London there is a guild of Cordwainers
which dates from the beginning of the
Fifteenth Century, and to this day it
holds annual reunions, although it is
no longer, as formerly restricted to
workers in leather.

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

VII.—REX SHOWS HIS METTLE.

WHEN the rescuers of Artie
reached the clearing where Snappy
and Winder had spent part of the
afternoon, they found that during their
absence a party of visitors had taken
possession of the place. They were
four-footed visitors—half a dozen cows,
three or four young steers, and a par-
ticularly savage-looking bull. The cattle
were quietly resting on the greensward
on which they had evidently been graz-
ing for some time. At the sudden
approach of the boys and the dog,
several of the herd raised their heads,
but after a glance at the intruders, they
settled back into their former positions.
One member of the herd, however, not
only looked up but got up. It was the
bull, who plainly regarded himself as
the guardian of the other cattle, and
who seemed disposed to resent any in-
trusion into their feeding place.

Snappy and his friends had no desire
to dispute possession of the clearing;
but Winder's camera lay on the grass
very near one of the prostrate steers,
and the long-legged fellow at once
hurried forward to remove it from any
danger of its being tramped on when
the steer should get up. As he did so,
the bull shook its shaggy head and
emitted a muffled roar that sounded
very much like a threat. The noise
awoke such of the cattle as had been
asleep; and in a moment all were on
their feet, gazing about in wide-eyed
astonishment. Winder had just reached
his beloved camera when the steer near
which it had been lying jumped up, and,

whether with design or only in bewilderment, charged at the tall photographer. Winder sprang back, turned, and proceeded to get out of the clearing at a pace considerably swifter than he had employed even when running from Nassimar earlier in the day.

Snappy burst into laughter as he watched his tall companion hurrying back with the camera closely held to his breast; and, with the bravado that was part of his character, began to tease his timid friend.

"Where are you running to? You don't imagine that these cows are as savage as African lions or East India tigers. Why, man, you couldn't persuade one of them to put up a fight even if it was as mad as a hornet."

"Don't be so fresh, my lad," replied Winder. "If you are under the impression that the bull you see over there is as tame as a gentle kitten, you are laboring under a very big mistake."

"Pshaw, you old coward! Who's afraid of any cattle that roam about here? That bull is simply putting up a brave front. Watch him turn tail when I approach him and bid him get out of here."

"Snappy, don't you go near him. I know a good deal more about the half-wild cattle in this part of Brittany than you do; and I tell you, seriously, that it is not an unheard-of thing for men to be gored to death by one of these bulls. We had better leave him severely alone."

"Yes, he is right," chimed in Artie. "I heard Nassimar tell his mother only a few weeks ago that a farmer, ten miles from here, had been killed by a bull that he had prodded with a pitchfork. Don't provoke the animal, please."

"Nonsense," cried Snappy, "no bull can scare me. Just watch the surprise I'm going to give that ugly looking fellow."

With that the imprudent lad marched deliberately towards the bull, that had begun to paw the ground and shake his big red head. When within ten feet of the animal, Snappy suddenly sprang forward, turned a somersault, and landed on his feet just in front of the bull's nose. Giving that nose a by no means gentle tap, the rash boy skipped to the rear and grasped the animal's tail, tugging at it with his full strength.

The bull was nonplussed by the boy's acrobatic approach, and bewildered a little by the blow on his nose, but recovered his senses and became thoroughly enraged at the indignity of having his tail pulled. With an angry snort it wheeled round to chastise its aggressor. Snappy had of course retreated a few yards, and was standing smilingly facing his angry enemy. Counting upon his often proved dexterity in evading enemies of all kinds, and remembering the victory he had won over Winder in the course of the day, the boy had no doubt that he could outrun and outdodge this vicious brute; for there was no possible question that the bull, seen at close range, *was* vicious, and vicious to the very limit of brute capacity.

Possibly his reasoning was sound, and, given a fair field, Snappy might have won an easy victory; but several circumstances combined to interfere with his intended plan of action. When the bull charged towards him, for instance, and the boy turned round to increase the distance between them, he found himself running plump into a young steer that had drawn near, apparently to watch the encounter. With a sudden leap to one side Snappy avoided collision with the steer; but, in doing so, he turned on his ankle and collapsed on the ground. The bull had charged with such momentum that he could not arrest himself in time to avoid hitting the steer, and accordingly that animal received a thrust that effectively

stopped its further activities by knocking it completely off its feet.

Snappy had endeavored to get up and run or crawl out of the way, but the pain of his ankle obliged him to desist, and he could only shout for help. Now, all this took place, of course, in a brief space of time—telling about things is a much longer process than doing the things—and it is not to be supposed that Snappy's friends were content to be mere lookers-on at his foolish adventure. By the time the steer was overthrown, Winder had secured a stout cudgel in the shape of part of a broken branch, and was running towards the bull to divert its attention from his prostrate young friend. Artie was overcome with fright and could do little more than cry out repeatedly: "Oh, dear Blessed Mother, don't let him be hurt!" and Rex had been observing the performance of boy and bull as though it were something provided for his special amusement.

When the dog heard Snappy's shout for help, however, and moreover saw Winder rushing forward with the cudgel, he awoke to the real nature of the performance, and proceeded forthwith to take part therein. Just as the bull, having discerned where his original enemy was lying, started a second charge upon that prostrate form, he felt his left flank pierced by what seemed the sharpest and biggest of all possible thorns that grew in the forest. Turning his head with an angry roar, he saw that it was a living thorn, a big white and yellow dog whose teeth had met in his wounded flank. As the bull turned towards him Rex dropped his hold and stood with flashing eyes in front of the now maddened animal; but only for a moment. Lowering his shaggy head, and then throwing it up with a furious snort, the bull advanced; and, no sooner was its head raised than Rex, with a gruff bark, leaped towards

him and sank his gleaming teeth in the beast's nostrils.

Then began a contest which outdid anything Winder or Snappy had ever seen attempted in the "movies," and of which Artie himself, although terrified because of the danger of his playmate, was another fascinated spectator. The bull endeavored to crush his assailant by dashing his head to the ground, but Rex never let go his firm hold, while he nimbly avoided the enraged animal's forefeet that strove to reach his body. Then, with a terrific roar, the bull would throw up his head; and so powerful were his muscles that Rex was actually lifted off his feet, and swung to and fro—but always with his grip on the soon lacerated nostrils as firm as ever. This process of alternately lowering and throwing up his head was repeated half a dozen times by the infuriated bull; and then Winder, urged on by Snappy, took part in the fight. Approaching the combatants carefully, he waited his chance; and then, with all his strength, brought his heavy cudgel down on the bull's neck. The brute staggered for a moment or two, then sank to the ground with a roar of mingled pain and rage. The blow had evidently injured its spinal column and the animal's overthrow was complete.

Rex appeared to understand that the fight was over, and well over, for he at once let go of the nostrils, and after chewing a mouthful of grass—perhaps to get the blood and the bad taste out of his mouth—he went quietly over to Artie and submitted to that delighted youngster's congratulatory petting. Snappy's congratulations were more pronounced than Artie's.

"Come here, you four-footed hero," he cried. "Great Consul, Winder; did you ever see the like of that grip of his? Talk about your bull dogs! Say, old fellow, what a pity it is that you hadn't time to film that fight. How

it would take if we had it on the screen!"

"Yes, it would make a first-rate picture, no doubt," said Winder, "but you had better be thanking your stars or your patron saint, if you have one, that you are still alive. I warned you that you had better be cautious, you know."

"Well, yes; I'll admit that I was a good deal of a fool to attempt any tricks with that nasty brute, but I felt sure that I could get out of his way all right; and I could, too, if it hadn't been for that twist I gave my ankle."

"How is the ankle, by the way? Can you walk on your foot yet?"

"Not without its hurting a good deal; but it will be all right to-morrow, I think. A little hot bathing and a good rest will make it as good as new. Say, Artie, did you ever see Rex in a fight before?"

"I did once, about two years ago, and then he saved me from as furious an enemy as was going to kill you a little while ago. We were out in the woods, Rex and me, when suddenly a wild boar—there were two or three of them in the forest until a few months ago—came rushing out of a thicket at us. I turned and ran as fast as I could; but Rex stood his ground, and when the boar charged at him, he sprang for its nostrils, just as he did a while ago at the bull's, and the two of them pulled this way and that until the boar got all tired out. When Rex let go for a moment the boar turned tail and made off for the thicket again."

"I wonder," said Snappy as he fondly stroked the dog's back, "who told this champion canine that the nose is a particularly tender part of any animal's anatomy?"

"Why, God told him, of course," said Winder; "that's part of the knowledge that people call instinct. All animals are born with a whole lot of instinct and, in a good many cases, the animal's

instinct is much better than is a man's reason. Well, we all owe Rex here a big debt; and I, for one, will stick up for him, whether Nolatri objects to him or not."

"Why could anybody object to my Rex?" inquired Artie.

"Oh, some persons might do so, for a variety of reasons," said Snappy; "but don't you worry, young man. Rex is all right. I, Snappy, proclaim myself his protector, since he has been good enough to be mine, and I'd like to see Nolatri or any one else object to his being around."

"Anyway," declared Artie, "people who don't want Rex needn't take the trouble to want me. He is my best friend—or *was* until I met you—and we are going to keep together just as long as I have anything to say about it. Ain't we, you good old doggie?"

Rex acknowledged his young master's loving hug with a cordial bark as he licked the little fellow's face; and then swiftly raised his head and looked towards the wood on one side of the clearing, as if he had heard a noise in that direction. A moment later, the noise, though faint, became audible to the others.

"That's the car," exclaimed Snappy. "I do hope that Nolatri himself has come; for I'd like to show him that conquered bull, and tell him the story of the fight right here on the spot."

Then the lights of the car suddenly became visible, and all hurried over to the rendezvous which Snappy had designated.

(To be continued.)

THE most ancient sort of charta (or paper) was of the inner bark of trees, called *liber* in Latin, whence a book got the name *liber*. The term *leaf* was first applied to paper from leaves, especially palms; which shows why we speak of the leaf of a book.

About Mottoes.

IN ancient times every noble family had its own motto, borne proudly on its shield; and a great deal of real history is wrapped up in these brief sentences, many of which, however, are set forth with faulty grammar and indifferent spelling.

The war cry of a clan was often used for this purpose. Such was the famous "Crom aboo" of an Irish family. *Aboo* means "To the rescue!" The favorite castle of the family was in Crom, near Limerick; hence "Those of Crom to the rescue!" When the houses of York and Lancaster were united in the person of Henry VII., he, wishing to do away with family feuds, abolished all the old war cries; and, the new ones being less belligerent, accordingly followed their lead and mostly embodied pious thoughts or moral precepts. Many of these are intended to keep in mind some heroic or honorable achievement of a member of the family.

When Queen Margaret of Scotland was once fording a stream, her horse suddenly collapsed and she clung for safety to the girdle of one of her attendants. "Grip fast!" he called out, as he bore her safely to the shore; and forever after he and his descendants had "Grip fast" for their motto, in memory of this act of devotion to their beloved Queen.

Mottoes were usually, however, in a foreign language, and many amusing stories are told about them. You may, for instance, remember the dealer in tobacco who applied to Curran for a Latin motto to accompany the arms on the panels of his carriage. "You might take *Quid rides*," (a quid rides) suggested Curran.

Queen Anne of England chose *Semper eadem*, which, said Dean Swift, who did not like her, meant "Worse and worse." The motto of England is *Dieu et mon*

droit,—"God and my right." This was first used by Richard the Lion-Hearted as far back as 1198. Gaining a victory at arms, he asked for the password for the day, and at once adopted it.

There was at one time a very pious old gentleman who was the proud possessor of the motto *Dum vivimus, vivamus*, or "While we live, let us live." People used to say, "Rather a gay motto for such a well-behaved old fellow." And this annoyed him. Finally, being handy at turning off rhymes, he wrote a verse which became celebrated; and thereby expressed to the public the fact that although he bore the motto of his ancestors, he interpreted it in a different spirit. Here is his verse:

Live while you live, an epicure would say,
And catch the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the Christian preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be,—
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

An Inherited Taste.

Sweetmeats appear to have been plentiful in the American colonies from early days, according to Alice Morse Earle. The first native poet of New England wrote complainingly as far back as the year 1675:

From Western isles new fruits and delicacies
Do rot maids' teeth and spoil their handsome faces.

Strings of rock candy came from China, but were rivalled by a distinctly native sweet—maple sugar. Children who lived in coast towns reaped the sweet fruits of their fathers' foreign ventures. When a ship came into port with eighty boxes of sugar candy on board and sixty tubs of rock candy, poor indeed was the child who was not surfeited with sweets. There was a sequel, however, to the toothsome feast,—a bitter dessert. The ship that brought eighty boxes of candy also fetched a hundred boxes of rhubarb and ten of senna.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Conventual Third Order of St. Dominic," by a Dominican of Stone, treats of the development of the Order in England; but it will prove of genuine interest to Dominicans the world over. It has a preface by Fr. Bede Jarrett, O. P., and an introductory note by Fr. John B. Reeves, O. P. A twelvemo of seventy-seven pages. Benziger Brothers.

—"Jesus, True God and True Man," by Sister Mary Philip (of the Bar Convent, York, England), is a collection of thoughts and prayers before the Blessed Sacrament. Like the previous works of the gifted English nun, this little book is characterized by beauty of thought and diction, as well as by genuine practicality. Published by the Talbot Press, Dublin; in this country, by the B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis.

—To the numerous books on physical training and games already published by John Joseph McVey, Philadelphia, there has been added another volume, "Apparatus Work for Boys and Girls," a course of graded instruction by Leopold F. Zwarg. Numerous illustrations teach the use of horizontal bars, parallel bars, horses, rings, ladders, stall bars, giant strides, climbing poles, etc. The accompanying text is fully explanatory.

—"Composition and Rhetoric," by William M. Tanner, of Boston University, is one of the admirable text-books which we have come to look for from the publishing house of Ginn and Co. One is disposed to like it in consequence of this statement in the preface: "Better English for immediate use, rather than the futile attempt to 'develop writers,' is the book's goal." The scheme of the work does not differ materially from kindred books of its class; but it is exceptionally complete in all its parts and chapters. Not the least valuable portion of the volume is its series of appendixes, and its excellent index. The typography and binding could hardly be improved upon.

—In an article commemorating the centenary of Coventry Patmore for the readers of the *Dublin Review*, Mr. Frederick Page makes a remark which applies to much of Catholic work in literature: "The æsthetes will, in the future as now, praise his greater poems at the expense of the lesser, and, then as now, will conscientiously reject as much as they can of his doctrine. Still further to prevent Patmore's general acceptance, the large

measure of indifference now meted out to him may be changed, if ever his work comes to be widely discussed, for an equally large measure of active dislike and fierce contempt. His poetry—dedicated, even when not obviously so, to the service of religion—will be spoken of as overwhelmed by the fallen walls of Christian eschatology. And those who, thinking of Christianity as overthrown, associate his work with it in a common fate, will, to that extent, have understood him; and he would have desired their hatred and contempt. Upon the rock of the Church he built his poetry, in faith that the gates of Hell should not prevail against it. To say this, is to define the length of his fame, the depth and height of Coventry Patmore's scope."

—The Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S. J., assures us that his new book, "Thy Love and Thy Grace," is intended primarily for religious "who are bound by the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience." It is, in fact, a series of meditations based on Holy Writ and the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. They are so arranged that there are three meditations for each day of an eight-day retreat. The subject-matter is, of course, not new—eternal truths and the nature of man do not change with the vacillations of human conventions or the fads of the times,—but the style and the treatment of these meditations are distinctly fresh and refreshing. The author confesses to "an audacious innovation" in prefixing a bit of verse to the several divisions of the meditations. We rejoice that he has been so courageous, and we are glad, too, that he has been brave enough, or rather judicious enough, to drop the usually cumbersome apparatus of preludes and points, affections and resolutions, which are not only distracting, but give one the unpleasant impression of being spiritually spoon-fed. He has written what may be called a man's meditation book, one whose appeal, we feel sure, will be strong to all who prefer solid thought to pretty sentiment, and sound piety to emotional pietism. B. Herder Book Co.

—He who speaks of God, it would seem, should at once command the attention of all serious-minded men. A mind devoid of all thought of the Creator can scarcely be called serious; and if it be really serious, no amount of instruction concerning Him can ever satiate its hunger. To make God known is to unveil,

as much as may be, the very source and consummation of all things good and perfect,—of goodness, of beauty, of truth, of life itself. It is a service than which none is nobler, none more fruitful of good. But it is not an easy service. Too much learning or, at least, show of learning, is as often a hindrance as a help whenever those to be instructed are either unlettered or half educated. Wisdom may be wooden and truth terrifying when presented through a medium of menacing words. Only an humble mind is able to introduce God to humble men. Now "The God of Our Fathers," by H. P. S., is a popular treatise on theodicy which in simplicity of presentation, lucidity of thought, and accuracy of statement equals any, and surpasses most, of those we have seen on this subject. It is not at all a polemic, and much less of a thesis in apologetics than a gem of philosophical exposition. For those who find difficulty in translating the abstract terms of strict theological diction into concrete language—and who has not?—this little work will be very helpful. In content it embraces the traditional threefold consideration of God, that is, His existence, His nature and His operations in the world. Though it is not meant for a text-book, it might well be used as such in schools. But as its author has dedicated it to "the average man or woman," we gladly recommend it to them (The F. H. Revell Co., Chicago).

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal."

Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers.) \$6.

"God or Gorilla." Alfred Watterson McCann. (Devin-Adair Co.) \$3.50.

"Christian Spirituality." Rev. P. Pourrat. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$4.20.

"The Conversion of the Pagan World." Paolo Manna, M. Ap. (Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.) \$1.50.

"The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart." Maud Monahan. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"The Life of Cornelia Connelly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." A Member of the Society. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

"Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.

"The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.

"The Life of Cardinal Gibbons." Allan Sinclair Will, Litt. D. Two volumes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$10.

"The Life and Times of John Carroll." Peter Guilday. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$5.

"Liturgical Prayer: Its History and Spirit." Dom Fernand Cabrol, O. S. B. \$4.65.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Andrew Mason, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. E. M. O'Donnell, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. J. J. Leddy, and Rev. William Krampf, diocese of Buffalo; Rev. F. J. Delanty, diocese of Grand Rapids; and Very Rev. Daniel J. O'Donoghue, D. D., archdiocese of Liverpool.

Sister M. Ildefonse, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. John Oliver, Mr. Leo Meyer, Mr. Charles Molloy, Mr. James Martin, Mrs. M. H. Dalton, Miss Mary Dalton, Mr. Thomas Manning, Miss Josie Hartnett, Mr. J. J. Reynolds, Miss Ida Nichols, Mr. James Lally, Mr. Duncan Chisholm, Mr. Theodore Christian, Miss Mary J. Farren, Mr. Joseph Johnson, Mr. John Bertrington, Mrs. B. McGrath, Miss Mary Slattery, Mr. James Day, Mr. George Ayotte, Mrs. John Massel, Mr. Clement Steele, and Mrs. Teresa Rumley.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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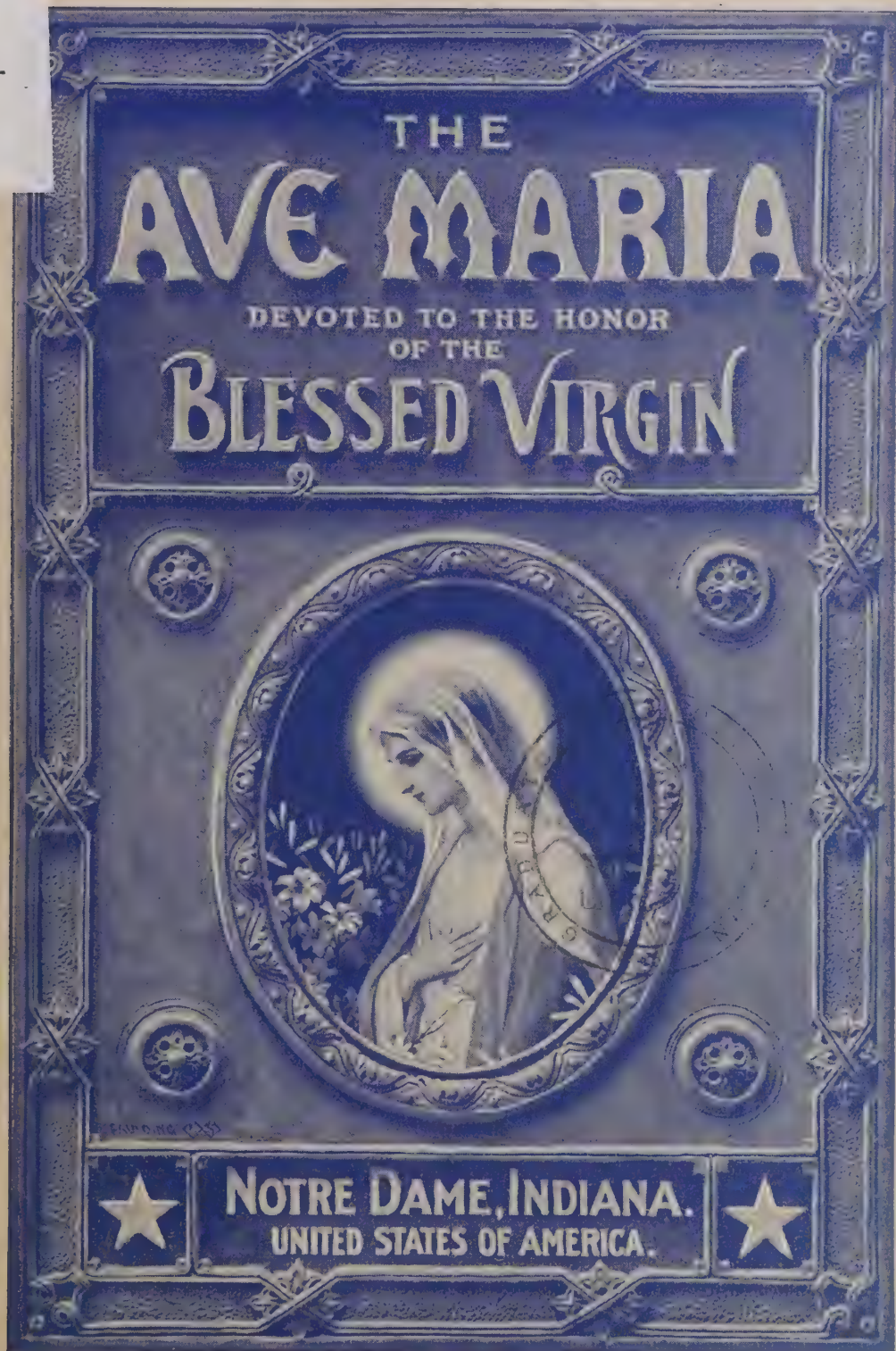
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 25.—St. Louis, K. St. Ebba, V.

SUNDAY, 26.—FOURTEENTH AFTER PENTECOST.

St. Zephyrinus, P. M.

MONDAY, 27.—St. Joseph Calasanctius, C.

TUESDAY, 28.—St. Augustine, B. C. D. St. Hermes, M.

WEDNESDAY, 29.—Beheading of St. John Baptist. St. Sabina, M.

THURSDAY, 30.—St. Rose of Lima, V. SS. Felix and Comp's, MM.

FRIDAY, 31.—St. Raymond Nonnatus, C. St. Aidan, B.

SEPTEMBER.

SATURDAY, 1.—St. Giles, Ab. The Twelve Brothers, MM.

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Meditation.

BY PATRICK KELLY, S. J.

UT upon the mountain tops
Where the light winds stir,
They make a little shimmering sound,
When they think of her.

And all afar the clover bloom,
By the lark wing's whir,
Is fanned to wistful tremulousness,
When it thinks of her.

While far away the blending blue,
In a dream-like blur
Reveals the mood of harvest-time
In its thoughts of her.

O God of all this far-flung charm,
Lest we alone should err,
O touch us deep with reverence,
When we think of her!

Cruciana.

BY THE REV. P. W. BROWNE, D. D., PH. D.

THE baneful tree of Eden was the occasion of man's fall. The "Tree of the Cross" became, on Golgotha, the instrument of Divine justice—the erstwhile sign of ignominy became the symbol of triumph in the Atonement; and, for more than nineteen centuries, Christians have venerated the Cross. It was planted by ingrate and impious hands as an instrument of torture, but it was transformed by contact with the Son of God into a means of mercy and

an agency of love and light; and the light which radiated from the teachings of its Victim effaced the trail of blood and tears which had been blazed by the sins of mankind.

When the barbarians of the North knocked at the gates of Rome, the Cross civilized them. To-day, in darkest Africa, in the islands of the Pacific, and in Eastern heathen lands, sowers are planting the sacred sign-post which points out to men the way to the Kingdom of God and zealous gleaners are gathering up the harvest.

Before the time of Christ, pagan philosophers strove to teach the world, and occasional scintillations of wisdom and culture penetrated the dark recesses; but the gloomy shadows were not dissipated until the voice of Christ was heard from Calvary. From the Cross, He spoke of humility, and pride was shattered; taught penance, and sensuality was curbed; unveiled the secrets of death, and promised life beyond the grave. Soon paganism, which revelled in vicious pleasures, lost its charm, and former votaries sought the solitude of the desert. They had learned the lesson of the Cross. We could well understand the magnetic attraction of that symbol, if it had appealed to self-gratification; but no: to the rich, the Cross taught poverty; to the voluptuous, the benefit of mortification; and to the avaricious, the dignity of generosity.

The Cross became the characteristic

emblem of the Church of Him who was its Victim. By its sign she admits us into her fold when the saving waters of Holy Baptism cleanse the soul from the primeval curse of original sin; in Confirmation, by means of a sacred unction upon the forehead and the Sign of the Cross, we are strengthened to become true soldiers of Christ. The Cross enters into every function of the Church from the cradle to the grave; it reaches even beyond the skies; and, at the last roll call, the Master will come to judge us with a glorified cross as His tribunal.

As a symbol, the Cross antedates Christianity; we find that it was an important feature in Oriental ceremonies and in the religious observances of the aboriginal tribes of America. The Spanish conquerors, when they invaded Mexico and Peru, were surprised to learn that the cross was a religious emblem among the Aztecs and the Incas. It is also remarkable that, when the early French explorers first visited the St. Lawrence River, they found that the Indian tribes had crosses attached to the bows of their canoes, and carried a cross upon their person. The cross found among the Orientals and the Aztecs, however, was not of the form so familiar to us. It was that designated as "Swastika," and it is still known under this name to the Buddhists and the Brahmins of India. The Swastika was regarded as possessing extraordinary virtue, and is supposed to be emblematic of the revolutions of the sun, as well as being a symbol of life. The Egyptians and the Assyrians regarded it as a symbol of the productive powers of the earth. The Swastika is found on the coins of ancient Greece and on earthen vessels excavated recently in the Island of Cypress. It has been found also on old Celtic remains; possibly the Celtic cross is its successor. The cross of the Egyptians

was known as the "Crux Ansata," a cross with a handle.

In addition to being a religious symbol, the Cross was used among pagan peoples as an instrument of torture; and death on the cross was deemed so dishonorable that only slaves and malefactors were submitted to it within the Roman Empire. Roman citizens were never subjected to the punishment of the cross. This fact explains clearly the difference in the manner of the martyrdom of St. Paul and that of St. Peter. St. Paul was a Roman citizen (a native of Tarsus), while St. Peter was "a foreigner."

There is a venerable tradition regarding the beheading of St. Paul that is very interesting. He was put to death outside the walls of Rome, the traditional site being at *Tre Fontane*, on the Ostian Way. When the head was severed from the body, it leaped three times, and at the points where it touched the ground three springs of water gushed up,—hence the name *Tre Fontane*. The Basilica of St. Paul now indicates the site of this miraculous happening. St. Peter was crucified, being regarded as a common malefactor. There is a tradition that he was crucified with head downwards, as he did not wish to be put to death in the manner of his Divine Master, whom he had once denied. The burial place of St. Peter originally was in the vicinity of the Via Cornelia at the foot of the Vatican Hill. The remains were later conveyed to the spot where they now rest, in the crypt of the church which is one of the wonders of the ecclesiastical world.

Those who suffered death by crucifixion remained, sometimes for days, hanging on the cross. Usually, in order to hasten the death of the victim, his legs were broken. Here we recall the Gospel narrative regarding the death of Our Lord. His legs were not broken,

because He died after three hours' agony. The punishment by crucifixion remained in force throughout the Roman Empire until the first half of the Fourth Century, when it was abolished by Constantine, in memory of the Crucifixion of Our Lord. The gibbet took the place of the cross.

Punishment by the gibbet continued until comparatively recent times. It figures frequently in the history of England, and notably in the records of British misrule in Ireland. It was also used as an instrument of punishment in the British Colonies, and was so employed in the Island of Newfoundland, where there are several "Gibbet Hills," marking the sites of hangings.

We find but few allusions to the Cross in the Old Testament, the only one, seemingly, which has direct reference is found in the Prophet Ezechiel, ix, 4: "Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem, and mark *Tau* upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and mourn for all the abominations that are committed in the midst thereof." St. Jerome interprets this as signifying a cross of the *Tau* shape. There is another suggestion of the Cross in the Book of Numbers where mention is made of the Brazen Serpent. Our Lord refers to this when He says: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of man be lifted up" (St. John, iii, 14).

The Cross as an instrument of torture was introduced by the Romans into Palestine. Hence, we find it there as such when Our Lord came to suffer the penalty of our sins. The Cross on which He suffered is known as the "Crux Immissa," or the cross whose vertical trunk extended a certain height above the transverse beam, the section above the beam being reserved for the *titulus*, or title. This is the form of the cross with which Christians are most familiar. The title *I. N. R. I.* (an

abbreviation of *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judaeorum*) was placed above His sacred head as an inscription by the Roman governor in derision.

The Cross on which Jesus suffered, according to a microscopic examination made of portions of it, was made of pine, and is thought to have measured fifteen feet, nine inches in height. The story of the finding is thus briefly narrated: "In the year 326, Helena, the mother of Constantine, having journeyed to Jerusalem, undertook to destroy the pagan temple which profaned the site of the Crucifixion. She is said to have had a revelation that she would discover the Saviour's tomb and His Cross. The Jews had hidden the Cross in a ditch after Our Lord's body had been removed from it, so that His faithful followers might not come to venerate it. A Jew, named Judas (singular coincidence that the one who aided in finding the Cross was of the same name as the betrayer of Christ), made known the place where it had been hidden. During the process of excavation, three crosses were found; but, as the titles were wanting, there was no means of identifying that on which Our Lord had suffered.

"Following an inspiration, St. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, caused the three crosses to be carried to the bedside of a woman who was at the point of death. Two of them were applied to her without any result; but on the application of the third, she was restored to health. The miracle proved that this was the True Cross. It was then first divided into two portions, one of which was retained at Jerusalem, the other was sent to Constantine. It is supposed to have been enclosed later in a statue of Constantine, which was set on a porphyry pillar in the Forum at Constantinople. Of the portion that remained at Jerusalem fragments were in time scattered throughout the Chris-

tian world." A large piece of the True Cross is preserved in the Church of Santa Croce in Rome. There are also large pieces at Notre Dame, Paris, in the Cathedral of Cologne, and elsewhere.

It is not known definitely at what date the Cross became an element in the liturgical life of the early Christians. Tertullian (160-220?) tells us that the use of the Cross as a symbol prevailed at a very early date, and he says that, in the first half of the Third Century, the Christians might be designated as *Crucis religiosi*. St. Gregory of Tours (538-594) declares that in his time the Christians had recourse to the Sign of the Cross; and St. Augustine says that, by the Sign of the Cross and the invocation of the Name of Jesus, all things are sanctified and consecrated to God. It is quite probable that the primitive Christians used the Sign of the Cross to distinguish one another from the pagans in ordinary intercourse. The latter called the Christians "cross-worshippers," and added ironically: *Id colunt quod merentur*—"they worship that which they deserve." The sarcasms of the pagans no doubt prevented the early Christians from openly displaying the sign of salvation. When they *did* represent it on their monuments—nearly all sepulchral in character,—they felt obliged to disguise it. One of the oldest of these disguises is the anchor. Several specimens are found in the cemeteries of Saints Calixtus, Priscilla and Domitilla, in Rome.

Another form of the sign of the cross found also in the Catacombs is known as the "Crux Decussata," so called from its resemblance to the Decussis—symbol for ten,—used in Roman notation. In the latter part of the Fourth Century the monogrammatic cross came into vogue, and this also is found in the Catacombs.

The most significant example of

Christ's monogram is that obtained by the superposition of the initial letters of the Greek word *Christos*, viz., *Chi Rho*, improperly called the Constantinian monogram; this symbol was in existence before the time of Constantine. It doubtless got this appellation from the fact that the Emperor placed it on his standard, known as the *Labarum*, which consisted of a long pike or staff surmounted by a gold crown inlaid with precious stones, enclosing the *Chi Rho*, and was at once expressive of the figure of the Cross and the initial letters of the name of Christ. From the cross-bar of the staff was suspended a purple banner with the inscription which we render into English by "in this sign thou shalt conquer."

The early years of the Fifth Century are of the highest importance in the history of what is termed the Liturgy of the Cross, as it was then that the undisguised Cross first appeared. Christianity having become the official religion of the Roman Empire, it was fitting that the Cross should find a place on public monuments; in fact, its first use was to purify and sanctify monuments originally pagan. There is still to be seen in Rome on the Porta Santo Sebastiano the figure of a Greek cross surrounded by a circle. The Cross occupied a prominent place in heraldry and diplomatic affairs. In the Middle Ages, a cross found at the head of a document was equivalent to an invocation of Heaven. The sacred sign was also placed before signatures, and even used as the signature; thus Hugh Capet, Henry I., and Philip II. (who perhaps did not know how to write) signed their documents. At the present time, the Cross is still employed as the attestation mark of the illiterate.

Though the Cross began to appear on public documents in the Fifth Century, it was not till a later period that we find an actual representation of the

Crucifixion. The first representations of Christ crucified date from the close of the Sixth Century; and the earliest one occurs in a miniature of a Syrian Codex, dating from 586.

During the period between the early Seventh and the Twelfth Century, Our Lord is not represented, either in painting or in sculpture, as the suffering Christ, as we are now accustomed to see Him portrayed; He is represented as alive, *adhering to the Cross but not hanging from it*. He shows no signs of physical suffering; the head is erect and surrounded with a nimbus which bears a royal crown; the figure is fastened to the wood of the Cross by four nails and is clad in a long, flowing-sleeved tunic (the *colobium*), which reaches to the knees.

For a long time, Christian art evidently objected to stripping Christ of His garments, and the traditional *colobium*, or tunic, was used till the Ninth Century; it remained longer in the East than in the West. With the beginning of the Eleventh Century, realism began to assert itself in the domain of Christian art: the *colobium* becomes a shorter garment, reaching from the waist to the knees. This is known as the *perizoma*. From the Eleventh Century in the East, and from the Gothic Period in the West, the head of Christ droops on the breast, the crown of thorns is introduced, the body is twisted, the face is wrung with agony, and blood pours from the wounds in the hands and feet. In the Thirteenth Century complete realism is reached by the substitution of one nail instead of two, as in the old traditions, with the resulting crossing of the feet. All this was done from artistic motives, —to bring about, as it was thought, a more touching and devotional pose. The living and triumphant Christ gives place to Christ dead and in all the humiliation of His Passion. This man-

ner of treatment has continued to the present time.

As a permanent adjunct to the altar, the cross, or the crucifix, can hardly be traced farther back than the Thirteenth Century, and it is probable that when the cross was first introduced as an ornament for the altar it was commonly without the figure of Our Lord.

The Processional Cross seems to have been used at a very early date, for the Venerable Bede tells us that when St. Augustine of England and his companions came to visit King Ethelbert, "a silver cross was carried as a standard." An interesting specimen of a processional cross of the Twelfth Century still survives in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. An inscription records that it was made for Turloch O'Connor, King of Ireland, in the year 1123.

It is not easy to determine when the Archiepiscopal Cross came into use. We know, however, that in the Twelfth Century the Archbishop's Cross was generally recognized. As regards the form, it may be said that the crosses with double and triple bars, which are sometimes termed archiepiscopal, patriarchal, or papal crosses, have, for the most part, merely a heraldic and not an ecclesiastical value.

Pectoral crosses seem to have originated simply as ornaments, and as part of the episcopal insignia. The pectoral cross is of quite modern date. It is worn by bishops and abbots at Mass and at all solemn functions; it also forms part of the ordinary outdoor dress of these prelates. Its use seems to have been introduced during the Seventeenth and the Eighteenth Centuries in imitation of the pectoral cross which we know to have been worn by the popes at a much earlier date. Certain metropolitans, e. g., the Patriarch of Lisbon and the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland, are

accustomed to wear a cross with two bars or transoms.

The cross in religious Orders seems to be traceable to Franciscan influence; and it is more than a mere coincidence that the development in art of the agonized and thorn-crowned type of the Figure on the Cross coincides more or less exactly with the great Franciscan revival of the Thirteenth Century. Somewhat earlier than the time of St. Francis, however, an Order known as *Croceferi* had been founded in the neighborhood of Bologna to tend the sick and bury the dead. A distinguishing part of their costume was a plain cross of wood or metal. There were several organizations of this name, and some of them are still in existence in the Netherlands.

As regards the various types of crosses found in certain localities, it may be said that, for the vast majority of them, the form is purely conventional and artificial. Their divergence from the normal type is largely a freak of fancy, though it is quite possible, as in the case of the Celtic Cross found throughout Ireland, that the form is really symbolic.

In the Russian Church (the Greek Orthodox), that was so formidable not long since, the conventional form is a cross with a triple bar, of which the upper one represents the *titulus*, or title, the second, the arms; the lowest, which is always inclined at an angle, is the *suppedaneum*, or foot-rest. The Anglican Church also uses the Cross as a symbol. Time was when this institution—the most formidable representative of Protestantism,—banned the symbol of salvation from the churches. During the reign of Elizabeth, a clean sweep was made of the crosses venerated by the people. It is said, however, that the Queen insisted that a crucifix should be kept in her private chapel.

The British Ensign is a reminder of

English Catholic history, being made up of three distinct crosses—the Cross of St. George, the Cross of St. Andrew, and the Cross of St. Patrick. The White Banner with the Red Cross of St. George was introduced by Richard I., in 1190, when he designated St. George as patron of the nation. This banner was formally adopted as the national flag by Edward III., in 1347. The Union Jack dates from 1604, when James I. placed the banner of St. George over that of St. Andrew, the patron of Scotland. On the so-called Union of Great Britain and Ireland in 1801, the Cross of St. Patrick was added.

The Veneration of the Cross—a ceremony in which Catholics participate on Good Friday—is of comparatively early date. Formerly, this ceremony was much more impressive than it is to-day. In Anglo-Saxon times, and even later, in England, the observance was called "The Creeping to the Cross," and produced a deep and lasting impression on the popular mind. The kings of France, during the Middle Ages clothed themselves in sackcloth, and went to the ceremony fasting and barefooted. To-day, we are content with less penitential observances.

The *Vexilla Regis* was composed by Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, and first sung on November 19, 569, when a relic of the True Cross was sent from the East by the Emperor, Justin II., at the request of Radegunde, Queen of the Franks, and carried in great pomp from Tours to her monastery at Poitiers. The original processional use of this grand hymn is commemorated in the Mass on Good Friday, when the Blessed Sacrament is borne in procession from the Repository to the high altar. The principal use of the *Vexilla Regis*, however, is in the Divine Office. The Breviary assigns it to Vespers from Passion Sunday daily to Holy Thursday, and to Vespers of

feasts of the Holy Cross, such as the Finding (May 3), the Exaltation (September 14), and the Triumph—an office which is celebrated in certain localities on July 16.

The first stanza of the *Vexilla Regis* has been interpreted by some writers to symbolize Baptism, the Eucharist, and the other Sacraments; others say that as *vexilla* are the military standards of kings and princes, the *vexilla* of Christ are the cross, the scourge, the lance, and other instruments of the Passion, with which He fought against the enemy and cast forth the prince of darkness. Still other writers contend that the *vexillum* is the Cross which (instead of the eagle) surmounted, under Constantine, the old Roman cavalry standard.

The splendor and triumph suggested by the first stanza of the *Vexilla Regis* can be fully appreciated only by recalling the occasion when it was first sung, with all the solemnity and pageantry of a great ecclesiastical function. This beautiful hymn, it may be remarked in conclusion, furnished Gounod, the famous composer, with the theme and melody for his "March to Calvary" in the Oratorio of "The Redemption."

THE Wise Men found the Child of whom they were in search in Mary's virginal arms, and their joy was thereby increased—nay, doubled. Now, if it happens that for a long time you strive to find Our Lord in prayer, in meditation—that is, to find His grace and His consolations—and do not experience the happiness you desire, you know to whom you must have recourse in your need in order to find Him, and to experience a twofold joy in finding Him. It is to Mary that you must turn; she is the Gate of Heaven, and she will give you access to the King.

—*Ilg's Meditations.*

A Tool of Fortune.

XII.

IT was the night before Christmas, the most important holiday of the whole year in the Northern Country. The celebration, or the *Wilia*, is impatiently awaited. About seven o'clock all gather around large tables loaded with fruits and dainties; under these is spread a layer of hay, symbolical of the stable of Bethlehem where the Divine Child was born. After exchanging kisses and good wishes, all partake of the bread with which every house, both humble and great, is supplied by the nearest convent; or, in its lack, by the clergy of the nearest parish. Cares are laid aside, and Christmas-trees, symbols of hope, are resplendent with glittering decorations of colored candles, rosy apples, nuts, and gifts cheap or costly according to the condition of the householders.

Jean Raz had looked forward to this Christmas Eve with joyous anticipation. He had pictured his sister's surprise and pleasure, his father's affection. Now his joy was dead. What did the *Wilia* matter to him? The voices that had sung in his heart were silent. In their stead he heard another—the voice that had called out from the door of the Rabbi's house: "My cousin Leopold is going to marry your sister!"

His sister marry a Jew! Could such a thing be possible? He knew Leopold; he was a type of the successful usurer, with a certain pretension to elegance. What made his sorrow still keener was that, even in spite of the sudden vanishing of his joy, of his indignation, of his wounded pride, he felt a pleasure in recalling the music of the voice that had announced to him his disgrace.

He promised himself to resist the demon which was striving to possess him. He did not call to his aid either

the Holy Virgin or the saints, as his old father had done; but he vowed to root out his growing love for the Jewess. This marriage announcement might have been merely a ruse invented by her coquetry; and, as yet, he had no right to suspect or accuse his sister. In any event, he felt that he possessed sufficient influence to dissuade her from her project and save her from disgrace. If, by chance, she should persist in her cupidity and madness, then she must be lopped off from the family tree like a dead branch, as he did not for a moment harbor the thought that his father was an accessory.

He attempted to steady his thoughts by fixing his attention on external objects. There stood the old mill, its motionless wheel ornamented by icy stalactites. Now he was passing Wola, the farm sold by his father to the father of Sigismond Prus. In her last letter, Wanda had spoken of their "kind neighbor," as she styled Sigismond. He, as well as his father, had considered their common poverty an obstacle if not an absolute preventive to a union between her and himself; but now with what joy Jean Raz would have hailed such an alliance!

He looked about, trying to catch a glimpse of his friend. A tall, broad-shouldered horseman had just ridden out from under a long shed, and Jean recognized Prus, the "kind neighbor." He shouted, but the horseman did not pause. What could it mean? Had he not seen him? He must speak to him, at any risk; so he ordered his driver to overtake him. In a few moments they came up to him, and a glance at Sigismond's face told Jean all.

"It is true, then?" said Jean, hoarsely.

"Yes," replied Prus, turning as if to ride away.

"Wait a moment, old friend!"

Prus turned partly round, his features contracted with painful emotion.

"Do not turn away from me in this way. Come home with me. You must! It is the *Wilja*."

"I can not," replied Sigismond; "the Jew will be there." Then, cutting the air with his riding-whip with a fierce gesture, he rode rapidly away.

Jean was fairly beside himself with rage. He was in haste to reach home. How he would cast their shame in their faces! As for Leopold, he would deal with him quickly enough: he would drive him out of the house.

Before another quarter of an hour had passed, the sleigh had stopped at the foot of the veranda. No smiling faces were at the window, and it was old Felix who opened the door for him. The old servant bent down and, throwing his arms around his master's knees, exclaimed:

"God be praised! God be praised!"

Usually Jean had many kind words for the old soldier, but now he said briefly:

"Who is here?"

"No one, sir."

"Is any one expected?"

"I do not know," replied the old man, looking at his master with a melancholy expression.

"You need not hide anything from me," said Jean, smiling bitterly.

Felix pretended not to understand, and explained as he helped Jean remove his coat:

"Your father is not very well."

"How is my sister?"

"Your sister? Ah, poor soul! she does not seem to be very happy."

"Is the Jew coming, Felix? Are the things that I have heard true? Tell me, and do not be afraid."

"Yes, Master Jean: he is coming."

"This evening?"

"Yes; your sister told me that there would be no *Wilja*. But I hear foot-steps."

Jean passed into the adjoining room

and found himself face to face with his sister. At sight of her his anger instantly vanished. Without a word, the young girl offered her hands. Jean stopped in front of her and looked questioningly at her. She felt that he knew all. It was better so: the dreaded confession was thus avoided.

"You have not kissed me yet," she said at length.

Jean drew the girl close to him; and, laying her head on his shoulder, she wept bitterly.

"I shall ask you nothing now," said Jean, gently; "but to-morrow we will talk."

"That will be better!" sighed Wanda.

The Councillor then entered the room.

"Not a word before him, I beg of you!" said the girl in an undertone.

The old man went up to his son with tottering steps; a livid pallor overspread his cheeks, while his swollen eyes blinked with an expression of childish disappointment.

"You should have begun with me," he stammered. "What did she tell you?" he asked, looking anxiously at Wanda.

"Ah, Christmas!" thought Jean. "So this is the happiness to which I have looked forward for so long!"

What gloomy drama was being enacted here? His sister lost to him and his father on the brink of the grave. He felt bewildered and unable to think clearly; still, he could not conceal the anxiety caused by the old man's condition.

"What is the matter, father?" he cried, seizing his father's hand and bending over to kiss the sunken cheek.

Raz barely returned the greeting.

"Nothing, nothing! I have never been better; and I intend to enjoy my good health, now that fortune has at last smiled upon us."

He then questioned his son, in a curt, sharp tone:

"Have you your diploma?"

"Yes."

"And your medal?"

"Yes."

"That is well. You will make your way in the world." Then, as if the matter were of slight importance, he said as soon as Wanda had left the room: "You know what is going to happen here, I suppose?"

"I do."

"Did she tell you?"

"No."

"Ah, well! you must be glad to hear it. A most unexpected marriage! True, there is the question of *mésalliance*—"

"Of disgrace, rather," interrupted the son, sharply.

"What?—what is that you say? Of disgrace? No, no; that is not true!" And the same frightened smile that had cut Jean to the heart passed over the old man's lips. "Of disgrace?" he repeated. "No, there is no disgrace,—no, no!"

As they were alone, Jean suddenly resolved to find out what part of the responsibility in this unfortunate matter rested upon his father.

"Father," he said gently, "I do not want to pain you on this first night of my home-coming, but do you desire this marriage?"

The Councillor was much agitated, and a nervous trembling shook his limbs.

"Do I desire it? Why do you ask that? What do you want me to reply? I do not know."

"Does Wanda, then?"

Raz started and flushed scarlet.

"She or I, I or she? What does it matter, since the thing is settled?"

"Just this," groaned Jean, almost beside himself. "I can prevent Wanda from forfeiting her faith and the honor of our name. She shall not marry a Lewin!"

The Councillor grew deadly pale.

"But I want the marriage to take place!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "No, no, you must not prevent it! She must marry Lewin, I tell you. I will explain all sometime. Now I can not. Yes, I am sick. Besides, she consents. Why do you torment me in this way? Why did you come home?"

As he talked, the old man sank down into his easy-chair and burst into a loud sobbing like a grieved child. At the sound Wanda came running into the room. With a gesture, she motioned her brother away, exclaiming:

"Do you want to kill him?"

"Wanda, is it not true? You are willing. Tell your brother that you are. You are so kind, so merciful."

Bending over him, the girl replied in a firm tone:

"Yes, father, I am willing; you know that I am."

It was a most melancholy Christmas Eve. Jean felt vanquished by this mystery which he could not fathom. After supper, when his father was dozing in his chair, he questioned his sister again. He seemed to find a bitter pleasure in tearing open the wound from which both his heart and his pride were suffering.

"Tell me, Wanda, why you wish to marry Lewin."

The girl glanced quickly toward her father.

"Was it you who first favored the idea?" persisted Jean.

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

"You love him, then?"

Wanda's face became scarlet. She hastily rose and went toward the door. Pausing on the threshold, she replied:

"I am going to marry him."

XIII.

It was over at last, and Wanda Raz was the wife of Leopold Lewin. The marriage took place the last week in January, in the parish rectory. There

were no invitations issued, as the Councillor had scarcely recovered from an attack that had almost proved fatal. A mental disorder afflicted him at intervals. He then forgot everything, and talked of ending his days in some large city, devoting himself to pleasure; then again, he would tell his friends that an important administrative position awaited him in his own country. "You shall see," he would remark, with a mysterious smile. "Old Raz will be heard from yet!"

When his faculties returned to him, it was only to bring him increased suffering. Shame and remorse pursued him. He shut himself up in his room, and, prostrated before the crucifix, beating the floor with his head, he implored God to forgive him his sin. But God did not seem to hear; instead, an avenging voice told him that he was forever accursed, and the flames of endless punishment already burned him in his excited imagination. He was happier when his mania again overtook him, shutting out his misery.

They had profited by one of the lucid intervals to hasten the ceremony. He had led his daughter to the rectory, followed by nearly all the members of both families, Jean coming last. The young man was apparently resigned to his fate. The first time he had met Leopold, he turned his back to him. The Jew merely smiled at this childishness, filled with pride at the thought that he, the despised one, whom this lordling did not even recognize, was, after all, the savior and benefactor of the family. On two occasions he even humbled himself to attempt a reconciliation.

"Do you refuse to consider me a friend?" he had asked.

"I do," Jean had replied, with a look of provocation.

"You will at least do me the honor of not considering me your enemy."

"My enemy? Really, that would be

too elevated a position for you to occupy. *You are only a Jew.*"

Leopold grew red and pale by turns.

"Do you know what *you* are?" he cried, clinching his fists.

Jean rushed toward him, and Leopold drew back in fear. Then Wanda, who had not lost sight of the pair for an instant, interposed with her usual gentleness.

"Come!" she said, taking Leopold's arm. "My father wants to consult you on a legal point concerning a lease he is about to make."

Jean watched as they walked away, and from that time he held them both in equal contempt. The poor girl was thus left to bear her burden alone, compelled to smile on her torturers.

"I have confidence in your word," she said, as soon as they were out of hearing. "Did you not promise me that my brother should never know what has taken place?"

"Yes," replied Leopold, gloomily; "and I will prove to you that a despised Jew can be trusted. Your brother ought to thank us, but instead he despises us."

And, in truth, Jean was ready to despise himself also. Looking into his conscience, he recognized that he had no right to judge and condemn his sister. Did not he himself love a Lewin? His first impulse had been to go far away, but the thought of again seeing the beautiful girl detained him. He had consented to attend the wedding only with the hope of finding her there. The Rabbi refused to come; but Jean felt sure that Rachel would be present, to see him if for no other reason. Love is clairvoyant, and the young man knew that the fair Jewess already loved him.

The dreaded day had at last arrived, and nothing could ever efface its memory from the young man's mind. Wanda was as pale as a corpse under her orange blossoms; Raz wept and wrung his hands, while Samuel and his son

were quite cool and self-contained, as befitted masters of the situation.

Then came the departure for the rectory, the peasants collected along the roadside, curious to see how matters went when a noble lady stooped to marry a Jew. Their salutations were unwittingly insulting; and Jean could make no reply, divining as he did their secret thoughts.

Not far from Wola, at a fork in the road a lone horseman, sitting motionless in his saddle, had watched the procession file past. Jean had not dared look toward him, so ashamed was he of the apparent capitulation of his conscience.

On reaching the rectory, Jean at once sought for Rachel. He soon found her, leaning against the wall of the porch. With a firm step he went up to her and, offering his arm, said:

"Come; your place is with us."

What a thrill of delight passed over him as he felt the trembling arm resting against his form! Ah, Love! Love! How many unworthy acts are committed in thy name!

After the ceremony was finished, he again offered her his arm and led her away, saying hurriedly:

"I am happy at being able to offer you a return for your hospitality. If you only knew how constantly I have thought of you!"

Tears filled the girl's eyes, and she exclaimed, passionately:

"You despise us and are ashamed of us. My father and I, at least, will never trouble you. Good-bye!"

He made no effort to detain her. She was right: they ought never to meet again; a curse hung over them. Elevated for a moment by the force of his passion, Jean soon dropped back into the abyss of disgust. It was too dreadful to think of. He had a Lewin for a brother-in-law and he loved a Lewin!

When the carriages filed back over

the snowy road, an early Winter twilight was already settling down over the landscape. Peasants passed, with no word of greeting. At the fork in the road a deformed tree reared its fantastic form, but the horseman had disappeared.

On reaching the Prus farm-house, Jean stopped; he intended to make this his home so long as his sister and Leopold lived in his father's house. Whether he would ever go back was uncertain; his life, whose course had seemed so direct but a month ago, now stretched out before him in a dreary, obscure perspective. Sigismond met him at the door, and the two men entered the house together.

At about the same hour Raz left the newly-wedded pair and took refuge in his own chamber. He carefully bolted the door, then lighted the little lamp that stood on his desk. Of all the events of the day, one only had produced a decided impression upon him. On the return from the ceremony, in the presence of Leopold and Wanda, Samuel had handed him a folded paper.

"Here is your wedding present," the banker had remarked, with a forced smile.

Raz now took this paper from his pocket. He looked anxiously around him, then, after a time, he cautiously unfolded it. It was, in fact, the note signed by him. He looked at the banker's name in affright, then suddenly convulsive laughter shook his frame. Why should he be so worried? Had not everything happened just as he had foreseen? No more anxiety about money, no more humiliations. In place of poverty, there would be quiet and abundance. Lewin would take charge of his estate, and he himself would become the respected Councillor of other days. His honor was saved. Who could now call him a forger? Who?

He went up to the stove, opened the

door and cast the accursed paper into the hottest part of the fire. On his knees, his wrinkled face illuminated by the lurid flames, he watched it burn. In a second it was gone. Yes, who could now prove that he had committed a forgery? He closed the stove door at last, rose, and, going to his bedside, prostrated himself before the crucifix where his ancestors had knelt.

"O God," he cried, "may that flame which has just destroyed the traces of my guilt, consume my remorse as well!"

He knelt for a long time praying and weeping. But remorse is immortal in the human soul. The note was destroyed, but his daughter lived and she was to pay the penalty for his sin. The unfortunate man soon realized that she was to be an ever-present, living remorse while life lasted.

(To be continued.)

Silences.

BY SYDNEY SNELL.

STAY, oh stay, your footsteps in the forest pathways,

So they cease to rustle through the leaves and grasses!

Listen to the silence,—bow your head and listen....

For among the trees a mighty Presence passes.

Stay, oh stay, your footsteps on the lonely highway,

For they mar the silence like unwelcome fiction!

From the deep sky-spaces, even as you listen....

There shall come upon you peace and benediction.

In the teeming city, where the soul is deafened,

Whose grey, haunted pavements countless feet have trod,

There, amid the tramping, stand aside and listen....

Build a silence round you for the voice of God.

A Friend of the Outcast and Oppressed.

(CONCLUSION.)

IN the year 1832, the Di Barolos first made the acquaintance of Silvio Pellico. After a long captivity he had returned to his native land. The heart of the Marchesa, touched by the reading of that pathetic book, "My Prisons," prompted her to write him a note of appreciation. Later he was presented to herself and the Marchese at their palace, and they subsequently engaged him as a kind of nominal secretary, though his duties were of the lightest. They probably gave him this position in order not to wound his feelings by presenting him, without some equivalent, the yearly stipend of twelve hundred francs. From that moment he was one of the family, being lodged in their palace and seated at their own table.

In 1835 the cholera invaded Piedmont. Instead of leaving the neighborhood, as the majority of their friends had done, the Marchesa and her husband hastened to Turin as soon as they heard it had broken out in that city. With several other charitable persons they opened hospitals and infirmaries in various parts of the city, and soon the Marchesa might be seen visiting persons attacked by the epidemic either in their homes or at the hospitals. It was vain to remonstrate with her: she continued her mission of charity, and God protected her. But after the scourge had departed, the reaction came,—she fell into a low state of health and was ill for some time.

She was not spared the anguish of bereavement. She had always believed that she would die before her husband, but when the summons came for him it found her unprepared. After the shock, however, she presented an admirable example of resignation. Her charities now became, if possible, still more extensive. He had left her all his

possessions to use as she pleased; and in following the dictates of her own pious soul, she knew herself to be complying with what would have been his wish.

Her various institutions had been flourishing for some years; and it was her desire, before she died, to see them working on a firm basis—namely, that they should have the formal approval of the Holy Father. In no way discouraged by the difficulties which always present themselves in such cases, she repaired to Rome, and there applied herself most indefatigably to the work she had in hand. Finally, between interviews with the Holy Father and the Cardinals, and aided by what she deemed her most powerful instrument, fervent and constant prayer, she obtained—if not to her own surprise, certainly to that of others familiar with such affairs—a full and complete approval of her institutions, with the blessing of Christ's Vicar on herself and her household, as well as on all her charitable undertakings.

Toward the close of her life zeal for the salvation of souls and affection for her patron, St. Julia, led her to the erection of a church in honor of the youthful martyr in the suburb of Vauchiglia, in Turin. But she did not live to witness its consecration.

Silvio Pellico, who had intended to write the biography of his friend and benefactress, was called first to his reward. Both their lives were spent in doing good; both left behind them many touching memorials of charity. Sympathy more than similarity of character united them. Hers was the more energetic, his the more patient and uncomplaining. He went into the prison of Spielberg an ardent and devoted Italian but a doubtful Christian; he left it a deeply religious man but none the less patriotic Italian. His sorrows were his salvation. No enmity, no jealousy,

no hatred could affect his beautiful forbearance. Firm in his faith and opinions, he respected those of others. Like his friend the Marchesa, he believed love to be the ruling principle of religion. Every man was to him a brother, as every woman was to her a sister; the more despised and unfortunate, the closer to her heart. He died on the 31st of January, 1854, and was buried in the Campo Santo at Turin.

Ten years later the Marchesa gave up her pure soul to God. Her death was in harmony with her life. Three days before, knowing that it was near, she bade farewell to her intimate friends, wishing to occupy herself solely with God. In the next room crowds were praying and weeping; the dying woman alone was calm. She lay quietly clasping the crucifix with one hand, and in the other held a little image of the Blessed Virgin which had been sent to her by the Curé of Ars. The last words she uttered were these: "May the will of God be done in me and by me in time and for eternity!"

We can not close this sketch without making a few extracts from the Journal of the Marchesa di Barolo, which show how solidly common-sense and prudence were united in her soul with generous charity and tenderness of heart:

"I am not advancing a new opinion when I assert that it is impossible to do good except in the name and by the help of God. Let no one try to achieve by force what must be brought about by religion, otherwise the only result will be to add another torment to the loss of liberty. Order prevails exteriorly, but tumult may reign in the soul, in the heart, and in the mind. To *force* order upon a depraved, degraded man, accustomed to vice and the agitation vice produces, is to inflict upon him the bitterest penance. But to *lead* him to love order, to make him understand its necessities and advantages,—this is to

convert him. Let charity, then, influence all our acts. Let us speak, counsel, punish and reward with charity. It is charity alone which softens those poor hardened hearts....

"I used sometimes not to eat any breakfast before going to the prison, in order by dint of hunger to be able to partake of the prisoners' food. When they saw me eat with appetite a piece of their black bread, they said it gave them a better relish for it. I never attempted to pay for any portion of this hard fare. They all offered to share their bread with me; yet I knew very well that in some instances it entailed quite a privation. But it also did real good to their souls to have the opportunity of performing an act of gratitude and kindness.

"I did not always attain my object, however; and one great fear continually oppressed me—that of my own utter unworthiness. I often said to Our Lord: 'O my God, I am a poor weak creature, but I do believe in Thee and love Thee with all my heart and all my strength; and I wish nothing so much as to make others also know and love Thee. I hope everything and can attempt everything in Him who strengthens me.' These words, which I kept constantly repeating, used to tranquillize me, and I was able to go on with my work.

"I find it difficult not to fall into the error of showing too much kindness to the bad ones in order to soften them. I must confess that I do employ these means very frequently, especially toward those who have threatened or insulted me.... I often admit, in conversing with them, that there are persons far guiltier than themselves whom human justice has never yet overtaken. I remind them that God is a good and tender Father: *He will not punish twice*; and that if they accept with submission their sufferings in this life, they

may cherish a firm hope of happiness in the life to come. I seldom represent God to them as a severe Judge. It seems cruel to sadden with gloomy anticipations creatures already so very unhappy....

"I have seen several of them die in prison, and always in a calm and holy manner. Their trust in the divine mercy has not, I feel convinced, been misplaced. Not a single one, even of those who had at first appeared most irreligious, made an impious end. Good example and advice invariably bring them round. I have met with much ignorance in these poor people, but never with want of faith. It has happened to me to hear some of them exclaim: 'Thanks to you, Signora, I am glad to have been put in prison. I have learned here to know right from wrong, and to find consolation in religion.' Oh, let our horror for sin never induce us to treat the sinner with contempt! So long as an instant remains in which he can repent, his destiny may still be a glorious one....

"It is impossible to devote one's self to doing good without witnessing much suffering and much sin. The wish to remedy evils and the frequent impossibility of doing so causes a kind of constant anxiety and effort. But what of that? Are we not sent into this world to labor? And if we do not labor to do good, we shall have to labor to satisfy self-love,—a much more exacting and imperious master than God. Let us, then, work while we live. As was said by a holy man, 'We shall have time enough to rest in eternity.'...

"It seems to be the fashion with certain persons to say that religion is an obstacle to liberty. In one sense this is true; for religion recommends submission to authority, and authority stands in the way of the exercise of liberty—as those persons understand liberty: freedom to seize on the possessions and

to usurp the rights of others. The thirst for money is becoming insatiable, and God knows how money is squandered. The Deputies have voted two millions to be spent on the obsequies of Charles Albert. His widow, the queen-mother, asked me the other day if I should witness the pageant. I answered with perfect frankness. She burst into tears and said: 'One prayer, one alms, would be better than all this display.' Good, holy Queen!"

The influence of such a character as that of the Marchesa di Barolo, not only on her own time but in the far-reaching results it produces, can not be overestimated. Without withdrawing herself from her family, her friends, or society in general, she became a model of faith and self-devotion. Her friend, the Marquise de Chenaleilles, wrote of her:

"Her lot was a blessed one. She was admired without exciting envy, intensely loved, and venerated almost as a saint. What woman could have inspired a happier destiny? Yet she was well acquainted with grief and pain; for her virtue would not have been of the highest kind if it had not been perfected by suffering.... She bore all trials cheerfully, was penetrated with the sense of the goodness of God in preserving her fragile existence, and on each trying occasion applied herself to His service with renewed zeal. She used to say that wealthy people should not think it sufficient to give their money to the poor, but ought to devote to them time and trouble also."

What was most peculiar in Madame di Barolo was the ease and rapidity with which her mind embraced a variety of subjects. One could not but feel that in whatever position she might have been placed, she must have been a remarkable person. Everything in nature and art she appreciated and spoke of with unaffected enthusiasm.

When she found herself mistress of a fortune, she encouraged the arts and befriended persons of talent. She wrote rapidly and well, and especially excelled in letter-writing. Her thoughts flowed from her pen with natural liveliness and charm, and the earnestness of her soul revealed itself in her intimate correspondence with her many friends.

Nobody would have been better fitted to hold a *salon* of the olden time than the Marchesa. Her powers of conversation placed her on a level with the most distinguished persons in that line. She met one year at the baths of Aix the Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Ambassador, who took the greatest pleasure in her society. Nobody could be a better judge of wit than this distinguished man, whose own conversational gifts were proverbial. The Comte Joseph de Maistre, M. de Lamartine, and other famous men, paid a high tribute of praise to the Marchesa's remarkable abilities. But the warmth of her heart was, after all, her greatest charm. "I delight in being loved," she sometimes said. Then she would apologize, as it were, for this burst of feeling, which was very characteristic, but which she felt might be misinterpreted.

She could not understand anybody's causing pain to another, or refusing to give pleasure even to a child, if there was no real objection to it. On one occasion she laughed and remarked: "It is lucky I have no children. It would have been hard work for me to punish them, or even to deny them innocent pleasures in order to accustom them to self-restraint."

If any one wished for something that belonged to her, unless it was quite impossible, she would instantly give it away. She was once heard to say, with a sigh: "I should like to be an absolute sovereign, because then I could give away all I have without fear of anybody's finding fault with me." She had a

higher claim to sovereignty—the giving of herself to the service of others. And far more elevated than any other title that could be named or thought of is that which belongs to the soul moved by the love of God to dedicate itself to the service of His most desolate creatures; a title which belonged in its highest degree to her who was so often referred to as the friend of the outcast and oppressed.

Maggie's Romance.

BY M. E. M.

I.

THE season was nearly over; and Maggie, glad to have a breathing spell after three months of close attention to business, sat at the window, knitting in hand. But the work was a mere pretence this afternoon: her eyes were on the sea, a pretty glimpse of which could be had from where she was seated. She loved the sea in all its phases: the voice of the waves, whether splashing in ripples along the shore, or screaming in the fury of a storm. To her ears it was sweet music.

True, her world was very small indeed; but once she had had dreams; perhaps it would be better to say "a dream." But that had long been over, and no one had ever suspected its existence; not even the lover, who but for this short-lived and foolish fancy might have been her husband. It is to be presumed that Maggie had not regretted his loss very much; she never seemed otherwise than happy and content.

Twenty years ago she had been a sweet-looking girl, with no claim to real beauty save that with which a pair of soft, shy brown eyes could endow her small and childish face. Her hair had been thick and soft in those days; but a fever had thinned it so much that ever since she had worn it cut close.

It began to grow foggy, and Maggie

shivered. The window of her little shop gave directly on the sidewalk; she arose to shut it. As she did so a carriage came sharply round the corner, stopping just before her door. The coachman was in livery. A gentleman and two ladies were inside. The gentleman was portly, handsome, and middle-aged; he had iron-gray hair. She saw him step briskly out of the carriage; the next moment the little bell rang, the door swung open, and she turned to the counter, in readiness to wait upon her customer. But he said nothing, and it seemed to Maggie that he looked at her in a peculiar manner.

"What do you wish, sir?" she inquired at length.

"Ah, it is Maggie!" the gentleman exclaimed, stretching forth his hand. "Don't you know me?"

"I must confess I do not, sir," she replied slowly, and yet with an impression that she had seen him before. "So many persons come here in the Summer, one is apt to forget."

"I have not been here for twenty years," said the stranger. "I should not have known you either but for your voice," he continued. "And yet it was only in the hope that you might be here still that I stopped the carriage when I saw the things in the window. Can't you remember me at all?"

Maggie shook her head, while she looked at him attentively. Then with a sudden flash of memory, she extended her hand, while her pale face took on a faint rose tint.

"Can it be?" she said, in a low and tremulous voice. "Is it Anthony Hayes?"

"Now I am glad," said the other, warmly clasping her hand in his own. "It is Anthony Hayes."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Maggie. "And you are prosperous, I can see."

"Yes," was the rejoinder. "Some years ago I took out a patent which

proved a success. That was a considerable time after you sent me away," he added, with a smile that showed the wound had long since healed.

"Where do you live?" asked Maggie.

"In Boston," he replied.

"You are married, of course?"

"Yes, these fifteen years. We have no children. We have been spending the Summer at Middlehampton, and I took a fancy to drive this way to-day. Everything seems the same."

"Yes, there has been little change," said Maggie.

"And you are not married—have never been?" he asked.

"No," was the reply, smilingly given.

"Strange! When I left here I had a fancy you had thrown me over for some one else."

"No: I have never been married nor asked in marriage, Anthony," she said gravely, while the rose tint deepened once more on her faded cheek.

"I am inclined to believe that you looked down on me a little in those days, Maggie," he continued.

"Perhaps I did," she answered, without hesitation. "I was more romantic than you suspected. But if I did, Anthony," she added, smiling, "you can have your innings now. The tables are turned these many years."

"Oh, no! oh, no!" he said. "I bear no malice whatever, Maggie, I assure you. Are you still as keen as ever on the Sunday-schools?"

Maggie sighed.

"No," she said, after a pause. "Somehow, the children have grown away from the old methods. And after mother died I was not so eager."

"Your mother is dead? She was a good woman, and always my staunch friend; wasn't she, Maggie?" Without waiting for a reply he went on: "We have a fine Sunday-school at home, and a fine priest. I've never lost interest in those things, and perhaps on account of

them I've been blessed. I'm really glad to have seen you once more, Maggie. Probably I shall never pass this way again, so good-bye and good luck!"

"Good-bye, Anthony! I am very glad to know that you have prospered."

"Thank you! thank you!" he said, as he passed out. A moment later a cloud of dust hid the carriage from sight.

There were no regrets in Maggie's heart as she went about preparing her frugal evening meal. Indeed, she had never felt any regret for her dismissal of Anthony Hayes, whose attentions she had accepted only because it was her mother's wish, but whom she certainly would have married had it not been for a short-lived and romantic episode, which seemed to her now, through the mists of twenty years, like a dream within a dream. But she had never forgotten it—never could forget it. Her pale cheek would flush when she recalled it, and the memory had been the single drop of bitterness in her cup, for hers was a proud nature.

When she had eaten her supper and washed the dishes, she seated herself in the big rocking-chair, her usually busy hands idly folded.

"What a strange thing is life!" she thought. "If I had married Anthony, he would in all probability have remained at Low Hampton all his days. But, then, perhaps not; he was always of an inventive turn, and would no doubt have come into luck all the same. In that case, I should be driving about in my carriage now, and doing some good in the world, instead of being tied to this little shop year in and year out, as long as I live. Wealth might have harmed me, though: I might have become a very worldly woman."

After musing thus for perhaps half an hour, Maggie left her seat, went to the bureau and opened the lower drawer, from which she took a handsomely bound volume. This she did as

regularly as night came on, the last thing before saying her prayers. Turning a leaf here and there, she began to read to herself random verses, some of which she seemed to know by heart; for, leaning her head against the back of the rocking-chair, she would murmur them half aloud. When the clock struck nine she turned to the first page, intently regarding a picture thereon engraved. After looking at it for some time, a gentle, scarce audible sigh escaped her lips. "He was a good man," she said. Then, replacing the book in the drawer, she fastened the shutters, said her prayers, and retired.

II.

Twenty years ago that Summer, Maggie had been making her wedding-clothes in the little room behind the shop where she had sat all the evening dreamily recalling the past. To be sure, she had never been what is vulgarly called "in love" with Anthony Hayes; but he was a good young man, her mother wished her to marry him, and she was preparing to do so, not at all reluctantly. But deep down in her heart there lurked a strain of romance, known only to herself, and of which neither her mother nor lover had the least suspicion. And while she did not envy the gayly-dressed Summer visitors who came often to buy a book or a paper in the shop, or to exchange a volume at the library attached to it, she wished at times that fate had laid her future in the ideal lines and flowery paths in which, it seemed to her inexperience, those Summer visitors perpetually trod. She was such a modest little thing, such a stranger to ways of coquetry of all kinds whether in dress or manner, however, that the handsome young gentlemen who sometimes dropped into the shop, never gave her a second thought.

She was a passionate lover of poetry. One verse-writer of the day, in particular, she endowed with every charm

of mind and soul possible to any single scion of humanity. On his personal appearance she had never speculated, for her dreams were as yet only abstractions.

One day a bevy of laughing girls came into the shop. While they were busy examining the books on the shelves, Maggie caught snatches of their chatter, gathering from their remarks that the poet—*her* poet—was spending the Summer in Low Hampton. Her heart gave a bound of delight. It was possible—nay, probable—that she would see him, then; for almost everyone of any note frequented the shop for magazines and papers. But how should she know him when he appeared? Without seeming to listen, she approached nearer the group, pretending to be arranging a pile of newspapers. Soon she caught the words, "six feet or more," "splendid looking," "crisp, black curly hair," "splendid brown eyes."

When they had gone, Maggie sat down behind the counter with a soft, contented sigh. He would surely come, she thought; and she would as certainly know him by the description she had heard. Oh, what good fortune to see him with her own eyes, to hear him speak! If she had ever thought of picturing him to herself, it would have been as those gay young women had described him. She took down a volume of his verses and began to read some of her favorites.

The bell tinkled, an elderly gentleman entered. He was small, thin and somewhat pale. He leaned upon a stick, limping slightly as he walked.

"You keep the New York papers, my girl—the weeklies, I mean?" he inquired in a not unpleasant voice.

If Maggie had noticed it, he had very kind gray eyes. But she did not: he had disturbed the beautiful day-dream she was weaving; and he had addressed her as "my girl,"—a mode of salutation

very displeasing to her, as savoring too much of superiority and patronage.

"Yes, sir, we do," she answered, in a business-like tone, yet not ungently; for the gentleman was old, and Maggie had been taught the virtues of respect and reverence. Mentioning what he wanted, he began to stroll about the shop. The volume of verses still lay upon the counter where she had left it. He picked it up.

"Ah! you like this sort of thing, do you?" he asked.

"Very much, indeed," replied Maggie promptly, detecting disapprobation in his tone.

"You look like a sensible girl," he continued, with a twinkle of the eye that would have reassured an older and more experienced person than the girlish bookseller. "Now, I can't see what merit you find in these verses."

"Perhaps that is because you are not young any longer, sir," was the reply.

"What are they all about? Love, I suppose?"

"There's not much love in them, sir," said the girl; "but what there is I think most beautiful. There are some very fine things about the sea and the flowers, and Spring and little children."

"And you are of the opinion that when a man begins to get old he can no longer enjoy these beautiful things?"

Before she could reply the bell rang again; and as Maggie lifted her eyes the little shop became glorified in her sight. The old gentleman turned quietly away, not wishing to take up the time of a new customer; and there strode up to the counter, behind which Maggie stood, a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with clear complexion, black hair, curling tightly about his head; and large brown eyes, which were full of good-humor. His lips were a trifle coarse; and his voice, when he opened them to ask, "Any sporting journals?" rather thin and weak for one of his size

and physique. But these deficiencies were not observed by the girl before him, lost in the joy of recognition; for her poet stood before her! Yes, it was he, just as she heard him described. For a moment she could not answer him. But he did not seem to notice her embarrassment, and presently she found him the papers he wanted. Tossing the money on the counter, he turned and walked quickly away; and the little shop seemed to the foolish heart of the simple girl as though a radiance had gone from it.

The glimpse she had had of her hero changed her little world completely. Anthony Hayes, with his commonplace jokes and everyday routine of ordinary conversation, became distasteful to her. Finally she began to treat him with such indifference that her mother took alarm and remonstrated with her severely. But remonstrance availed nothing; by contrast with the magnificent Apollo, Anthony was odious; and, being a youth of some spirit, he soon rebelled. The result we already know. He left Low Hampton, and Maggie and her mother continued their monotonous life. Monotonous, indeed, it became to Maggie when, the season being over, her hero, of whom she had only two or three other glimpses, departed with the rest. But she did not regret Anthony, though her mother's reproaches would not permit her to forget him; and she had the inward gratification of feeling that for at least a brief period of her life she had been in paradise, with treasures of memory that nothing could take away. And perhaps he might return next year, she thought; and lived in the anticipation.

Meanwhile the little old gentleman had become a very good customer, though Maggie seldom waited on him. Since their first meeting she had resented what she thought his want of appreciation of her favorite poet. One

day she was sitting behind the counter sewing. Her mother was absent in New York, and the entire care of house and shop devolved on her. It was about the beginning of October, and most of the Summer visitors had departed. The day was gloomy, and Maggie in somewhat melancholy mood. Beside her, on the counter, lay the little book, her inseparable companion. The old gentleman entered, and, after choosing his purchases, came forward to pay her.

When she returned with the change, she found him examining the book. He looked up at her with a smile. For the first time she thought his face very attractive.

"My dear girl," he said, kindly, "Mr. Lane has at least one devoted admirer. This book is almost worn out."

"I know almost every poem in it by heart," replied Maggie, proudly. "Mr. Lane was here for six weeks this Summer," she added.

A peculiar expression passed over the face of the old gentleman.

"But you did not see him?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir! He came here several times for papers."

"Ah, indeed! What sort of looking person was he?"

"Quite distinguished," said Maggie; "he is over six feet tall, with black curly hair—a noble-looking man, sir."

"Young?" inquired the old gentleman.

"About twenty-five or twenty-six."

"With a kind of swaggering walk?"

"Well—yes, perhaps you might call it so," answered Maggie, a little reluctantly, deprecating any remark not quite complimentary to her idol.

"Wore a flat gray cap?"

"Yes, I think he did."

"I am afraid this is a case of mistaken identity," said the old gentleman, dryly. "Your description answers to that of Glover, the prize-fighter, who has been in training here all Summer."

Maggie gasped.

"Oh, no! I can't think it, sir!"

"Nevertheless, it is true," replied the old gentleman, with a smile. "I am confident that you have been mistaken. Beside, even if my supposition about the prize-fighter should not be correct, Mr. Lane does not answer your description at all. I know him well—by sight."

She looked at him piteously, without being able to keep her lip from quivering. And yet, through all her mortification and disappointment, she was aware of a most gentle, compassionate sympathy in the face of the old man, for which she thanked him later in her heart. At that moment, however, it was too full of bitterness to give conscious place to any softer or more generous feeling. On his part, the sudden realization of how much the disclosure meant to the girl, made him regret, at least momentarily, what he had said. But the next instant he probably reflected that in the long run the revelation would prove less cruel than it now appeared. He opened his lips to speak, then hesitated, and finally said:

"My dear child, I will say this. While the poet is not nearly so handsome a man as the one you have mistaken for him, I think I can safely affirm that you would like him better, if you only knew him; and I think I can also say that he would fully appreciate your interest in his verses."

The door opened to admit another customer. The old man picked up his purchases.

"Thank you, sir!" said Maggie, in a low voice, as he prepared to depart. He looked at her kindly and went his way. She never saw him again.

Once more alone, the girl turned feverishly to the pile of "sporting papers," at whose contents she had never glanced. She soon found what she sought—the picture of "her poet," *alias* "monarch of the prize-ring, as demonstrated in his late victorious fight

with Teddy Myers, the 'Australian.'" She had no difficulty in recognizing it—Maggie's romance was ended!

Not long after this there came to her by express a neat package, from whence she never knew. It proved to be a volume of poems—the verses she loved,—beautifully bound in leather, and bearing on the fly-leaf the inscription: "With kind regards of the author." The frontispiece was an excellent likeness of the pale little old gentleman.

Chinese Sayings.*

Time is gold, but a ton of gold can not purchase a moment of time.

The best iron need not be used to make nails, nor should the best citizens be used to make soldiers.

There are no real gains without some pains.

What the whole world thinks is what God thinks.

Men fight for gain, birds fight for food.

The wise man closes his lips with three seals.

Scorpions sting with the tail, men sting with the tongue.

The people make the nation, but a ruler and a temple are required for it.

A very small spark may burn a very large field.

Constant courtesy wins constant friends.

Arrange the day's program in the morning; in the Spring, arrange the program for the year.

When you are all alone in your house, dedicate yourself to God.

Get up early in the morning, and resolve to tell no lie during the day.

Peaceful pursuits make powerful nations.

Do good with gentleness, shun evil with energy.

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by George B. Chao.

"Do the Hard Things First."

A successful business man, being asked by a friend how he had managed "to climb the ladder so fast," pointed to a neatly framed motto hanging over his desk reading, "Do the Hard Things First," and said:

"I had been conscious that I was not getting on so well as I should. I was not keeping up with my work; it was burdensome to me. When I opened my desk in the morning and found it covered with reminders of things to be done during the day, I became discouraged. There were always plenty of comparatively easy things to do, and these I did first, putting off the disagreeable duties. Result: I became mentally lazy; I felt an increasing incapacity for my work.

"But one morning I woke up. I took stock of myself to find out the trouble. Memoranda of several matters that had long needed attention stared at me from my calendar. I had been carrying them along from day to day. Fastened with a rubber band were a number of unanswered letters which necessitated the looking up of certain information before the replies could be sent. I had tried for days to ignore their presence. Suddenly the thought came to me: 'I have been doing only the easy things. By postponing the disagreeable tasks, my mental muscles have grown flabby. They must get some exercise.' I took off my coat and proceeded to 'clean house.' It wasn't half so hard as I had expected. Then I took a card and wrote on it: 'Do the hard things first'; and next day I had the line printed, and there it is where I can see it every morning. I assure you, I've been doing the hard things first from that day to this."

GREAT souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise.

—Carlyle.

An Inspiring Convention.

ONLY those who actually participated in the Fourth National Convention of the 'Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, held at Notre Dame, Ind., August 9-12, can fully grasp the significance of this Convention. It may be characterized as epoch-making.

Although accommodations for delegates were limited to thirteen hundred, which meant that over one thousand applications for reservations had to be declined, about fifteen hundred students, representing every State in the Union and Canada as well, were in attendance. Their intelligent, earnest devotion to the mission cause was inspiring to observers at home and hopeful to veterans from abroad.

The Catholic mission leaders of the United States, the creators and exponents of mission science in Europe, and modern apostles fresh from the mission fields of Africa, India, and China, enhanced the solemnity of the occasion, and added greatly to the interest and importance of the deliberations of the delegates. The much regretted absence of the Most Rev. President of the Crusade Executive Board, Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, was in a measure compensated for by the presence of Bishop Chartrand of Indianapolis, whose diocese is supporting a promising mission in China; and two Bishops from the foreign fields, Bishop McCloskey of the Philippines and Bishop Forbes of Uganda.

The three mission needs most emphasized at the Convention were prayer, vocations, and knowledge of the modern Catholic apostolate in our own country and in pagan lands. Rumors of efforts to change Crusade ideals only confirmed the delegates in the wisdom and power of the original purpose, and means of Crusade activities. The decision to educate student leaders for the mission

cause, by introducing courses at Crusade headquarters and in the various Summer schools of America, marks the most outstanding contribution of the Convention to the mission movement.

The most picturesque type of foreign missionaries present on the occasion was one from India. In stature a giant, with a long flowing black beard; gentle, humble, and affable, he won all hearts. In speaking of his own dear India, he became so earnest as to seem almost impetuous. Indeed, one of the most charming features of conversation with the veteran missionaries present was realization of the high esteem in which they hold their converts, their admiration of the natural virtues of the natives, and their enthusiasm over the golden opportunities for conversion which their respective districts presented. All admitted that the mission fields of the world were "white for harvest," but none quite so white as their own.

Never to be forgotten was the scene at Notre Dame's Grotto of Lourdes when the Crusaders and visitors, numbering two or three thousand, fell on their knees for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. There did not seem to be a single unbeliever present. The scene and the emotions it aroused are not to be described.

It was Lacordaire who said that the world is perishing for lack of enthusiasm. Could that great Dominican have attended the Fourth National Convention of the Catholic Students' Crusade, he would have modified this declaration, and perhaps have asserted that at last the world is athrill with the noblest enthusiasm that can captivate the minds and inflame the hearts of all true members of the Church,—the desire for the salvation of souls. So great was this enthusiasm at the Convention that no one present could resist its attraction and inspiration.

Notes and Remarks.

Increased attendance at our Summer schools this year and harder work on the part of both students and teachers, argue well for the future of Catholic education in the United States. Evidence of greater industry and zeal is shown in many ways. We are assured that what used to be called the "picnic feature" of the Summer school has been practically eliminated. The students in the various branches of knowledge are eager to learn all they can, and the professors are no less eager to equip them as well as possible. The statement is now repeatedly made that the majority of those who attend Summer schools make more progress in six weeks than other students in as many months. Over-work is the danger in the case of the former. The motto, *Festina lente* is apt to be disregarded. But as time goes on, things are sure to improve. With the better preparatory equipment that will naturally be provided for them, it will not be necessary for future students to work so hard or for so many hours in hot weather.

Not the least important feature of our Summer schools is the social intercourse which they promote. The students are helped and encouraged by their associates. By "comparing notes," the members of the various teaching communities have learned the wisdom of giving novices especial training for educational work, and the importance of safeguarding their health.

Emphatic opposition to a Catholic political party in England was expressed by its bishops at the recent National Catholic Congress in Birmingham. Cardinal Bourne "put his foot down very firmly," as the editor of Catholic News Service expresses it, when the formation of some such party

was proposed. Repeating the solemn warning which he gave twenty years ago, his Eminence declared that a Catholic party would be a great misfortune, because all its inevitable mistakes would be blamed upon the Church. Anything done nowadays in England that is detrimental to Catholic interests is done, he added, through ignorance, not through malice. 'This makes all the difference between conditions in Great Britain and certain parts of the Continent, where the formation of a Catholic political party is the only defence against a rabid and devastating anti-clericalism. Yet, even in France and Spain, where anti-clericalism is not unknown, the bishops have spoken strongly against anything in the shape of a Catholic political party.'

Cardinal Bourne was careful to state that the reason why we should be represented in public bodies was not so much to further Catholic interests, as to show the interest Catholics take, and should take, in public affairs.

Considerable agitation has been going on in England concerning a matter which periodically comes up for animated discussion in this country also,—the lengths to which newspapers should be allowed to go in publishing details of divorce proceedings and criminal trials. That, in both countries, the liberty to which the press has an undoubted right has, all too often, degenerated into a license for which there is no valid excuse need hardly be stated; and it is to be hoped that our Congress will take some such action as is being taken by the English House of Commons. Says the *London Universe*:

We are thankful that the select committee on the Bill to regulate divorce and other reports in newspapers has reported unanimously in favor of strengthening the law, going, indeed, even beyond the provisions in the draft Bill. If the Bill passes, as we hope it will,

divorce reports will be confined to:—(i) the names, addresses, and description of the parties and witnesses; (ii) the grounds on which the proceedings are brought and resisted, as set forth in the petition and answer and particulars thereof; (iii) submissions on any point of law arising in the course of the proceedings, and the decision of the Court thereon; (iv) the summing-up of the judge and the finding of the jury (if any), and the judgment of the Court, and observations made by the judge in giving judgment. A salutary increase in the penalties on summary conviction is also recommended.

The foregoing surely comprises all the information which reputable editors may feel called upon to supply to their readers; salacious and offensive details appeal only to journalists who deserve to be called disreputable.

Mr. John A. Stewart, a prominent citizen of New York, who spent three hours with President Harding shortly before his departure for Alaska, is reported (by the *New York Herald*) as saying at a meeting of the Lawyers' Club in that city:

"He talked of good will as an affirmative policy in all political relationships, domestic and international. I had urged him to continue determinedly on this course which he had mapped out for himself, and had said it was a misfortune that so many of the unthinking public should regard good will as an amiable weakness; and he replied:

"It is a pity that this is true, but, nevertheless, I shall continue on this course, and to be myself just as I am. I know my limitations; I know how far removed from greatness I am. But, be that as it may, I intend to approach every problem with good will in my heart, instead of hatred. Most questions which are settled by armed force are never permanently settled. Problems can be solved fundamentally only as they are worked out in the spirit of good will....

"The situation in Europe never can be bettered as long as traditional hatreds are permitted to dominate the minds of those who govern. Good will is the only solvent of ill will. I believe this is the time for good will to be used as the great and most effective political policy in the furtherance of that good understanding without which no permanent

betterment in human affairs can be effected.

"I intend to approach every question, so far as I can, with neither bias nor ill will. I shall continue, no matter what may be said of me, nor how harsh the criticism may be, nor how unjust, patiently to apply good will and a friendly feeling in the settlement of every question. People may think of me as they please, but I shall continue to be as I am, just Warren G. Harding, as he is, and as God fashioned him,—a man who is trying his best to throw into the discard age-old, discordant ways of doing things, ways which never have succeeded in bringing happiness into the world. And if I am misunderstood, and another course is demanded of me, then I shall accept, as I must, what fate may have politically in store for me; but I will not change my policy, even though it lead to my defeat for another term of the presidency and my relegation to private life."

Worthy of Lincoln, many who read these words will say. They ring true, and they greatly increase one's regard for the dead President.

For years past, the approach of Summer has been made the occasion for warnings to Catholics, from pulpit and press, as to the advisability, not to say the necessity, of selecting, for their vacations or their week-end outings, places having facilities for the hearing of Mass, at least on Sundays. The abstract advice is good, so far as it goes; but a concrete exemplification of that advice is still better; and the editor of the *Western Watchman* and Miss Bertha M. Bruening, President of the Women's Catholic Association of St. Louis, are to be congratulated on their practical solution of the oftentimes vexing problem. Miss Bruening has prepared, and the *Watchman* publishes, a list of one hundred and fifty "outing places" in the archdiocese of St. Louis, with full information as to the nearest point where Mass is celebrated on Sundays. Where trains or street-cars are not available, the distance by automobile road is given. The idea is an

admirable one, and we expect to see it adopted, next season, by the Catholic leaders of many another diocese throughout the country.

Not so much for the size of it, as for the spirit of it, the benefaction of an American citizen, who has just contributed \$45,000 to Near East Relief, deserves to be characterized as magnificent. On receiving a "cable" from Beirut, telling of increased misery in refugee camps, he immediately sent his handsome check to the treasurer, requesting that his name should not be made public. It is estimated that as many as 50,000 lives will be saved by this timely and generous benefaction. On receipt of what they call "a life-saving telegram" from New York, the heroic agents of Near East Relief "took heart again" and sent a fervently grateful letter from Constantinople.

\$45,000 is a large sum, but the number of refugees is so great that it will soon be exhausted in providing them with the mere necessities of life. Meantime the regular orphanage work of Near East Relief must be carried on; and the supplies and funds for it are at the vanishing point. More help is still required. Should it fail during the coming months, the feeding of refugees must cease, and the work for orphans be restricted.

"What's the good of noticing such absurdities?" is often the pretext for neglecting to contradict statements prejudicial to the interests of our holy religion. Without precipitating oneself into a bootless controversy, it is surely possible in a thousand and one instances to discount the calumnies of the vilifiers of the Church. To take a case in point. A secular journal in a small city published a sermon by a Protestant clergyman containing a reference to "that Church

which places the Virgin above the Father and the Son." On the following day the same paper published a note from a correspondent who called attention to the following extract from chapter xlv of "Catholic Belief":

Catholics do not believe that the Blessed Virgin is in *any way* equal or even comparable to Almighty God; for she, being a *creature*, although the most highly favored, is *infinitely* less than God.

Can it be doubted that the intelligent readers of that note did not discount the preacher's version of Catholic doctrine on this point? Similar instances occur almost every day, and surely no loyal member of the Church can be excused for manifesting toward them an attitude of indifference.

Those bumptious — self-conceited, self-assertive—citizens, who pride themselves on being 100 per cent American, should "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" the words of advice addressed to the students of the University of Southern California by Mr. William McAdoo. He spoke to the point, saying:

Practice the fundamental Christian precepts and you will be a good and useful citizen. And if you are a good and useful citizen, you will make a genuine contribution to democracy and to your country's welfare, however humble the part you may be called upon to play. It is not given to every man and woman to be great in the sense that we ordinarily use that term. True greatness does not consist in high place or power; it consists in the quality and character of the individual, and in the kind of service he renders in the part allotted to him in the tasks of our common life....

But do not call yourselves 100 per cent American. Patriotism is not measured in percentages. One hundred per cent is the mathematical equation for perfection, and one must not be so pharisaical as to claim that he is a perfect citizen under the guise of a mathematical equation or otherwise. Patriotism is not a matter of mathematics; it is a matter of equality, of sacrifice, of soul. It is a transcendent thing, and is not proved by asseverations of perfection or mere

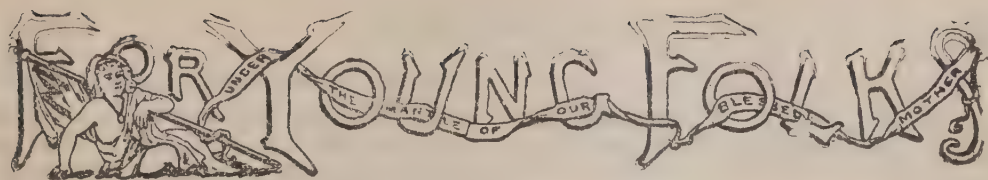
protestations. By practising Christian virtues, by observing high moral standards, and by making unselfish sacrifice to the high command of duty, you will become a patriot, and prove worthy of citizenship in the greatest democracy the world has ever known.

From the London *Tablet* of eighty years ago, the same journal reproduces this paragraph:

"The Real Monster Evil of Ireland" forms the subject of another article, the evil in question being the existence in Ireland of two millions of starving peasantry, many of whom were compelled to accept Protestant influence in order to get relief. And this at the bidding of Protestant landlords "drunk with tyranny and maddened with excess of power."

Our English contemporary is ably and carefully edited, but we fail to see what good purpose can be served by reviving memories like these. Indeed, it is the remembrance of the cruelties inflicted upon the Irish, and the injustice done them in the past, more than anything, that causes so many Irishmen of the present day to hate England and to distrust Englishmen. So long as the hatred and the distrust endure will lasting peace be delayed among Irishmen themselves.

Perhaps the most important decision arrived at during the recent convention of the Knights of Columbus in Montreal, was their approval of the formation of a junior body, "Columbus Esquires," that will go a long way towards solving the Catholic boy problem in this country and Canada. It speaks well for the practical wisdom of the Knights that, before taking any definite action in the matter, their special committee studied this important problem for a year; and that, now the matter has been decided, preliminary study on the part of those to whom the details of the plan are to be entrusted, will render them especially well adapted to prosecute the work successfully.



Little Things.

BY H. H. FARISS.

IT is the little things that count,
The little things we scarcely heed;
Though small themselves, they will amount
In time to what is great indeed.

No mansion ever rose to grace
The emerald heights in majesty,—
But first each stone must be in place,
It matters not how small it be.

There's happiness in life for all,
If we but seek and seek aright;
Ofttimes we find, when shadows fall,
We have been standing in our light.

Scorn not the day of little things,
Fill every moment with your best;
Take care of what the moments bring,
And leave to God all of the rest.

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

VIII.—ARTIE IS ADOPTED.

THE indignation shown by Nolatri when Snappy's note calling for the presence of the car at midnight at a rendezvous some miles distant from the inn had not wholly subsided when that rendezvous was reached. The big, blustering manager was in a humor the very reverse of pleasant as the automobile stopped and he and Cormier got out to meet "the long and the short of the company," as Winder and the young star were sometimes spoken of. No sooner did he catch sight of Snappy than he began:

"Look here, Master Pygmy, are you running away with the idea that I am your servant?"

"You won't remain in that position very long," rejoined Snappy, with a disdainful look; "you are growing too insolent."

Then, grabbing the manager's arm, he continued: "But come over here a minute till I show you something."

Leaving the road, he drew Nolatri into the clearing, and, pointing to the prostrate bull, exclaimed: "Look at that big brute, will you? Do you know, he came very nearly depriving you and the world of my invaluable services a little while ago? If it hadn't been for a new and decidedly good friend of mine, the screen would very surely have lost its principal ornament."

"What are you saying?" asked Nolatri. "What has a dead bull got to do with the screen?"

"A dead bull? Not much; but when he was alive he threatened to gore the life out of me; and would have done so, but for my new friend, to whom, by the way, I must introduce you. Rex, my dear fellow, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Nolatri, not half a bad man when he is in good humor. Mr. Nolatri, meet Rex, out and out the finest dog that you, or anybody else, ever laid eyes on."

Rex turned his intelligent eyes on the manager, as if quite ready to improve his acquaintance; but Nolatri made no overtures. He was constitutionally a little afraid of good-sized dogs, and never petted or fondled even small ones. He contented himself with remarking:

"Well, if he saved your life, as you say, you are right to speak highly of him. But, in the meanwhile, perhaps we had better be starting for the inn."

"Indeed we had," rejoined Snappy, "for we are pursued, or *will* be shortly."

"Pursued!" exclaimed the manager, opening his eyes to the fullest extent, "what do you mean? Why should we be pursued?"

"Because Winder and I have kidnapped a child. But there's no time to tell you the story now. Hurry up! Everybody in the auto at once!"

In vain did Nolatri endeavor to protest, divided as he was between the desire to scold Snappy for his imprudence, and the fear that, if he delayed their departure, there might be difficulties with those who, according to the lad, were in pursuit of them.

"So? It needed only that," he grumbled; "you've kidnapped a child. What child, and where did you get it, and how?"

"Winder will tell you all about our adventure as we return," said Snappy, drawing near the auto; "here, Artie, jump in here!"

"Hold on, there!" cried Nolatri, angrily. "Do you imagine that I'm going to be your accomplice in the kidnapping?"

"That's what I'm counting on."

"Well, your counting machine is out of order, then"; and Nolatri placed himself before the door of the car, as if to oppose Artie's entrance.

"All right," said Snappy, planting himself before the manager; "we'll see about that. Let the boy get into the car, or else I'll stay here with him and be caught by those who are chasing us. You'll be much better off, of course, when I'm in jail."

"You would do that?"

"You bet I would! However, you needn't mind; all you'll have to do is to fix matters up with Madeleine Gibous. It will not be Snappy who will appear in her piece."

Further discussion of the matter was prevented by Rex, who quietly caught the skirt of Nolatri's overcoat in his teeth, drew the manager away from the

door of the car, and, jumping into its rear seat, invited Artie with a cheerful bark to follow his example. Snappy picked up Artie and placed him on the seat, and then persuaded Rex to content himself with a seat on the floor of the car. Winder climbed into the front seat, drew his machine after him, and assured Nolatri that there really wasn't any time to lose. Accordingly, the disturbed manager took his place at the wheel, told Cormier to sit behind, and, turning the car, set out for the inn.

On the way back, Snappy and Artie were seated close to each other, and the older boy did not cease to ply the younger with question after question, while the younger one occasionally interposed a question of his own. In spite of the sympathy shown to him by Snappy, the latter's brusque manner and the tone he took in talking to the manager, somewhat disconcerted Artie. He hardly knew what to make of a boy so thoroughly self-possessed as his new friend and so entirely different from himself. The sudden and providential arrival of the lively lad and his long companion in his basement prison, his deliverance, and the series of strange events since then,—all this combined to puzzle his brain. One thing, however, was quite certain: he owed his rescuer a debt of gratitude. Turning a loving glance upon Snappy, he said timidly:

"This is nice, isn't it?"

"You like it, eh?" rejoined Snappy. "You enjoy riding in an auto, then. Perhaps you didn't get a ride very often."

"Never—since—" But the "since" was so long ago that he simply repeated, "Never."

"Indeed," said Snappy with an indulgent smile. "Well, everybody hasn't an auto at his disposal. But, before his death, your grandfather must have taken you out at times for a ride."

"Oh, no; we never went out. I haven't

been away from Tellivot before, since grandfather took me there a long while ago."

"What?" cried the little actor; "you have been shut up in that savage place for years! Why, in that case, you don't know the world."

The world! How should Artie know it? He didn't know even the neighborhood. His whole horizon had been bounded by the old walls of Tellivot.

"Then," cried Snappy, "you haven't seen anything." There was pity in his tone as he added: "I'll bet, you don't know what is meant by an aeroplane."

Sure enough, Artie hadn't the slightest idea of what he meant.

"And the 'movies,'" said Snappy, assuming an important air; "at least you have seen moving pictures?"

"Movies! What are they?" humbly asked Artie.

The young artist grew warm.

"You must be joking," he exclaimed. "'Tis not possible that you are ignorant of the greatest of all arts! You would be the only one in the world not to know of it.—Come, now: doesn't my name mean anything to you?"

"Your name?"

"I am called Snappy," rejoined the little actor, with exactly the same majestic air with which a scion of royalty might have declared himself a prince of the blood. The announcement, however, created so little effect that Snappy was almost vexed.

"Oh, well," he grumbled, "it's hardly worth while to be famous. That grandfather of yours has made you a regular little savage, or as big an ignoramus as a savage could possibly be."

Then, noticing on the countenance of his little friend an expression of melancholy, and fearing that he had humiliated him, Snappy changed his tone.

"Don't mind," he said. "Don't bother about it. There's no dishonor in it, after all. And it will be very amusing.

You won't be *blasé*, sick and tired of the 'movies,' anyway. You must have a whole lot of admiration in reserve. 'Twill be good fun to open your eyes. And you had better get them ready for opening; for I'm going to make you see things! I'll be your professor; you'll be my pupil."

Then, pressing at the same time Artie's hand and Rex's paw, which Artie had been holding, he declared in the most serious of tones:

"There, 'tis settled! I adopt you!"

Passing his arm in brotherly fashion about Artie's neck, he concluded: "I think we'll get along all right. You'll see! Nobody is ever bored when I am around."

Little Artie, however, was about worn out with all his recent experiences, and the gentle rocking of the automobile had finally set him to sleep, with his head on Snappy's shoulder.

"Gone to the land of dreams!" commented the latter. "When he wakes up, he'll be rubbing his eyes, under the impression that he is still sleeping. I am going to show him wonders bigger than he ever dreamt of, I'll bet."

The car stopped before the inn, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, several members of the company, among them, Miss Ione Belleville, through curiosity as to Snappy's adventures, came out to meet its occupants. Nolatri didn't seem in the humor to satisfy their curiosity. He referred them to Cormier for information; and himself went up to Snappy who had partly carried, partly assisted Artie out of the automobile. And Snappy, with the sarcastic air he so often assumed with his manager, addressed him thus:

"Ah! you are come to offer me your heartiest congratulations, are you not? Well, I accept them. At this late hour, however, the most urgent need is to get this poor boy to bed."

"To bed?" exclaimed Nolatri, indignantly. "Are you losing what little sense you are supposed to have? Do you imagine I'm going to allow you to continue your foolishness until the police, the gendarmes of the district, are called in? Winder has told me of your crazy feat. It might be screened as the robbery at the villa. Now that you are here, and that I have no fear concerning your precious person, we are going to take the boy back to his home."

"No, you won't, my dear Nolatri. The boy is not going back!"

"Just as you like; but, in that case, I shall give him up to the officers of the law with my apologies. I'm not at all desirous of getting in bad with the authorities."

At these words, Snappy became really angry, and exclaimed:

"I say No! Things won't arrange themselves in that style. If they do, then you and I shall quarrel in good earnest. And you know what it will cost you."

"But—"

"There are no 'buts' about it!"

"Look here, you diabolical imp. I can't authorize you to steal all the children you come across in the course of our travels."

"You are multiplying. If I count correctly, this is my first one, this boy here."

"He's one too many—and he must be your last."

"Besides," said Snappy, "I didn't steal him; I freed him. There's a difference."

"Humph! Perhaps you expect a decoration for your bravery in delivering so fine a specimen of scarecrow from its natural surroundings."

"Poor little fellow! Wait till you see him by daylight, and you'll find him interesting enough. Just now, Winder had better carry him to bed. Miss Iown

will help him; won't you, Miss Iown?"

"Unless you pronounce my name properly, I certainly *won't*," said the young lady in question. "How many more times must I tell you that my name has three syllables, I-o-ne, and that it is accented on the second syllable, rhyming with 'my pony,' and not with 'my own'?"

Snappy having made his peace with Miss Belleville, Artie was carried upstairs, Rex following and insisting upon sleeping near his master's bed.

In the meanwhile, Nolatri was saying to Winder: "We are going to have trouble, I fear. Those peasants are not likely to keep quiet about this last freak of Snappy's. They are safe to make things hot for us."

And the manager was right.

(To be continued.)

A Friend of Fidos and Carlos.

The elder Dumas was a very hospitable man, especially to dogs, of which he was very fond. Indeed he fed them so well and made them so comfortable that all the Fidos and Carlos in the neighborhood used to congregate at his house to hear his friendly words and eat the food which he provided for them. But once his servant grew tired of the bow-wow-ing visitors and went in dismay to his master.

"There are," he said, "positively thirteen dogs waiting for their dinner, and keeping up such a racket that I look for the police to interfere. Shall I go and drive them away, sir?"

"Thirteen dogs, did you say?" asked the novelist. "An unlucky number, truly. Go and hunt up a fourteenth dog, Michel, so there will be no uneasiness when they eat their dinner. Some of them may be superstitious."

Michel sighed, and concluded that an old author, like an old dog, could not be taught new tricks.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—From the American Publishing Society, of Denver, Colorado, comes "America's Debt to Catholics," by the Rev. T. F. Coakley, D. D. In small compass it contains a wealth of information that may readily be employed in a variety of apologetic ways. A very valuable pamphlet for bookracks.

—For "something short, sane and reliable on Freemasonry," we may refer an inquirer to the papers on the subject written by the Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. They are in pamphlet form, under the title, "Thirteen Articles on Freemasonry." Its history, character, aims and effects, and Catholic objections to it, are ably discussed. B. Herder Book Co.

—Many readers in this country will regret to learn of the death of "Theo Gift," the author of numerous excellent novels and a frequent and valued contributor to magazines and papers published on both sides of the Atlantic. She was the daughter of the late Thomas Havers, of Thelton Hall, Norfolk, England, and widow of Prof. G. S. Boulger, who died last year. *R. I. P.*

—In view of the excellent service they must have done in the matter of aiding young persons to choose their proper vocations, we welcome new editions of "The Religious Teacher and the Work of Vocations" (Sisters of Mercy); and "Out of Many Hearts" (Brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross). It is to be hoped that the demand for these important publications will continue and increase.

—Our frequent praise of the "Commentary on Canon Law," by Fr. Charles Augustine, O. S. B., now completed in eight volumes, would be quite insufficient if we were not to state that the concluding volume, which deals with crimes and penalties, has a general index, for which all who use this excellent work will be especially grateful. This "Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law" reflects honor on the great Order of which the commentator is a member. And we must not omit stating that the work does credit to its publishers, the B. Herder Book Co.

—A book which should not be lost sight of is "The Catholic Citizen," by John A. Lapp, LL. D. (Macmillan Co.) Its twenty-nine chapters treat tersely and lucidly of all the duties incumbent on a good citizen, and discuss the various civic and social problems with which he must deal. Each chapter is followed

by a series of questions for review, so that the work may be used as a text-book in schools, as well as a volume for perusal by the general reader. In the appendix appear the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. The author has provided a fairly adequate index.

—"The Boys' Book of Saints," by Louis Vincent (B. Herder Book Co.), contains very brief biographies of twelve well-known saints of the Church. All are men, and the stories of their lives are narrated in a manner calculated to arouse the interest and admiration of the youthful minds to whom they are addressed. None more than God's saints have exemplified in their lives those virtues, natural and supernatural, which fire the pure and generous heart of youth with the spirit of emulation. If it be true that boys are hero worshippers, then the account given of these twelve heroes may very profitably be used by them as a manual of devotion.

—Something of a novelty in Catholic literature is "His Reverence—His Day's Work," by the Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. It has been described as "the self-revelation of a pastor to his people," and few readers, we think, will be found to disagree with Agnes Repplier's statement (Introduction) that these "records, as simple as they are frank, and as homely as they are devout, can not fail to be interpretative to the laity." In the guise of a series of letters to a friend, "Prudenzia," the author, under the name of "Father Sperinde," writes of the ordinary duties, occupations, and recreations of the average American priest; states his point of view concerning clerical and lay activities; and throws not a little light on a variety of subjects with which the laity are less familiar than is perhaps desirable.

—It is much to be regretted that comparatively few of the solid books which nourished the piety of our Catholic forefathers are known to the present generation. Some years ago one of our publishers brought out an edition of Nieremberg's "Temporal and Eternal"; but it is now out of print, and, alas! out of mind. A revised edition would be a boon. This work was written originally in Spanish, and first "done into English" in 1672. (As many as ten editions had already appeared in Spain.) The translation was dedicated to Queen Catharine, who seems to

have been a woman of remarkable piety and virtue. Let us quote a bit from the quaint old "epistle dedicatory":

That person (especially if a publick person) instructs well, who lives well; and the dumb good work hath oftentimes more of the persuasive faculty in it, than either pen or tongue can match. Your life is a noble School of Vertue, and reads us a fair Lecture of a more than ordinary Christianity, far beyond the cold instructions of Book or Pulpit. They only utter words; you speak examples.

Quaint, but how sensible! There is another passage, characteristic of the time, in which the translator plays on the title of the book, expressing a thought well worthy of quotation:

Time and Eternity are points of good and wholesome use to all wise and intelligent contemplations. Time indeed got the start of Man at the Creation, and is five dayes elder than he. Nevertheless Man still lives in hopes he shall at long-run overtake, and even out-live Time. And this shall be when the general Resurrection shall have restored him to his better and glorified self, and all that is mortal in him shall have put on immortality. Man then being like to prove the longer liver of the two, Time cannot (nor indeed any thing that shall perish with Time) be that great end, for which Man was finally ordained. That onely can be man's end, which hath none it self; and that is Eternity: a happy Eternity; the last article of our Creed, and the last end of our Creation. Sure then it behooves us to be wary Gamesters, when Eternity is at stake; and not carelessly to throw away our affections at a venture, or heedlessly to engage our hearts, here and there, upon every slight invitation from sense and fancy; but to proceed advisedly in the choice of our object, and in the difference we make between things Temporal and Eternal.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal." Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers.) \$6.

"God or Gorilla." Alfred Watterson McCann. (Devin-Adair Co.) \$3.50.

"Christian Spirituality." Rev. P. Pourrat. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$4.20.

"The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart." Maud Monahan. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Conversion of the Pagan World." Paolo Manna, M. Ap. (Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.) \$1.50.

"The Life of Cornelia Connelly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." A Member of the Society. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.

"The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.

"The Life of Cardinal Gibbons." Allan Sinclair Will, Litt. D. Two volumes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$10.

"From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon." Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. (D. Appleton & Co.) \$5.

"The Life and Times of John Carroll." Peter Guilday. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$5.

"Liturgical Prayer: Its History and Spirit." Dom Fernand Cabrol, O. S. B. \$4.65.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John B. Jones, of the diocese of Brentwood; and Rev. Edward McKeever, diocese of Pittsburgh.

Sister Stanislaus, of the Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Louis M. Casella, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Hamilton, Mr. William Tracy, Mr. Charles Grimm, Mr. George Hemen, Mr. Daniel Leahy, Mr. Albert Sturn, Mr. Walter Brzozowski, Mr. James Ryan, Mr. Charles Dorries, Mr. J. L. Hemp, Mrs. C. O'Callahan, Mr. H. P. Johns, Mr. Alex Heron, Mr. William Meyer, Sr., Major James McLaughlin, Mr. Nicholas Filbig, and Mr. H. C. Rowles.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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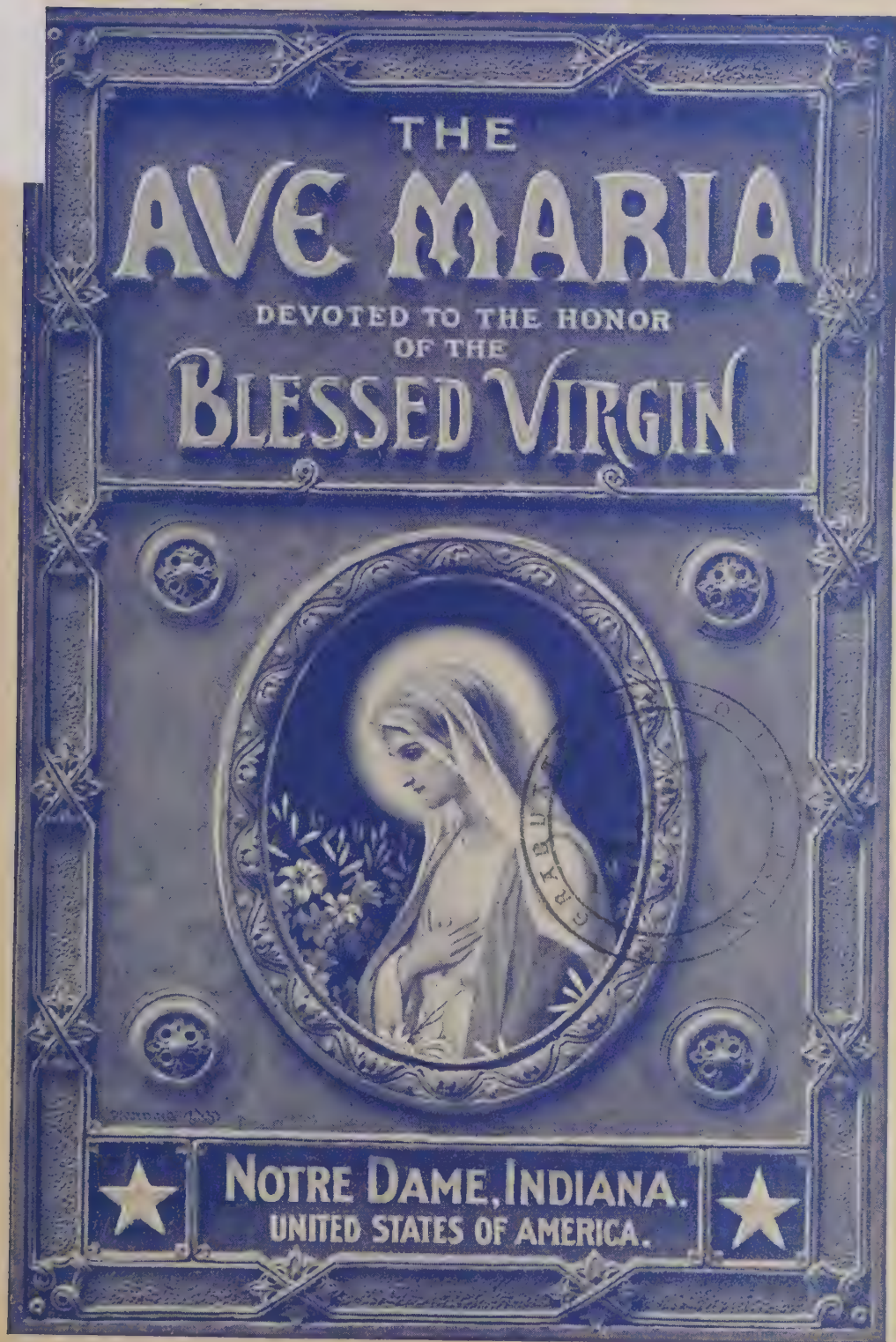
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 8.—NATIVITY OF THE B. V. M. St. Hadrian, M.	WEDNESDAY, 12.—The Holy Name of Mary.
SUNDAY, 9.—SIXTEENTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Peter Claver, C. St. Gorgonius, M.	THURSDAY, 13.—St. Eulogius, B. St. Amatus, B. C.
MONDAY, 10.—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, C.	FRIDAY, 14.—EXALTATION OF THE HOLY CROSS.
TUESDAY, 11.—SS. Protus and Hyacinth, MM.	SATURDAY, 15.—SEVEN DOLORS OF THE B. V. M. St. Nicomedes, M.

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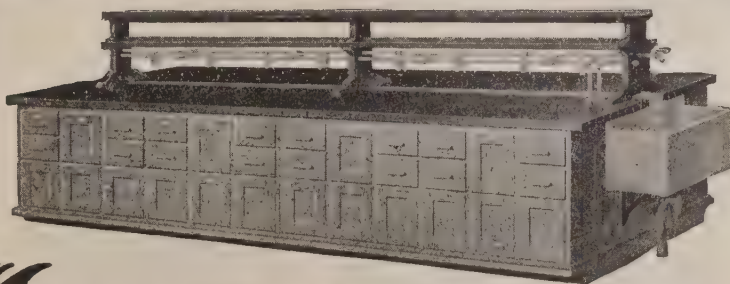
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THE HEALER.

(Hofmann)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1., 48

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No. 10

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A Rose.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE McNAUGHT.

YOU placed a rose upon my desk to-day,
And all my troubles seemed to slip away.
So small a thing had power to beguile
My care; that rose of white gave me your
smile.
I held within my heart a thought of wrong,
"The world is true!" the rose sent me your
song.
My mind was filled with doubting and with
dread,
When, softly, "Oh, be brave!" your sweet rose
said;
All day the white-rose fragrance filled the air;
All day its calm, white beauty breathed a
prayer.

Our Lady's Birthday.

BY PAUL CROWLEY.



KEEP the memory of Our Lady's birth at harvest-time. It is very expedient, because she is Our Lady by reason of the Fruit she bore, the Redemption-Harvest on which all men feed. To walk the countryside meditatively now is to behold in the earth and its sober beauty one vast and colorful symbol of Bread and Wine. The barns are loaded with wheat and every kind of golden grain. Vineyards are purpling on the hills. There is a vast and comfortable silence in the twilight, which blends the glory of a fading sky with the richer

shadows of forsaken fields. A little later, the stubbled acres will lie, humbly, beneath the Autumn stars. And yet, who can help but think as well of a youthful Spring, tender and delicate, open to the wilfulness of sunlight, promising life and bounty? Just so, of all we have and are in truth, Mary was the Spring, bowed maiden-like before the Master's will. Poets have sought out every symbol of her beauty and purity that words offer; but surely, we can do no more than name her Spring, as if her Lord had willed from the beginning that this season be a sign of her.

But for Our Lady's birthday I should like to carry about in my thoughts certain kindly things peculiarly hers—by right of birth, maybe. Nowadays, there are sad and mistaken people who speak with regret of a child's having been born. So much of evil exists in our poor world, they say, that it would be better for a man never to have entered it. At first this way of thinking seems plausible; but does Our Lady, whose heart the seven swords wounded, even hint at such a doctrine? Not in the least. She stood under the Cross on that terrible day when all creation sank into mourning; she bore her beautiful Son in the darkness of a stable and carried Him Egyptward into exile. He whom the earth betrayed was all she loved. And yet, she has willed to be not so much *Regina coeli* as *Mater terrarum*. She has her radiant festival of the Assumption, but one can't help

thinking that, of all her days, she loves best this Nativity, this celebration of her descent upon the earth.

Because for some gracious reason, Our Lady has never been content to keep away from the children of men. Hardly had she been lifted up to the skies than she began that never-ending series of visits which have endeared her beyond measure to us all. To how many holy martyrs and blessed captives of the first generations she may have appeared, we can only guess. Certainly, she must have walked, under the moon, across the reddened sands of the Coliseum to the cells where waited those whose glory it was to make of their ashes the Church's seed:—so that Agnes and Barbara, Polycarp and Clement, may have felt the weight of her hand upon their brows, on the eve of their renown. Already the Catacombs were adorned with her likeness; and wherever an Apostle went he carried, like some royal fragrance, the spikenard of her name.

As the seed grew, and the Church spanned the earth, raising towers everywhere to flash like swords, Our Lady displayed a social amiability that quite amazes us. Every city that built a house for her Son, knew also that she would live there and welcome every guest. She took up her station beside the queens of Aquitaine and the first ladies of Flanders; she conquered Paris, where, even now, majestic arches bend over her, and a great shrine keeps the memory of her victories. Along the Breton coast, in every valley of Merry England, upon the gaunt hills of Spain, she went, mother-like, soothing the weary and desolate, bringing close to every man the benediction of her Son. From Saint Bernard to the eloquent bishop whose song, *Salve Regina*, shows full well that his heart must have leaped with the vision of her, and even to the poets of a later age, her name

was something to whisper, as men whisper only the name of a woman they have seen and venerated. And it is very fitting that the last great troubadour, Richard of the Lion Heart, should have been laid to rest at the door of her chapel in the Northern city of spires and stony lace he loved so well.

Or who can forget how she took up her station in the cavern at Chartres, where pagans had long entertained a prophecy of her, and healed the sick of spirit and body so freely that at length the faithful gathered from every part of France to build a new mansion for her, more splendid than any other on earth? And for this dwelling-place, the most gifted builders and masons outdid themselves in airy lines and blissful imagery; the kings of France sent windows tempting the sun, almost, never to take his rest; and proud merchants brought, not only jewels and treasure from their stores, but the labor of their hands as well, to please her who walked kindly among them, the Lily Maid and admirable Mother. But still, she was not to be confined to one house or among the chosen. It was well that Hugh of St. Victor should write beautifully of her, and that the Irishman, Duns Scotus, whose earliest speech may possibly have been her name, should defend her honor, by means of a thesis, among the philosophers. For all that, she went up and down every roadside and into every humble town. The vision of her was as prodigally common as the sight of a star.

The energy manifested by Our Lady in the life of Mediæval Christendom is the marvel of every scholar who studies the life of that time. Great personages there were aplenty, and some of them strode from end to end of Europe on what seems to have been seven-league boots. Isabella, for instance, and Margaret of Malines—what other women ever wielded half so strong a control

over widespread affairs? The masculine figures of Saint Louis and his great precursor, Charlemagne, still fascinate like heroes of romance by reason of their manifold enterprise. But stronger and more beautifully various than all of these put together, was Our Lady with her feet upon all the roads and her fingers upon the four winds, Queen and Mother of the whole earth and Maiden of every hillside. Never before had any such power been known. It was, indeed, as if the serpent's head had been crushed, and men made, if not happy, at least confident under the shadow of a miraculous maternity.

And even if there came a time when the poet could lament, "Christian hateth Mary, whom God kissed in Galilee," Our Lady did not surrender. Famous infidels met her in the shadows of some church, and became famous converts; in Mexico she appeared, and took for her own the summit of Guadalupe; and modest little Bernadette carried out a high commission in the Pyrenees. If Lourdes is now the most popular of Mary's shrines, certainly she has not deserted a host of others. Her name is once again familiar to poets, and her countenance is the painter's dream. Even those who, because of modern subtleties and disillusionments, can not quite believe in her, turn very wistfully to her memory, as to a royal and comforting banner beside which one may battle for purity and honor. No, Our Lady has not abdicated her motherhood. She has not put her trust in something more progressive than love. The children of men may have been rebellious and ungrateful; she still has cradle-hopes for every one, and an anxious anguish lest her divine Son should have died in vain....

Upon that day, now so long past, when Saint Anne first held in her arms the child born immaculate, the central theme of human destiny began to

appear plainly. That destiny might be no longer a pleasurable dwelling in Paradisal gardens, but was a grotesque and ultimately tragic wandering over the face of the earth. Of its woes and struggles, the child who lay so white and clean against the saintly mother's breast would have her full share. Of its grim obediences she partook, and her maidenly "Be it done," was at once the will of man for a Victim and the desire of God to be sacrificed. But life's joys were here no less—the star over Bethlehem and motherhood's holy bliss, the long, quiet years in the house of the Carpenter. She knew as well the hale blessing of life and the sacred kingship of death. Nor should we wonder that ever since, for our poor sakes, she would not be separated from these things. Wherever a child is born, she, too, is ready with her arms. Wherever daily toil builds a more sturdy home, she would have a share in the mending and refining; and when death comes, even in the cell of some one doomed, she stands at the angel's side. Our Lady disdains no part of human life, because she passed through all, and because the memories her Son holds dearest are surely of those hours He lived with her.

And so this birthday shall be set aside to honor also the descent of Our Lady into our midst. She is restless in Heaven while we remain here, her children, so reckless and helpless, so ready with our petitions and so arrogant with our toys. And what shall we find to say to her more appropriate than the staunch begging of her great Saint Bernard: "See to it, O Blessed Lady, by the grace which thou didst find, by the privilege which was thine of merit, by the tenderness which was thy dower, that He who with thine assistance did deign to share our weakness and misery, will, because of thy asking, make us to share in His glory and happiness—Jesus Christ, thy Son."

A Tool of Fortune.

XV.

JEAN and Rachel had now reached the edge of the wood at the foot of the hill, on the bank of the river. The roots of a pine-tree standing on a grassy slope had hollowed out a sort of grotto in the sands of the shore; here they usually concealed themselves, sitting hand in hand, without speaking, watching the broad river flowing along at their feet. Far away, on the other shore, the forest and earth seemed to meet, while here and there a twinkling light looked like a star dropped from the sky.

Of the two, Jean was the more sincere and disinterested. Rachel was ambitious. To become the wife of the handsome, amiable youth, not merely because she loved him, but because she had faith in his future and believed him capable of winning fame and fortune, seemed to her well worth striving for. In any event, he was preferable to her cousin Jacob, who, apart from his wealth, had only his knowledge of the sacred books and of law to recommend him. He aspired to become an assistant in one of the courts of the Empire; but Rachel thought she ought to do better. A marriage for love with Jean certainly offered a greater guaranty of happiness than one of interest with Jacob.

Jean had thus far made his advances without clearly defining his intentions; not a word that could bind their futures together had been spoken until now, when the meeting with Jacob had roused his jealousy and brought him out from the hazy regions in which his indecision had hitherto kept him. Now he had sealed the girl's fate, and with it his own.

Just then the barking of a dog was heard on the summit of the hill. Rachel sprang to her feet.

"Good-bye, Jean!" she exclaimed. "That is Jolka's bark. My father is not far away. We must part here."

Usually the young man would have risen obediently, but now he tried to detain his companion.

"Let us fly together? We will go far away to some other land where laws and customs are different, and where we can be all in all to each other!"

"But my father and yours!"

He suddenly loosened his grasp of her hand. It was true. Everything was between them.

Jolka kept up his barking, and soon they heard the Rabbi's feeble voice:

"Rachel! Rachel! where are you? Come home! It is late."

The girl nimbly climbed the hillside, stopping when half-way up to wave an adieu to Jean. For a few moments the sounds of the voices above reached him, then all was silent except the sad murmuring of the Vistula.

He slowly ascended the hill in his turn, and untied Malutka. The intelligent animal shook her head and made no noise, as if she knew that her master relied upon her discretion.

An hour later Jean passed the statue of Saint Martin and reached Wola. After putting his horse in the stable, he went into the house, where he found Prus fast asleep with his head resting on the table. He awoke instantly, however, and exclaimed: "Ah, here you are at last!"

"Yes, here I am. Go to bed; you must be tired."

"And so must you."

"I can not sleep yet."

Jean walked nervously about, his lips compressed and his soft brown eyes full of gloom and weariness.

Prus looked at him attentively.

"At any rate," he remarked, after a pause, "we must go to bed; it is past midnight."

Taking a lighted candle, he went out

of the room, followed by his friend, who repeated, as if talking to himself:

"Momser! momser!"

"What is that you say?" asked Prus.

"I say *momser*. Do you know what that means?"

"No."

"It is a Hebrew word which means 'Doomed to misfortune.' That is what all of us noblemen are."

"Hum!" muttered Prus, as he lay down on his pillow. "I am not so sure that all of us are *momser*. But I am sure that a Jewess taught you that word; I know who that Jewess is."

XVI.

When Jean awoke the next morning the sun was high in the heavens. Prus' bed in the alcove was empty, and the little clock above the door marked the hour of eight. He sprang up and dressed hastily, recalling as he did so the events of the evening before. So Sigismond had found out his secret. He almost regretted having stopped at Wola, as he was in no mood for making explanations, still less for enduring reproaches. He felt vexed at Prus for his penetration. In fact, he no longer recognized himself; his love was like a potion that had gradually filtered poison into his veins, contaminating his blood and changing his whole nature.

Passing out of the house, he paused for a moment on the threshold to drink in the cool morning air. Sparrows were noisily disputing on the sandy court, and tomtits chased one another among the branches of an apple-tree to that of a neighboring oak.

On seeing a farm-hand, Jean bade him saddle Malutka and bring her around to the door. He then rolled a cigarette and went back to the kitchen for a light. Magda was washing, and the place was filled with steam and a soapy odor.

At the sound of Jean's footstep, a cat

jumped down from the window-sill to a table, on which a pan of milk stood.

"Give me a light, Magda; and look out for your cream!" the young man called out cheerily.

Then followed cries of surprise and wild gestures, addressed at once to Jean, the cat, and the steam.

"Bless me! is that you, Master Jean? Seat, you beast! The steam doesn't blind you: you can see well enough to get your nose into my cream."

As soon as she recovered her breath, the old servant took a firebrand and offered it to Jean, asking him if he would not have something to eat.

"Master Prus' coffee has been waiting for an hour already," she added; "but he went off with nothing but a glass of liquor in his stomach. Now I must wait for him till noon; and it's just the same every day. Have the coffee, sir; it is good, and it will teach him to be more prompt."

"Where has he gone?"

"The Lord only knows! He said he was going to take some wheat to the mill; but he must have gone somewhere else. Life is hard enough nowadays, Master Jean."

The young man smiled; he refused the coffee, however,—a gentle neigh reminding him that Malutka was waiting for him. He was soon in the saddle, quite thankful for having escaped Sigismond's questions. And yet Prus had always been the devoted friend who had loved to listen to the tales of the prowess of the old Raz heroes. His admiration for Jean was such that if they had lived in the olden time he would gladly have been the young man's halberdier.

Jean had formerly accepted this deference as a natural tribute to his superior position; later, his pride had been humbled by his experiences at college. He thought of all this and much more as he rode leisurely along, not without

a certain shame on his own account. He possessed a line of ancestors reaching back to the earliest history of his country, and still he himself was but a poor nobody, without money or lands, the brother-in-law of a Lewin and the lover of a Jewess. The splendor of his escutcheon was indeed tarnished.

He sighed as he remembered with what pride he had read the legends of his race: the story of that cavalier, the first of the name, who, charging up a steep precipice, seized a strong, hostile château, and received as a reward from the hands of the king his escutcheon—a golden horseshoe on a field of azure. While still a child, taking his first lessons in horsemanship, he had charged at full speed up the sandy hills around Wola, loving to fancy that, like his ancestor of old, he was rushing to the attack of a fortified city.

With a heavy heart he thought of the present,—his sister lost to him, and the opprobrium of his love for a Jewess clinging to him like a mantle of fire. No more dreams of glory and fortune! No more illusions! What was to become of him? Should he go far away from his native land, put mountains, deserts, and oceans between himself and his regrets, his hatreds, and his love? But when? Why was he tarrying? Why did every week lead him to the pine wood?

He heaved another sigh, and repeated the strange word that had excited Prus' curiosity: "*Momser! momser!*"

On reaching Wola, Jean saw a carriage from which the horses had been unhitched, standing in the court. No one was to be seen except the little son of the coachman, lying asleep on a pile of straw. Jean did not waken the child, but took his horse to the stable, unsaddled, groomed, and fed her. This done, he went out and examined the carriage. It was a handsome one, evidently the property of a very wealthy man. As he turned to walk away, the

boy awoke and sprang to his feet, doffing his cap.

"Whose carriage is this, Wasiek?" inquired Jean.

"The rich Jew's from the city," was the reply. "He has come to inspect everything," added the boy, with an expression of fear in the depths of his limpid eyes.

"Ah! So he has come to inspect everything, has he?"

At last he was to be able to force an explanation and find relief from the equivocal situation in which he found himself in his own house. It would not be his father that he would question this time: it would be Lewin himself.

On the veranda he met old Felix.

"Is Samuel Lewin here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

Through the open windows of the dining-room he could hear a conversation in which several voices took part.

"Who is in there with him?"

"The superintendent and the two overseers; they called them in from the fields."

"Whom do you mean by 'they'? My father?"

"No: the Jew."

Jean hastily entered the room. The men were standing near the door; his father sat at one end of the table, while opposite to him sat Samuel, turning over the leaves of a ledger. At sight of the newcomer the three men near the door bowed. Lewin rose, and the Councillor offered his hand to his son.

"What are you doing here?" Jean began, addressing the men, his voice trembling with rage.

"They ordered us to come," answered the superintendent.

"'They'? Who is hidden behind this 'they'? Go back to the fields, and remember one thing: here, you have to obey only my father and myself."

Lewin affected a profound indifference. He deliberately closed the book,

and handed it to the superintendent, remarking very carelessly:

"That is a timely order; we have just finished our little business. You may tell my coachman to hitch up," he added, as the men went out.

He then walked up to the window and began to drum idly on the pane. As for the Councillor, he was seized with a mortal terror. At the mere sight of his son, he foresaw an outbreak. He would have fled, but he feared that, on leaving Jean alone with the banker, the latter might profit by his absence to reveal the dreadful secret.

Jean walked around the table, straight up to Lewin, and said:

"Sir, I have wanted for a long time to ask you a question."

Samuel turned around quickly.

"One question leads to another. I should like to ask you two. I double everything: it is a business habit." The banker's face wore an expression of raillery, as he added with a bow: "To you the first honor."

Jean felt much disturbed. He had lost ground. He ought to have begun by seizing the intruder by the collar and ejecting him, with the aid of the men, if necessary. To struggle with words was not his forte; besides, he felt that his conscience could not give him the support necessary in such an emergency. Lewin had probably been informed by his son of the nocturnal meetings, and he was not the man to refuse to profit by his knowledge. In any event, however, unless he wished to appear cowardly and ridiculous, he would now have to continue the discussion he himself had provoked.

"Will you be so kind as to enlighten me on one point, sir?" demanded Jean. "Is it you or my father who is master of Wola?"

Samuel sneered in silence; but at his son's first words old Raz sprang from his chair.

"Why have you come here to quarrel with us?" he exclaimed, in broken tones. "Why can we not be left in peace? Do you want to shorten my days? Look at me! This is your work. Are you not satisfied?"

A livid pallor had overspread the old man's features; his lips, hands, and body trembled like an aspen leaf.

The banker profited by this state of things to interpose:

"I really think such discussions as ours promises to be are not calculated to affect favorably your father's health. I am surprised at being the first to remark this. I can not refuse to reply to your question, however. I am your sister's father-in-law; because of that, if for no other reason, it seems to me that I have a right to interest myself in the management of this estate—"

"Yes, that is perfectly evident," interrupted the Councillor. "You see, Jean, how hasty and unjust you are! May not, and ought not, our relative assist us by his counsel?"

"Pardon me!" remarked the banker. "I would not dare offer any advice to Master Jean. He knows, doubtless, the direction he should give to his life. Only I was ignorant of the fact that he was such a valuable assistant in the administration of your affairs. I must confess that I believed him to be occupied quite differently—quite differently. I did not think that he was overseeing the fields—even during the nighttime. I very humbly apologize to him, and I beg him to give me permission in my turn to ask him my two questions. They will prove my good-will and my desire to be of service to him."

Jean felt himself beaten on his own ground. What objection could he offer to the legitimacy of the motives that prompted Lewin to interest himself and, if need be, protect his daughter-in-law's interests? He felt a great embarrassment and an increasing consciousness of

guilt. The allusion to his nightly rides concealed a delicate irony. He desired, above all, to escape the questionings of his adversary, and he tried to invent a pretext for getting away.

As if reading his secret purposes, the banker did not give him time to put them into execution.

"My dear sir," he said, redoubling his politeness, "this is the first of the two questions I wish to ask you: do you still expect to realize, in your capacity as engineer, the brilliant future to which you are justified in aspiring?"

"I no longer aspire to a brilliant future," answered Jean, gloomily.

At these words the Councillor hastened to protest:

"Do not believe him, sir; he may hope to go far, very far. He stood at the head of his class and has received the gold medal."

"Ah, I beg of you, father," exclaimed Jean, "spare me that praise! You need not advertise the fact."

"Your father is right," said Lewin: "you are too modest. You are allowing yourself to be turned out of your course by influences which, surely, will not lead you to the heights we should all be glad to see you reach. I am in a position to be useful to you. As you know, our friend Wassenberg has just secured the contract for a long line of railroad uniting the Caucasus and Persia. I can procure you a fine position with him. Would that suit you?"

A moment of silence followed. Raz anxiously awaited his son's reply.

"No, I thank you," said Jean at last. "We already owe you too much."

"So you refuse?"

"I do."

"As you please," replied Lewin; "but I really fear that you are deceiving yourself as to the nature of the motives that prompt your refusal. I might even easily imagine that other scruples or ties, outside of an excessive indepen-

dence of character, cause you to refuse my offer. But that is your own affair. For my part, I will add that in remaining here you unwittingly serve my interests; and that in addressing my proposition to you I was only obeying my sentiments of deferential friendship for your father. Good-bye now, sir! Once again," he added, "I warn you to beware of nocturnal meetings. Good-bye!"

So saying, Lewin took his hat and gold-headed cane, pressed the Councillor's hand; then, going close to Jean, said in an undertone:

"Do not forget that I have another question to ask you. So as not to alarm your father, please accompany me to my carriage."

Jean was about to follow the banker, when his father called him back:

"Where are you going?" he inquired, querulously.

Samuel turned around with a smile.

"Your son is a good judge, and I want his opinion of a new horse that I have just bought."

"All right, all right!" exclaimed the Councillor, reassured.

(To be continued.)

The Great Lover.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

NOT in far skies,
 Seek thou for God,
 For He dwells here,
 Upon our sod.
 Ah, wondrous love
 That makes Him come
 To make all earth
 His Nazareth-home!
 Ah, wondrous love
 That multiplies
 Love's presence here
 In Love's disguise!
 But only Love,
 The Lover knows,
 Who armed by faith
 All doubt o'erthrows.

Some of Ireland's Oldest Monastic Schools.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

IN reading the history of Ireland, as it was in the time of St. Patrick and during the centuries immediately succeeding that period, we are amazed at the evidence of the learning as well as the holiness which made the ancient monastic institutions of Erin so famous. It is beyond question that the glorious Apostle not only introduced the Christian religion, but exerted a powerful influence over the laws, customs, and literature of the country. He himself had had before his eyes that great example of mortification and saintliness, St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, "under whose guidance," reliable authorities tell us, Patrick "spent four years" in the famous monastery of Marmoutier, on the banks of the Loire, where the life of the soldier-bishop and his monks "was the marvel of the West."

Another noted saint, who played no small part in St. Patrick's intellectual training, and also in preparing him for his high and arduous mission, was St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre. Indeed, some writers hold that it was the latter who sent St. Patrick to Pope Celestine "to receive the episcopacy," together with authority to embark upon the evangelization of Ireland. Again, in the old, old hymn of St. Fiacc, we read that, having "studied the Canons with Germanus, the angel sent him (Patrick) across the Alps"; and it stated furthermore that he "lived in the islands of the Tyrrhene Sea." It is probable that he spent some time on the island of Lerins, where the "barefooted monks" of St. Honoratus would have been his instructors. In any case, it is certain that he "laid the foundations" of that system of education which, for the three centuries succeeding his arrival,

"made Ireland the light and glory of Western Europe."

It need hardly be said that Armagh seems to have been the oldest, as it continued to be the most celebrated, of all the ancient schools of Erin. Naturally, too, it "was primarily a great theological seminary," where the theology of the Fathers of the Church was taught with infinite care—a matter of supreme importance in a country where pagan superstitions and practices were still rife. Armagh was also his school when that "most holy preacher of the Gospel passed over to Ireland from Wales."

Another very ancient and famous school was that of Kildare—Kildare, "the religious city," so closely connected with the name of St. Bridgid, the "Mary of Ireland," whose festival was "honored next after St. Patrick himself," and who, to quote the learned Dr. Healy, "may be regarded, not only as the foundress of the monasteries and schools of Kildare, but also, in one sense at least, of the diocese of Kildare itself." St. Conlaeth, a prelate closely associated with Kildare and with St. Bridgid in her efforts for promoting the vigorous spiritual and mental life of the city, was, besides being a scholar and a bishop, "a most cunning artificer in metal work." His exceeding skill enabled him to make all kinds of "chalices, patens, bells and shrines," for the use of his churches and monasteries. Here again we have proof of the influence of St. Patrick, of whom, it is recorded, that he had three artificers, three smiths, and three embroideresses in his company when he went on his missionary journeys. The smiths made altars, tables, book-covers—those gems of Irish artistry—and bells for the newly-founded churches and monasteries. The artificers worked in wood and metal; they were also builders and architects; and one of them (Tassach),

who was Bishop of Raphoe, not far from Downpatrick, made altar vessels and credence tables, and a case for St. Patrick's crozier—the celebrated "Staff of Jesus." Of the three embroideresses, one was Lupait, a sister of St. Patrick; she and her companions worked with the most exquisite stitchery the sacred vestments and altar linens.

This reference to vestments recalls the story of that lovely Christian maiden, who was daughter to the Druid, Hoam. She had the most ardent desire to dedicate herself body and soul to Christ, but, in spite of this, her father gave her in marriage. On the day of her wedding, however, He who is called by Holy Church "Corona Virginum" summoned her to her heavenly home. Overwhelmed with grief at this unexpected loss, her parents promised that if the saintly man, Mochta, "the beloved disciple of St. Patrick," would raise their child from the dead, they would grant her wish, and place no obstacle in the way of her entering a religious community.

Saint Mochta, or Mochteus, filled with sublime faith and confidence—the confidence of the truly humble in heart who puts all his trust in Almighty God,—earnestly "besought the Lord"; and, at his prayer, the maid was restored to life, leading "for thirty years afterwards" a wonderful existence of sanctity as a professed nun. Old writers say that she was exceedingly beautiful: "From her eyes a light went forth like morning o'er the sea; sweeter her voice than wind on harp; her smile could stay men's breath." Yet, withal, there was a something about her beauty that told of a soul that dwelt always on the heights, hearing melodies not of earth, seeing visions not permitted to others less favored, whilst day by day she diligently plied her needle; for all her time was given to making sacred vestments and altar cloths for the altars

at which the adorable Sacrifice was offered.

St. Mochta was the founder of the school of Louth, in the midst of that verdant, flower-bejewelled meadow-land, where St. Patrick had some thoughts of establishing his own great church, only that he was bidden by an angel to go northward to Ard-Macha, because, in the decrees of Divine Providence, Louth was destined for "a pilgrim from the Britons, who would one day build a monastery there." And so it eventually came to pass, for Mochta was born in Britain, and brought with his parents to Ireland as a child. He is said to have built his cell beside a limpid stream which "had followed him from Kilmore"; and here in this "quiet, watered land" the fame of his sanctity spread so rapidly that, within a short space of time, monks gathered round in such numbers, that, before his death, he counted as many as "100 bishops and 300 priests among his disciples." These in their turn went forth from the mother-house at Louth "to people other schools and monasteries, and to preach the Gospel all over the land." St. Mochta, who is believed to have been the last of St. Patrick's followers, and who lived to be a very old man, was an accomplished scholar and writer, thoroughly conversant with the Sacred Scriptures; so distinguished, indeed, was he, and so erudite, that, "under his guidance, the school of Louth reached the zenith of its fame."

Elphin was another of St. Patrick's earliest foundations; and it may not be known to all that the site on which this monastery was built, derived its name from the pure white stone found in the midst of the emerald sward that was one of the beauties of that place. The stone used to stand on the brink of a stream, and "was called after the water," i. e., Elphin, or Aelfind, which means literally "the stone of the clear

water." The stream is still flowing and as crystalline and fresh as in those long-ago years. Elphin, as well as being one of the most ancient of Irish episcopal Sees, was noted for the beautiful metal work, and wood carving done there, not only by its first ruler, St. Asicus, himself an expert in these arts, but even centuries later, when some of the most exquisite articles were designed and executed by his spiritual sons.

The first school in the West, however, would appear to have been founded by St. Benignus at his own monastery of Kilbannon. This great saint preached in Kerry, Clare and south Connaught. "Above all things," says one of his biographers, "he was a scholar," also "a sweet singer of psalms." In the school which he founded for young clerics, he had as one of his disciples, the illustrious St. Jarlath, afterwards Bishop of Tuam. The latter founded a school of Sacred Science which belongs to the earliest period of Irish ecclesiastical history, as well as to the latest and best period of Celtic art. It rose swiftly into prominence, and by the end of the Fifth Century attracted scholars from the most distant parts of Ireland. Amongst these, two stars shine with special brilliance, viz., St. Brendan of Clonfert and Ard-fert and St. Colman of Cloyne.

Emly was another of the earlier schools, so, too, was Noendrum. But a word must be said about the buildings in which the monks and students lived in those times—glorious structures of which ruins may be seen in Ireland and England, reminding us in voiceless language of the faith and piety that raised them to the honor of God. We shall arrive at no true picture, if we endeavor to reconstruct them on lines with which we are more or less familiar. They could never have presented the spectacle of such imposing piles as Glastonbury, for instance, or

Bolton, or Tintern, in England; or Mellifont, Clonmacnoise, and others, in Erin itself, too numerous to mention; not to speak of the stately churches and lovely cloisters that made the houses of the Friars Minor and the Dominicans so beautiful that even their very ivy-clad pillars and broken arches are "aspirations in stone."

We must try to picture what may be called an "ecclesiastical village," surrounded by a circular or oval rampart which served the double purpose of a fortification and a protection from wild beasts. It constituted, too, the "enclosure," beyond which the brethren could not pass without permission—neither could women nor strangers enter it. This enclosure, authorities tell us, consisted generally of "two walls, or mounds with water between." It was not only exceedingly strong and high, but "fenced with stakes on the top, with a dyke between each rampart." Later on, however, when the devastating incursions of the Danes laid waste the land, the round towers became a much more secure, and even a very necessary, place of refuge, both for the inmates themselves and for their books, sacred vessels, and other precious treasures.

The abbot's house was near, if not actually under, the same roof as his oratory, as was the case with St. Columcille's house at Kells, and other instances that might be cited. The monks' cells were chiefly of wood or wicker work; when built of stone, they were nearly circular and cone-shaped, rising to a height of about seven feet. There would also be a spacious kitchen, a storehouse "for provisions," and, if possible, a kiln, and a mill for grinding corn, bread being the staple diet of the brethren. Then, if the monastery was of some considerable size, a workshop for smiths and carpenters was usually to be found.

A stone causeway was built to the nearest highway, when the establishment was situated near a bog or marshy land. The church was, of course, the centre and heart, so to speak, of the whole; if an episcopal church, or one of the more important abbey churches, it was built of stone. Stone churches were quite numerous in Kerry, Galway, and other parts of the south and west, whilst in the northeast and east, wood was commonly used. The hospice, or guest-house, was another of the chief buildings, for the early Celtic monasteries were noted, as in later times, for their great hospitality to pilgrims and strangers. The life of the monks themselves was exceedingly severe; in fact, it has been said that "perhaps nowhere in the Church were penitential exercises carried out with such unsparing rigor."

The Defection of Timothy Bresnahan.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I.

THE house of Timothy Bresnahan was the neatest and prettiest in the little seaside village where the inhabitants made sometimes a precarious and sometimes a plentiful living by renting rooms to tourists in Summer, depending on the oyster beds for subsistence in Winter. Timothy's wife Mary was the neatest and prettiest Irishwoman who attended St. Michael's every Sunday morning, and often on weekdays as well. Timothy himself—middle-aged, tall, grey, and gaunt—was as good a Catholic as his wife, respected by his neighbors and liked by everyone who knew him.

Father Duniston, the young convert priest who had come to Sea View direct from the seminary, and was assigned to that small, insignificant place because of his delicate health, soon began, like

his predecessor, to regard Timothy as his right-hand man. He was sexton, grave-digger, gardener, and general factotum. They were most devoted friends. The young priest was quick to recognize the fund of good sense, natural intelligence, and mechanical ingenuity of his assistant; while he could not but sincerely admire his deep and unobtrusive piety. On the other hand, Timothy became warmly attached to the gentle priest.

It chanced, one evening in October, that Timothy went in to "the city" with a load of oysters. The consignee whom he had expected to meet was absent when he arrived, which fact necessitated his spending that night away from home. As he entered the yard early next morning, his wife was throwing open the shutters.

"You are home betimes, Tim dear," she said by way of greeting. "You must have made an early start."

"I did," he slowly responded, as he unharnessed the horse. "And it's sorry I am that I didn't get out of it before night fell."

"And why so?" she asked anxiously. "What went wrong?"

"No matter," he said. "I'm safe and sound, and that's enough."

She made no further remark, being a discreet woman. There was something in Timothy's tone which forbade further questioning. They went in to breakfast, but he was still silent. All that day, between intervals of doing necessary chores, he sat on a bench outside the kitchen door with his head in his hands.

"Are you aillin' any way?" asked his wife toward evening, as Timothy still preserved the same attitude.

"No, I am quite well; but my heart is sore, Mary, very sore," he replied in a tone that implied great suffering of some kind.

"What is it, Tim? Won't you tell me

what has happened?" she continued, sitting down beside him.

"I can't tell you, Mary,—I *can't!*" he answered, fiercely. "'Twould help no one, and it would be a great sin."

"A great sin!" she exclaimed. "Are you losin' your senses, man?"

"Maybe I am," he rejoined, rising to his feet and stretching himself to his full length with a groan. He turned away and she questioned him no further.

The next day was Saturday, when he was always busy about the church. Usually he took his breakfast very early and did not return to the house after Mass until his work was done. But to-day he slept later than usual. -

"Aren't you goin' to Mass the day?" asked Mary, as he sat down at the table.

"No," he replied sharply, "I'm not."

She saw him walking slowly across the fields a few moments later, in a dejected attitude which troubled her.

Father Duniston also found Timothy gloomy and silent; and, after several vain efforts to restore his customary cheerfulness, left him to himself. But the good priest was puzzled. Timothy had always been so uniformly happy and even in temper that he could not at all understand this moody reticence. But there were new surprises in store next morning, which was Sunday.

"I'm not goin' to church, Mary," said Timothy to his wife as she laid out her bonnet and mantle.

"Not goin' to Mass!" she exclaimed. "Are you sick, Tim?"

"No: I'm as well as ever I was in my life," he responded.

She remonstrated with him, but he would not hearken. Poor Mary had never prayed so fervently in her life as she did that morning. When Mass was over she hurried home, unable to meet the questioning of her neighbors, who must have missed Timothy from his accustomed place.

After Vespers Mary sought Father Duniston in the vestry, and told him of Tim's strange behavior. He advised her to be of good cheer, saying he would speak to her husband in the morning. Soon after breakfast he sauntered over to the house, wondering how best to find out what was troubling his good friend. But he had hardly reached the gate before Timothy, who was sitting under a tree near the walk, arose and accosted him.

"Good-mornin', sir!" said Timothy, touching his old brown hat with much respect. "'Tis no use beatin' about the bush; it's not my way. I know what you've come for as well as if you said it. And you needn't say it. I'm done with church and I'm done with priests, and what's happened to me is between myself and Almighty God. That's all I have to say, sir, and good-mornin'!"—turning suddenly from the priest, in whose face he could not have failed to read the pained surprise his words had excited. He strode away with mighty strides and re-entered the little cottage.

Father Duniston slowly took his way homeward. Mary Bresnahan had seen what occurred from the window, and her fears now assumed a new aspect. Her husband must be losing his reason. Such an apprehension also crossed the mind of the priest.

Timothy's resolution could not long be concealed from his relatives and neighbors, among whom consternation was great and discussion rife as to the cause of his singular conduct. But, though he grew more thin and gaunt and unhappy-looking every day, he opened not his mouth either in excuse or explanation. The church was as well tended, the priest's garden as well kept, the bell rung as punctually as ever; but Sunday after Sunday passed and Timothy went neither to Mass nor to Vespers.

There were those in the parish who

thought Timothy ought to be speedily dismissed from the employ of the priest; but these were the least charitable. The majority considered it but a temporary aberration of mind,—an opinion that was apparently well-grounded; for the poor man seemed to have put aside his natural kindliness, and was becoming morose and averse to the society of those with whom he was wont formerly to mingle in the cheerfulness of common interests and diversions.

About this time Father Duniston also began to look troubled and anxious. The gossips of the village feared his health was growing more delicate; while others shook their heads and sighed, quite ready to believe that his frequent absences from home were due to some change in contemplation by the bishop. They would have been sore distressed to lose him.

II.

Late one evening in Autumn, Father Duniston knocked at the door of Timothy's cottage. The old man responded; stiffening, after a brief salutation, into a mental attitude of dignity, which betrayed itself in his face. For the first time it flashed across the mind of the priest that perhaps it was some imaginary offence of his own which had so transformed his friend. But he had no time to consider the subject in this new aspect at present; the need of the moment was urgent and must be met at once.

"Timothy," he began, without taking the chair which his host put forward, "you can do me a great service, if you will. I know of no one to whom I could safely confide its commission but yourself, because you are perfectly fit for it in every way; and I trust you fully. Are you willing to oblige me?"

"Yes, sir, I am," answered Timothy, after a considerable pause. "You have done many favors for me and mine."

The priest sat down, motioning to the

old man to take another chair, and to close the communicating door between the sitting-room and the dining-room, where Mary was moving about.

"Timothy," he said, "I can give you no greater proof of the confidence I feel in your discretion than by asking you to do this great service for me and explaining fully why it is necessary. I have a twin brother, so like myself that our parents could scarcely distinguish one from the other. But, unfortunately, my brother was early led into dissipation and all that accompanies a wandering life. Perhaps that is why I so often warn young men against drunkenness. Finally, he became insane and was confined in an asylum, from which he escaped several months ago. They sent me word. I had detectives placed on his track. After a long search they found him and placed him temporarily in the hospital. There he became ill, but recovered his reason. You may have remarked my frequent absences of late. Last evening he died, by the great goodness of God very repentant, and I hope forgiven. I want to have him buried at our old home in Delaware. The bishop will be here to-morrow,—there are the Confirmation children to be prepared; the diocese is short of priests: I can not go nor ask to go. Timothy, will you take my brother's body to the burying-ground where all his family are lying? Outside of our old home, there is no one but yourself who knows this story,—no one. Will you do this for me, Timothy?"

While the priest had been speaking the face of the old man had undergone the most extraordinary changes. His mouth and eyes opened wide, large drops of perspiration bedewed his forehead, he grew pale, his lips trembled. As Father Duniston uttered the last words he buried his head in his hands, while groans and sobs convulsed his powerful frame.

"Ah, poor Tim!" thought the priest. "He has a sympathetic, faithful Irish heart, even much more tender than I suspected."

Timothy suddenly lifted his head and stood erect, roughly dashing great tears from his eyes with either hand.

"I'll go, Father,—I'll go," he said, falling on his knees before the priest. "And I'm cravin' your blessin' before I depart. I need it, God knows."

As he blessed the old man, Father Duniston felt convinced that Timothy's defection was a thing of the past; realizing at the same moment that for the first time in all these months he had called him "Father" instead of using the aggressive "sir" of his recent strange aloofness.

When Mary heard that her husband was about to go on an errand for the priest, of the nature of which she was not informed, but which would keep him from home several days, she felt no curiosity to learn the particulars, so great was her joy at feeling that Timothy was "comin' to his senses."

It was late on Saturday night when Timothy called on Father Duniston, his sorrowful errand accomplished. The priest opened to his well-known knock and ushered him to the parlor, on the other side of the hall from the room in which the bishop lay sleeping. Slowly and without interruption, Tim related what had occurred during his absence: the rapid and safe journey to the old home, the kindness of the parish priest and former neighbors and friends, the burial of the prodigal but repentant son beside his father and mother. When he had finished Father Duniston extended his hand.

"I thank you, Tim, for all you have done," he said cordially.

"I've my own tale to tell now," said the old man. "'Tis a shameful one, and I don't deserve the pardon of God or

man. But I'll not sleep till you know it; then you may do what you like."

"I can not believe anything shameful of you, Tim," replied the priest, with a smile. "It was probably some erroneous idea of yours,—some sort of misunderstanding, I am sure; and lately I have begun to think I have had something to do with it."

"You had *all* to do with it, Father,—barrin' what the devil himself had, and I'm thinkin' he had the most of it. Do you mind the night I went down with the first oysters? 'Twas in early October."

"Yes, I remember very well. It was the day after that you began to act so strangely."

"It was, Father. I was kept in town that night, owin' to the delay of the man the oysters was for; and, as I wasn't sleepy, I thought I'd take a walk along by the wharves before goin' to my bed. Somehow I got beyond my usual beat, and before I knew it I found myself on the block they call 'Hell's Half Acre,' on account of the saloons that's in it. As I was passin' along, and at a rapid gait too, to get out of the neighborhood, a door of one of them saloons was flung open, and in the midst of a crowd of drunken men, there appeared a man with *your* face, Father, and *your* figure, —and *your* hair, and *your* eyes and voice. I thought it was *you*, Father,—I thought it was *yourself*!"

The face of the priest grew white; he was unable to speak.

"I was like a madman," resumed Timothy. "I never closed my eyes that night. But I fought with myself all the way home, and I said: 'I'll go to the house, and if he's there I'll not believe it.' I saw Hannah comin' out of the vestry, and says I: 'Is the priest within?' 'No,' she answered me. 'He went to a sick call in the country last night, and there'll be no Mass this mornin'.' Then I was *sure*, Father.

And you know all the rest—the black, bitter rest. Oh, the wickedness and the foolishness that could have brought me to such a pass to misdoubt that Almighty God could have made two men so much alike that even them that saw them every day couldn't tell them apart! But the devil entered my heart that day, and I neither prayed nor reasoned. I went wholesale in my stubborn rebellion; and I said to myself: 'If Father Duniston is a sinner and a hypocrite there's no good in priests, no good in religion, no good in all the world.' I used to say a few 'Hail Marys,' accordin' to an old custom, before beginnin' my work every mornin',—that's all."

The priest leaned forward and laid his hand on the old man's shoulder.

He was sobbing now, his whole frame quivering; and the eyes of the young priest were wet.

"Tim, my good old friend," he said, "I have nothing to forgive, and God has forgiven. We have sorrowed and now let us rejoice; for our sorrow has been turned into joy."

THE Cross gave peace to the world, and it must bring peace to our hearts. All our miseries come from not loving it. The fear of crosses increases them. A cross carried simply, and without those returns of self-love which exaggerate troubles, is no longer a cross. Peaceable suffering is no longer suffering. We complain of suffering! We should have much more reason to complain of not suffering, since nothing makes us more like Our Lord than carrying His Cross. Oh, what a beautiful union of the soul with our Lord Jesus Christ by the love and the virtue of His Cross! I do not understand how a Christian can dislike the Cross and fly from it. Does he not at the same time fly from Him who has deigned to be fastened to it and to die for us on it?

—*Blessed Curé of Ars.*

The Book of Lindisfarne.

BY MICHAEL WALSH.

SOME time ago I was making a survey of the manuscript department of the British Museum and was surprised at not finding on display the renowned Book of Lindisfarne. I had heard this famous MS. described as the "Glory of the British Museum," and, indeed, it was with intense pleasure I waited the opportunity, during a brief stay in London, to feast my eyes on its wonders.

On discovering that the treasure was nowhere to be seen, I at once approached an official and eagerly queried him regarding its absence. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "the Book of Lindisfarne! you will have some difficulty in seeing that; it is the most treasured object in our collection." He instructed me that the rule about seeing the book was to make a written application to the secretary of the Museum; this application to be sent in some days in advance.

I explained that I was returning to Ireland on the following day, and expressed myself very deeply disappointed at failing to see this wonderful MS. He then suggested that I should consult the secretary of the Museum, who, on hearing a statement of the position in which I was placed, courteously furnished me with a document which I was to present at the door of that portion of the building known as the King's Library. This document was later put in the hands of an official of the latter department, whose remarks seemed to suggest some obstacles still in my way before seeing the precious manuscript. I was conducted to a seat, however, where I was apparently placed under the supervision of a student or librarian, and after some minutes, a youth appeared and placed on the desk before me a rather cumbrous box, faded and

worn with the years. The lid of this casket was raised disclosing the magnificent Book of Lindisfarne.

I opened the great jewelled cover and studied the marvellous workmanship and skill displayed in the colored Celtic patterns, so beautifully executed on the thick vellum pages. What an example of the culture of the early Christian past! On what pages of immortal beauty the sacred Gospels were enshrined in those far-off days! The chief fame of the Book of Lindisfarne, as indeed with the great Book of Kells, lies in the skill manifested in the drawings of the intertwining ribbons which go to form the intricate colored patterns. Some of these artistic ribbons, like those in other illuminated manuscripts, after travelling an intricate journey, terminate by taking the shape of the head of a beast or bird.

Red dots in sundry designs adorn the spaces between, while each Gospel is prefaced by a drawing of the Evangelist. The Book contains over two hundred and fifty pages of stout vellum, on which are carefully written in Latin St. Jerome's version of the Four Gospels, as well as the same Saint's famous epistle to Pope Damasus, his prefaces, the Eusebian Canons, etc.

The story of the famous MS. is briefly this: Lindisfarne is a small island lying a short distance off the coast of Northumberland in the north of England. From the Eleventh Century, or thereabouts, up to the present day, it has been known as Holy Island—a hallowed name it has highly merited on account of its association with numerous saints. One of the best known of the Irish saints who have added fame and glory to this little island of Lindisfarne is St. Cuthbert, whose body, untainted and incorrupt, was venerated by the islanders for two hundred years.

The writing of the Book of Lindisfarne, or, as it is called "The Lindis-

farne Gospels," is ascribed to a person named Eadfrid, who wrote it "in honor of St. Cuthbert" about the year 700. Its costly metal cover, which preceded its present magnificent binding, was made by an anchorite named Bilfrid, whilst the wonderful ornamentation is attributed to Ethelwold, most probably another monk.

One historian is of opinion that the manuscript is a copy of one which was brought to England from Naples where it was originally used. The Book was retained at Lindisfarne till 878, when the monks took flight, and their treasure was taken away, together with St. Cuthbert's relics. Later on, being conveyed to Ireland, it fell through some strange accident, into the sea; and the manner in which it was rescued after four days was looked upon as a miracle. In 955 we find it back again in Durham, and later it was returned again to Lindisfarne, where it was preserved until 1536. After this nobody seemed to know anything of its whereabouts for close on a century. Fortunately, however, in 1623 it was found to be safe, and in the hands of the clerk of the House of Commons. After it had been in his care for some time, and later in the possession of Sir Robert Cotton, it was brought to the British Museum.

Notwithstanding the fact that it has been brought from place to place during many centuries, and that experts, we are told, have even found traces of its immersion in the sea, its wondrous illuminations still hold the admiration of artist and critic, and maintain for it the coveted title—"the glory of the British Museum."

GOD sometimes gives priceless gifts to those who simply need them most, rather than to those who, as it seems to us, deserve them best.

—John Ayscough.

The Taming of a Fury.

FEMININE ferocity never reached, at least in civilized society, a wilder pitch than in France during the Reign of Terror, in 1793-4. Indeed, the frenzied excesses attributed to the daughters of "the Terror" almost rivalled anything that is recounted of the Furies of pagan mythology.

Eminent even among the worst of these mænads was a street-walker of Mirepoix, one of those exceptional beings who, even in time of peace, seem to revel in crime for the pure love of it. During the Revolution, the delight of Marianne, as she was called, was to accompany, from their prison to the guillotine, the victims condemned by the despotic tribunal, and to shower insults upon them until the fall of the axe. Priests, especially, aroused her frenzy to the highest pitch and evoked her grossest reviling. What particularly exasperated her was the calm resignation of those martyrs, who walked to their death in silence, without appearing to notice her cries and invectives.

Once, however, she did attract the notice of a priestly victim, and it was a red-letter day in her nefarious life. On that day, Father Baclot, well known for the exceptional holiness of his life, walked to his doom because, like so many others, he had been faithful to his God. The virago did not fail to accompany him along the way.—"Let's see," she said, "whether this one will answer me." Then, raising her voice, and brandishing her fist, she launched forth her vilest and most opprobrious insults. The priest turned toward her, and quietly said:

"Madam, say a prayer for me. I am about to die."

"What's that? You ask *me* to pray for you!"

"Yes, for I am soon to appear before the great Judge."

It is allowable to think that the holy priest was himself praying at the same time in behalf of his wretched assailant. Be that as it may, it is impossible to describe adequately the effect of his words on the unfortunate woman. She stopped, grew flushed and pallid by turns, and appeared to be asking herself whether she had heard aright. Her agitated features showed that a hundred warring emotions were struggling within her soul. Finally, in a subdued voice, she replied:

"Yes, I'll say a 'Hail Mary' for you."

And, forthwith, she recited it aloud. No sooner had she finished it, however, than she began to sob and groan, continuing to do so until they reached the guillotine, where she threw herself on her knees, with her hands clasped in an attitude of prayer. The bystanders, at a loss what to think, looked upon her with the greatest amazement. This was a very different Marianne from the one who had hitherto gloried in the slaughter of priests.

The execution over, she returned in silence, though still weeping, to her home, whence she issued no more save to purchase the necessaries of life. As time went on, and Marianne spoke to nobody, scarcely answered those who addressed her, and never raised her eyes—she who had been so bold and insolent,—the people thought her demented, or that she was the victim of a miraculous punishment. It was a miraculous conversion. This became apparent to all when religious worship was re-established, and it was allowable to call oneself a Christian.

Marianne then abandoned her seclusion, and endeavored by her exemplary conduct, by abundant almsgiving and by works of penance, to repair the scandal which she had given. Every year she made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Hermits, travelling on foot and begging her food,

even when she had attained extreme old age; although her means would have permitted her to make the journey with ease and comfort. When she finally passed away, manifesting to the last admirable sentiments of contrition and penance, she had for years edified the citizens of Mirepoix fully as much as, in her abandoned youth, she had scandalized their fathers.

The Cockle of the Scripture.

THE weed most commonly found in the wheat fields of Northern Europe and transported into America is called by English-speaking people cockle. Though it may become a great nuisance in the same way as ragweed, by occupying space meant for the wheat itself, it is not poisonous or otherwise pernicious. This plant is not, as some suppose, the cockle, or tares, of the Sacred Text. It is only of comparatively recent date, in fact, that it has been introduced into the Holy Land; and it does not thrive there.

The most common weed of the Oriental wheat fields is really what in Northern countries is oftenest called the darnel; thus the respective plants of North and South are confused. Some versions of Scripture use the word tares, and so obviate the possibility of mistake. Though the darnel grows also in the North, it does not seem to be so pernicious as in the Orient. It has been known for ages, and is mentioned by the Greeks and Pliny as *aira*; though this latter name is now used for another grass. Some of the older writers called it *zizania*, and such is the name used in the Latin version of the Scripture.

The tares, or darnel, is very poisonous, owing to the secretion of a parasitic fungus invariably found on the plant. It causes dizziness, nausea, convulsions, and even death, if taken in

large quantities. One of these symptoms is indicated by the name *temulentum*, meaning drunken. The seed, if threshed out with the wheat and mixed with the grain, causes ill effects.

Darnel is a grass-like annual plant, and resembles wheat, especially in its early stages of growth. Hence we see the significance of the words of the "master of the house" in the parable when asked by the servants whether they should gather it up. He answered: "No; lest while ye gather up the cockle (tares), you root up the wheat also together with it." Later on, however, the fruit becomes very different in appearance from that of the wheat, so that any one can distinguish them. For the text of Scripture mentions that the servants noted the presence of the cockle only when the "blade had sprung up and brought forth fruit"; thus intimating a close resemblance between the weed and the wheat. "Let both grow until the harvest; and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers: Gather up first the cockle, and bind it into bundles to burn; but gather the wheat into my barn." The practice mentioned in Scripture of enemies sowing this pernicious weed to avenge injuries was common in olden times. A punishment was prescribed in the Roman code for those caught practising this form of vengeance.

A correct understanding of the identity and character of the objects used by Our Lord to formulate His parables can never fail to enhance wonderfully the deeper significance of the spiritual lessons which He aimed to teach. In the case in question, the diabolical malice of the scandal-giver, for instance, is made more striking to our minds when we realize, as did those who heard our Saviour, that the cockle which gave point to the parable is not simply a harmless weed, but a deadly poison insidiously applied.

Royal Deeds.

ONE day, in the year 1880, a carriage surrounded by officers and soldiers was travelling rapidly down a street in Madrid. Suddenly it stopped, and two gentlemen—one an old man, the Duke of Montpensier, son of Louis Philippe; the other, still young, Alphonsus XII., King of Spain,—alighted and fell on their knees. They had overtaken a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament. The royal carriage was given up to the bearer of the King of kings, and sovereign and Duke humbly followed it on foot, bareheaded.

Next day the King, accompanied by the Duke, visited one of the prisons. While the convicts were acclaiming their august visitors, a warden suddenly cried out: "On your knees!" The Blessed Sacrament was being carried to a prisoner on whom sentence of death had been passed, but as to whom sickness seemed likely to anticipate the executioner. Both royal visitors entered the dying man's cell and remained kneeling while the chaplain administered the last Sacraments. Then the Duke arose, approached the bed, and, lightly kissing the convict's forehead, exclaimed: "May God pardon you!"

In his turn Alphonsus drew near. "As God has pardoned you," said he, "I also pardon you. If you recover your health, your life shall be spared."

Subsequent events were in accord with poetic justice: two months later the pardoned convict, once more in vigorous health, joyously left his cell to breathe the air of freedom.

Extraordinary as these incidents may seem to us, they were of common occurrence in the Ages of Faith. Ecclesiastical history and the Lives of kings and queens—eminent personages in every walk of life—teem with such examples of faith, piety, clemency, and humility.

A Fallacy About a Fallacy.

IN its most general sense, fallacy is defined as "deception, deceit; that which is erroneous, false, or deceptive; that which misleads; mistake." Specifically, according to a recognized authority on logic, Sedgewick, "A 'fallacy' is used to mean: (1) a piece of false reasoning in the narrower sense; either an invalid 'immediate inference,' or an invalid syllogism, etc.; (2) a piece of false reasoning in the wider sense; whereby, from true facts, a false conclusion is inferred; (3) a false belief, whether due to correct reasoning from untrue premises (reasons or sources), or to incorrect reasoning from true ones; (4) any mental confusion whatever." It is worth while remarking that Sedgewick further declares that the narrower the meaning we give to the word, the more liable we become to the danger of undertaking to guess at the cause, and "on this account it seems better to interpret 'fallacy' in the fourth of the foregoing senses."

Using the word in this fourth sense, "any mental confusion whatever," it is indisputably true that in ordinary discussions or arguments among men and women, whether they be more or less trained logicians or merely common-sense reasoners, there are to be found often enough fallacies about fallacies, one disputant's charge that an opponent's argument is fallacious unmistakably showing that he himself gives evidence of mental confusion. Among the dozen or score of specifically named fallacies to be found in all treatises on logic, there is one in particular which gives rise to this condition,—*Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, "after this, therefore on account of this."

It would be superfluous to point out that the mere fact of one event's following another does not at all prove that the one event is the cause and the other

the effect, especially if no other connection than that of priority of occurrence can be found between them. That a funeral takes place to-day because one dreamed of a wedding last night; that misfortune has overtaken one because one had previously spilled the salt at table, walked under a ladder, or begun an enterprise on Friday, the thirteenth of the month,—these are clear instances of genuine fallacies of the kind under consideration. At the same time, it is worth remembering that, as Bacon says, “causes are as parents to effects,” do, in fact, precede effects in the order of time. “After this, therefore on account of this,” is, of course, a fallacy; but “After this, therefore *not* on account of this,” is by no means an instance of correct reasoning.

The mental confusion into which so many debaters are betrayed in their bringing forward the *Post hoc*, etc., argument is due to their overlooking the fact that, between a prior and a posterior event, there may be other relations or connections than the mere question as to the time of their occurrence. The quenching of one's thirst occurs after drinking, the breaking of a bone immediately follows a bad fall, an electric bell rings after one pushes the button, distress of the stomach succeeds one's partaking of poisonous food, small-pox breaks out after one has been exposed to contagion, intoxication succeeds to the imbibing of alcoholic beverages, sunburn follows exposure to a torrid sun, fatigue comes after strenuous physical or mental work,—and so with innumerable other instances, in which the former event is the veritable cause and the latter the genuine effect. In all of these there is, quite apart from the mere circumstance of the time of the occurrence, a true relation which can not be denied or minimized; and accordingly the argument *Post hoc*, etc., is not applicable.

Other cases there are in which the application of the argument, although not so obviously invalid, is yet of very questionable value or force. A physician treats a patient during two or three weeks for a given illness; and at the close of his treatment, the patient is cured. Now, while there is a possibility that nature would have brought about the cure in the given time, irrespective of the physician's treatment, it is scarcely a fallacious contention to claim that the cure is the effect of that treatment. Even when a cure follows the treatment of a quack doctor, whose pills are merely pellets of flour, and whose potions are composed of innocuously tintured colored water, the treatment may justly be styled, if not the cause, at least the occasion, of the cure. The real cause may be faith, auto-suggestion, hypnotism, or the like; but the probability remains that, had it not been for the treatment, the cure would not have followed.

The most egregious instance of the misuse of the fallacy “After this, therefore on account of this,” is its employment by the opponents of miracles. Such opponents assume that there can be no genuine relation, save the accidental one of time, between intercessory prayer and bodily cures that transcend the laws of nature. When a real lesion of the spinal column, for instance, is instantaneously cured by a single immersion in a piscina at Lourdes, they complacently declare that proclaiming such a cure to be miraculous is to employ the fallacy, *Post hoc*, etc. They ignore the genuine connection between confidence in the almighty power of God and God's mercy that responds to intercessory prayer by abrogating for the moment some of the laws of which He Himself is the author. Argument with such opponents is futile, for “convince a man against his will, he'll be of the same opinion still.”

Notes and Remarks.

Watchers for signs of the times will probably discern one in the increasingly frank utterances of statesmen, and hope, if not for the formation of a League of Nations, at least for the actuation of "open covenants openly arrived at." The time would seem to be passing when government representatives held two sets of opinions, one for public expression, the other for private discussion. Senator Hiram Johnson, just returned from a long visit to Europe, declares that "sordid selfishness is the controlling factor in European politics to-day"—a candid statement of what many others have suspected. The Senator evidently has no fear of losing favor with his countrymen by telling them what, after five months of observation on the other side of the Atlantic, he believes to be the truth. Nor does Lord Birkenhead of England, who has been denounced by international propagandists at home and abroad, consider it incumbent upon him to conceal his conviction that "immense difficulties" are in the way of forming a successful League of Nations, that spade work and hard grubbing are in order, not "splendid improvisations and noble notions." Until Europe is converted to higher ideals and more unselfish policies, he advises America to keep aloof, and let her own welfare be her guide.

Many Americans and many Englishmen will disagree with Senator Johnson and Lord Birkenhead, but many more will share their views and praise them for the courage of conviction.

Catholic editors in this country, as well as in other English-speaking lands, will welcome the return of Bishop Cleary, of Auckland, New Zealand, to the editorial chair of the *Month*. Among the "Notes" in the first issue under his

supervision, we find some interesting comments on war books. The Bishop served as chaplain during the Great War, and knows what he is talking about on that subject. He quotes with approval the words of a soldier-author who, after a ghastly description of a burial on the Ypres-Menin road, says: "The only way to stop war is to tell these facts in the school history books, and cut out the rot about the gallant charges, the victorious returns, and the blushing damsels who scatter roses under the conquering heroes' feet. Every soldier knows that a rewriting of the history books would stop war more effectively than the most elaborately-covenanted league which tried politico-legal minds can conceive."

Bishop Cleary's own views are expressed in this vigorous statement: "We, personally, have not seen the really worst of war, but we have seen enough for one lifetime. We do not, as a result, say that we would cheerfully assist at a post-mortem on the makers of war. But we would very resignedly see all war-makers footballed from Auckland to Yokohama."

In the course of an extended notice of a work on the Inquisition (by Mr. Hoffman Nickerson, with a preface by Mr. Belloc), the *Catholic Gazette* says: "Mr. Nickerson adds a chapter, as an epilogue, on Prohibition, a manifestation of modern Manichæism. As an American, he sees a great deal in that movement which we at a distance can not realize so well; and there is doubtless much truth in his careful and keen observations and in his conviction that Prohibition is less justifiable, and an even greater infringement of human liberty, than the Inquisition of old."

Such a statement as this is likely still further to infuriate such ardent Prohibitionists as Mr. W. H. Anderson and

Commissioner Haynes. The former has declared that any investigation of the Anti-Saloon League "will be considered as a declaration of war against 5000 Protestant churches" in New York State; and Mr. Haynes allows himself to affirm that to advocate the repeal of Prohibition enforcement laws is "the essence of treason." The editor of *America* waxes satirical over the matter in saying: "The pronouncements of Messrs. Haynes and Anderson would be simply amusing did they not clearly indicate sentiments which are shared by many followers. The one thing that is important in the written guarantee of our liberties is the prevention of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages; the guarantees of the Bill of Rights are unimportant. To criticize Mr. Anderson is to attack religion; to criticize the Volstead law is treason, and it may yet be found that to criticize a Prohibition official, Mr. Haynes, for instance, is a crime of an even deeper and deadlier dye."

A visitor to Lourdes from Argentina reports Dr. Boissarie, former head of the Bureau of Proofs, as having said:

"I look upon no cure of a nervous malady as the effect of a miracle. A paralytic who begins to walk, a dumb person who suddenly speaks, a maniac who recovers his reason, etc.,—these are assuredly miraculous cures, and yet I do not accept them as such. When, however, there comes along a tubercular patient whose case is perfectly authenticated, and who is palpably in the last stage of consumption with no reactionary resource; when I am confronted with a person afflicted with lupus or cancer, the tissues deeply eaten away, and when both of these are radically cured without the intervention of physicians, and in an interval of time so short as to be hardly noticeable; when

the most frightful ulcers disappear in a few hours without the application of anything else than bandages dipped in the water of the Grotto; when, during the passage of the Blessed Sacrament, some of these afflicted ones get up perfectly cured, then it is time to put aside both 'suggestion' and 'shock,' and think of miracles. And such cases occur by the hundred."

No other delegate to the recent convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade reported such glorious achievement in the field afar, so fruitful a harvest of souls won to God, as was narrated by Bishop Forbes, Coadjutor Vicar Apostolic of Uganda. The story of that African Mission is an especially inspiring one. The White Fathers arrived in the district in 1879. After seven years of arduous labor, they had succeeded in converting only two hundred out of many millions of pagans. These, however, had been thoroughly converted, as was plain in 1886, when, in the persecution ordered by King Mwanga, more than half of them laid down their lives for their faith. Twenty-two of these, our readers will remember, were beatified in 1920 by Pope Benedict XV., under the title of the Uganda Martyrs. Never, perhaps, has the aphorism of Tertullian, "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," been more strikingly verified than in the subsequent events in this African mission. Only thirty-seven years ago, in 1886, the surviving Christians in Uganda numbered seventy-two; to-day, the Catholics in the Vicariate Apostolic of Uganda number 245,000! The increase mentioned in the Gospel parable of "The Sower and the Seed" has been surpassed; the seed has yielded, not merely a hundredfold, but a three-thousandfold. Another striking feature of this flourishing mission is

that its seminary has produced fourteen native priests, of whom Bishop Forbes says that "they are very good priests in every respect; they are the joy and consolation of their bishop, as well as the pride of their people."

It must be added that, flourishing as is the condition of the Vicariate of Uganda, it requires more resources than it possesses at present; and the immediate purpose of Bishop Forbes' presence in this country is to collect funds for the mission's needs. May the record of the White Fathers' successful work inspire many generous souls to come to their assistance!

American Catholics have frequently had occasion, from decade to decade, to applaud the religious sentiments animating their Presidents, — sentiments expressed in Thanksgiving proclamations and in various other public utterances. Our late Chief Executive was an eminent example of such religious-minded public men. As the *Boston Pilot* well says: "It will be long remembered to President Harding's credit that he never delivered an address or issued a proclamation that did not in some open manner refer to Almighty God's direction over the affairs of men, and to the need of following His eternal principles along the pathway to national peace and prosperity. Indeed, his last words, like the farewell of the dying McKinley, breathing the religious spirit that he ardently wished his fellow-citizens to share, are a precious legacy worthy of being long treasured."

religious teaching was regarded as the most important part of education. People sometimes talked, he said, as though part of the endowments of the Church in former times was given for education, as we now speak of it, apart from religion; whereas, education was never thought of apart from religion; it was always and everywhere regarded as one branch of the ordinary work of the Church. As soon as this ideal was abandoned, religion and morality began to decay; and the ready acceptance of religious belief was gradually succeeded by a definite rejection of religion, which soon became the dominant frame of mind in all communities separated from the Church.

The deep interest evinced by our Catholic press in Mr. Humphrey Desmond's paper in a recent number of the *Catholic World* on "Fallen-Away Catholics," and in Archbishop Canevin's recently published pamphlet, "Catholic Growth in the United States," renders it probable that our readers may consider it worth while to learn what is being thought of the same general subject by our co-religionists in England. Writing of the great Catholic Congress lately held at Birmingham, "Penman," who conducts the literary page of the *London Catholic Times*, tempers his enthusiasm over the Congress — "a splendid manifestation of Catholic idealism and energy" — with these paragraphs concerning actual conditions in the Church in England:

Weakness! Ailment! Surely only a very disgruntled or ungracious Catholic could dream of such things at the present time! Well, let us see. Many signs of progress are manifest. The material possessions of the Church grow visibly. Everyone knows of new missions and schools. Convents are many in neighborhoods where formerly none or few existed. Converts come into the Church in gratifying numbers. Figures are published telling of multitudinous Communions; Press

Now that the conviction is everywhere gaining ground that a religious ideal is a *sine qua non* in the formation of good citizens, it is well to emphasize the fact that historically religious instruction is the very root of education. As Lord Hugh Cecil once pointed out, up to the beginning of the last century,

reports are fuller, more frequent, and noticeably more sympathetic than used to be the case; and there are palpable indications on every hand of Catholic advancement in England. Even the Anglo-Catholic movement, though not of immediate advantage to the Church, possibly otherwise, is yet a superb tribute to the vitality, influence, and power of the Faith which the Church rightly defends and teaches.

But when all evidences of apparent progress have been duly and most gratefully appraised, the question has still to be answered: Are we gaining or losing ground in respect of our numbers in England? Or more definitely: Is not any increase in our numbers due to the natural growth in population and to any accession of converts more than counterbalanced by what is called "leakage"? Father Ronald Knox spoke very candidly about leakage the other week when he compared the Church in England to a bath into which two taps were flowing vigorously while the plug was out. So it would certainly seem that this fact of leakage is the most important of Catholic problems.

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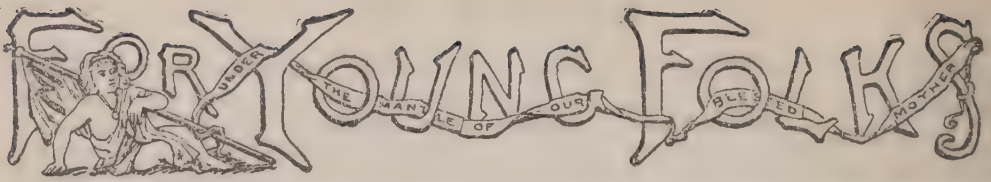
One of the subjects intensively studied and earnestly discussed at the above-mentioned Congress in Birmingham, was, naturally enough, Catholic education. Cardinal Bourne emphasized the one great deficiency: the lack in England of any university capable of granting, in Theology, Philosophy, or Canon Law, academic degrees recognized as valid by the supreme authority of the Church, the Holy See. While applauding and envying such examples of Catholic energy and generosity as are furnished by Catholic universities in other countries, the English cardinal regrets that such examples can not be followed in his own. He proposes, rather, a Catholic faculty alongside of and in connection with an existing general university,—a plan which is working with the most complete success in the *Faculté Catholique* at Lyons. His reasons are of especial interest, even to Americans:

In the first place, Oxford and Cambridge are living facts, the product in old days of

Catholic faith and love of learning. If, when our own conscience barred our entrance to them, my great predecessor, Cardinal Manning, with his boundless influence and perseverance, failed to obtain for the project of a Catholic university any real sympathy or tangible support, how, in these days, when the gates of Oxford and Cambridge are open wide, and are eagerly entered by an ever-growing number of earnest Catholics, both of the clergy and laity, could we again essay a now utterly hopeless task? Look as one may in every direction for a solution of the problem, here to-day in England I can see but one, namely, the creation of such a faculty as I have described, at the side of, in close contact with, but in independence of, one or other or both of our great, ancient, national universities. Such a solution would, I believe, meet the needs and fulfil all the requirements of the problem which confronts us.

Some idea of how China is being won for Christ may be gained from the report of the Irish Mission to that country. The first of its missionaries arrived there only in 1921, yet as many as ninety-seven schools have been established and staffed. They are crowded with little Chinese, all eager to learn about "The Religion" as the Church is called in China. Besides these schools, over a hundred churches (some of them temporary structures) have been provided; and the missionaries, including the Sisters of St. Columban, have established in many places what are known as medical missions. The number of converts to the Faith from February 1921 to February 1923 is estimated at about 5000.

The thing that most helps to win converts to the Church of Rome, according to a member of the English Church Union, is Protestantism! The ordinary representation of the history of the "Reformation," he declares, is so false, and so easily shown to be false by Roman Catholic controversialists, that they are thus enabled to gain many converts to their Faith.



On Our Lady's Nativity.

LILY pure, whose calyx gold
Shall hold the Living Host;
How fair thy petals all unfold—
'Our tainted nature's boast.'

To-day thou art God's little child,
But soon upon thy breast,
O dearest Mother meek and mild,
Our Lord shall find His rest.

MARIE.

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

X.—THE LESSON CONTINUED.



ARTIE'S first impression, after finding out that the whole elaborate dinner set out on the table was only an imitation repast, was that Snappy was playing a practical joke on him. He was just about to confess that his hunger was so great that he didn't appreciate the joke, when his attention was drawn to something else. What in the world did this mean? Here was a villainous-looking man, a sort of gypsy, ragged as to dress, with wicked eyes set in a haggard face covered with a bristling beard. Where had he come from? And what was the matter with the old woman? Just as soon as she set eyes on the new arrival, she jumped away, giving every sign of genuine fright.

Artie thought her very foolish. She would have done better, in his opinion, if she had told the gypsy beggar to go away. There was no reason to be afraid, since there were quite a number present. Nolatri, Winder, and all those others, who had their eyes on Snappy, would come to his assistance at his first

sign. Moreover, Snappy himself would alone be able to dispose of this ragged fellow. Confident of this, Artie turned his glance on his hero, waiting to hear the lordly tone in which Snappy would bid the intruder to take himself off.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, half in surprise, half in fright; for he was very much impressed with the attitude of his young benefactor. That attitude was one of extreme terror. Now, if the intrepid opponent of yesterday's bull trembled, the danger must be greater than Artie had supposed. All the danger was to Snappy himself, however, not to his little friend. The gypsy paid no attention to Artie, but, going over to Snappy, seized him roughly, and made as if to carry him off.

"Help!" yelled Artie, while expecting at the same time that his friend would valiantly resist his captor.... And Winder, with his machine over there, was it possible that he wouldn't fly to the rescue?

But no! Snappy scarcely made any resistance, as though his kidnapping was a settled affair. And, in the group around Nolatri, nobody stirred. Worse still, the big man was heard to call out to the gypsy:

"That's right! You have him: now carry him off!"

Thus encouraged, the gypsy with a savage gesture seized Snappy in his arms and swung him upon his shoulders, Snappy, much to Artie's astonishment, allowing him to do so without any opposition.

This was too much! If all the other so-called friends of Snappy were nothing but traitors, Artie would show them that at least he was faithful. He felt more anger than fear, and, besides, he

heard Rex growling, and the sound gave him courage.

"Defend yourself, Snappy!" he cried; "defend yourself! I'm coming to help you!"

Accordingly, Artie sprang upon the gypsy, and belabored him as stoutly as he could. His blows made no impression on the kidnapper; but Rex's teeth made a decided impression. The dog had sprung to the assistance of his young master's friend, and began operations by seizing the calf of the gypsy's leg. Surprised by the attack, that individual scarcely knew what to do.

"What the dickens does this boy mean? He must be crazy," he growled. Then addressing himself to Nolatri, he called: "Get this rascally dog off me, or I'll give up the part!"

There followed a scene of indescribable confusion. In the group of spectators of the scene, everyone was simultaneously shouting, whistling, anathematizing Artie, and cursing Rex.

"Kick that dog away!"

"Go for him, Azor!"

"Box that whippersnapper's ears for him."

In the meantime, the old woman presented a disconcerting spectacle; for, while she appeared to regard with interest and sympathy—without the slightest interference—the attack of the boy and the dog, she belied that attitude by the anger of her expostulations.

"Will you keep still, you young idiot? You are spoiling everything! Get away from here altogether!"

Snappy, keeping a straight face, hid his head behind his kidnapper's back, so as to be able to laugh at his ease.

"'Tis too funny for anything!" he exclaimed.

"Too funny, eh? Wait a minute and I'll show you something funny," cried Nolatri who came running up, his countenance red as a beet and his eyes flashing. "Here's a whole film spoiled!"

Words quite meaningless to Artie, but intelligible enough to Snappy and the gypsy. The latter, at sight of Nolatri's expression, gave up the struggle, let go of Snappy, and took to his heels, Rex following him and increasing his speed by an occasional snap at his ankles.

Artie threw himself on his young friend.

"You see," he cried, "we took your part!"

Just then a heavy hand fell on his shoulder, and he was whirled to his feet. He found himself confronting Nolatri, evidently in a very bad humor.

"Who ever wished such a disaster on me?" cried the manager, as he shook the little fellow with no gentle hand. "What are you doing? Who asked you to come here at all?"

Artie felt the tears rising to his eyes; but, with the consciousness that he had done his duty, he endeavored to keep them back.

"Why didn't you defend Snappy?" he rejoined.

"I'll have to cuff you; you're too stupid," cried Nolatri, raising his hand.

Snappy, however, would not permit that sort of treatment. Jumping to his feet, he placed himself between the orphan and the manager.

"Let him alone," he said to Nolatri, in a tone that discouraged any reply. "We'll begin over again, that's all. In the first place, that idiotic gypsy—he wasn't in the spirit of the thing at all. This little fellow has opened my eyes. At present I see the thing as it should be. The inspiration has come. Only, you will have to leave us in peace.... I must talk with him.... In a little while, I shall have some changes to propose to you, and you'll see how much better the scene will go."

"Changes!" exclaimed Nolatri, throwing up his arms in eloquent protest. But Snappy paid no attention; he drew Artie aside, saying:

"Come with me, we are going to explain things."

Nolatri must have known that it was a hard matter to have the last word with Snappy; for, giving up any discussion, he let the two boys go away. As he had to get rid of his anger in some way, however, he proceeded to pour it out on Winder, who was tranquilly seated near his camera.

Passing his arms around Artie's neck, Snappy led him in a direction opposite to that taken by Nolatri, looking for a quiet spot suitable for the exchange of confidences. Rex followed them at a comfortable trot.

"Let us sit down here," said Snappy, pointing to a big rock at the base of which several blocks of stone formed natural seats. "'Tis not quite so elegant as the drawing-room of Madeleine Gibbous; but, anyway, we'll have no intruders."

"I mention Madeleine Gibbous," he went on, "because I'm thinking of a plan, the carrying out of which will depend on her—to some extent at least. But I wonder whether you will understand. It seems to me that your Tellivot kept you outside the current of things that go on in the world. So I'm not sure that you'll be able to follow my explanation of the project I have in mind."

His eyes sparkled as he thought of the way in which he was going to mystify Artie. For, it is quite possible to have a good heart, and still take delight in mystifications. Moreover, let it be said at once, in Snappy's favor, that he couldn't even suspect the real scope of the "farce" which he was planning. Otherwise, he would certainly have renounced the idea of playing with Artie's most sacred feelings. He didn't know, however, as much as we do of Artie's history.

Accordingly, having taken from his pocket a pretty cigarette-case, he ex-

tracted a little white cylinder and lit it with a most important air.

"Now, listen, son," he began; "you have been having some surprises on my account. And you are going to have a good many more, provided you share my stirring life for the next few days. It is time to tell you the reason. Open your ears and look at me well. Do you know what personage you have the honor of regarding?"

Artie, rather abashed by this pompous beginning, opened his eyes, sure enough, blushed, and answered timidly:

"You are Mr. Snappy."

"In effect!" said the young artist, blowing a cloud of smoke from his lips. "But, this celebrated name, which is really only a nickname, doesn't mean anything to you, as I see very well. It produces no more effect on you than does the name of Madeleine Gibbous. Now, that really humiliates me. It is hardly worth while being illustrious. Not to know about Snappy! What a little ignoramus you are!"

"Well, I'm going to tell you something," he continued. "The careless and jolly Snappy whom you thought you saw is only an appearance, a make-believe. The reality is quite different. . . . I am a poor fellow who should never be seen smiling, for my life is not very cheerful. . . . I have lots of worries to bear, and no one to protect me since a horrid fate has separated me from my mother!"

At this last phrase, Artie, much affected, threw his arms around the young actor's neck.

"Oh, poor Snappy!" he cried in pity. "They took your mamma away from you?"

He was going to add: "So you are as unfortunate as I am." For this likeness in their respective situations increased his sympathy for his friend; it was a new tie between them. But Snappy showed no signs of tearfulness.

"Yes, my dear fellow," he continued with perfect calmness, "I am what is called a lost child....At least that is what Madeleine has made me out. And she takes advantage of it to subject me to a whole lot of disagreeable things. She rigs me out in old clothes full of holes; she makes me live on the charity of the peasants; finally she sends gypsies after me, and they capture me about every fifteen minutes, which obliges me to spend my time in escaping from them."

"She does that?" cried Artie, who, having no idea of what an author of a scenario for a moving picture could be, had listened, all eyes and ears, to this touching narrative.

"Yes, she does all that—my persecutor, my cruel mistress. Oh, you may well pity me, Artie."

The mischievous little joker had no need to implore the sympathy of his young listener. It was already his, ardent, bubbling over.

"Say, Snappy," he cried, "we mustn't stay here. The gypsy may come back. We must run away."

"There's no danger just now. You may listen to me quietly. Anyhow, you know, there's no use in running away, since after all, the gypsy and the other diabolical inventions of Madam Gibbous will have to be swallowed. I can't avoid them; so 'tis best to take them cheerfully....But to come back to what I was telling you: this interesting author of scenarios for the movies sees in me only a lost child whose sorrowing mother is looking for him, as you should understand."

"Oh, yes," replied the orphan with a sigh. "I understand that she must be looking for him, since she has lost him; and I hope very much that at last she will find him."

"I hope so, too. But it's going to be a long search...on account of Madeleine Gibbous, who is always inventing

new obstacles to put in the way. How she does multiply them! Only, I'm going to tell you one thing,—a good thing that I discovered a little while ago. Madam Gibbous has made a mistake. The pitiful orphan—he whom his mother is looking for, and is going to find,—is not Snappy—'tis *you!*"

(To be continued.)

A Lion's Gratitude.

BY HENRY V. STONE.

SOME time before the birth of our Blessed Lord, a strange sight was to be seen in the streets in Rome,—an old man going about leading a lion by a rope, just as if he had been a pet dog. The man had dark skin and curly hair, and his name was Androclus. He had been a slave in Africa, and his master treated him so harshly that he ran away. Now as there was no safe place to flee to except the desert, he went there, and hid in the depths of a cave. His journey over the burning sands had been a long and painful one; and, worn out and weary, he lay down and was soon asleep,—not caring very much, I fear, whether he ever awoke again or not.

But nature was strong even in that poor abused slave; and when he was rested he awoke, feeling like a new man. To his amazement and horror, however, as he was about to leave the cave to seek a safer place, he saw a young lion approaching. Androclus did just what the readers of this page would have done: he stood still, paralyzed with fear. His hair stood up and his teeth chattered, and he was frozen with horror at the thought that the lion would soon make a meal of him.

On came the lion, walking on three legs and holding up one paw; and, although he looked so fierce at first, when he drew near, Androclus saw that

he was in pain and very, very miserable indeed for the king of beasts. The slave began to recover his presence of mind, and to wonder what was the matter with that poor foot which the lion held up so pitifully. Overcoming his fears as well as he could, he approached, and gently taking it in his hand, saw that it was inflamed and swollen, and that a large thorn was imbedded fast in the flesh. As tenderly as possible he drew the thorn out, and when that was done the lion fawned at his feet and licked the hand which had done so kind a service.

From that hour the two were fast friends; the lion followed Androclus everywhere, and it was with real sorrow that the slave, some time after, said good-bye to his dumb companion of the desert and went his way.

Several years passed by. The great Colosseum at Rome was crowded with a vast assemblage which had gathered to see the prisoners given to the lions. Of these Androclus was one. Poor fellow! he had escaped starvation in the desert and its wild beasts, to fall into the hands of more cruel men, and was to be put to death. He seemed resigned to his fate, however, and did not appear to move a muscle as the people shouted: "To the lions with the victims! To the lions!" Androclus knew there was no hope for him.

Suddenly a hush fell upon the assembly. Even the cheers and cries of the men and boys, hardened by the frequent sight of blood, ceased to ring around the amphitheatre; for the king of the forest that appeared from an opened door was a sight to stifle mirth and silence the boisterous. Poor Androclus did not see him well: a film seemed coming over his eyes, so soon to be shut to all earthly things. The lion with a great roar sprang forward toward his prey, and then he—stopped suddenly, grovelled at the feet of the

slave and covered him with caresses! It was his old friend of the desert, knowing and loving him after long years of separation.

When Androclus, in answer to the command of the Emperor, told the story of his first meeting with the grateful lion, there was a mighty revulsion in the throng, and they cheered and screamed until they were hoarse; and then they gave Androclus not only his freedom, but the lion that had so well remembered a deed of kindness.

They both lived for some years after that, growing old together in the city's streets; and then died, faithful to each other until the end.

And this is the story often told by the ancient Roman mothers to their children of a poor heathen slave, who learned that kindness is the most powerful conqueror of all.

Old Rhymes.

Everyone is familiar with the rhymes for the months, beginning,

Thirty days hath September;
but few persons, perhaps, have any idea how long they have been in use. An old book, dated 1635, gives this version, which is believed to be the earliest:

Thirtie daies hath September, Aprill, Iune,
and Nouember.
Februarie eight and twenty alone, all the rest
thirtie and one.

Not less familiar to young folks of the Seventeenth Century were the following lines, to be found in a book entitled "The Pathway of Knowledge":

Looke how many pence each day thou shalt
gaine,
Iust so many pounds, halfe pounds and
groates;
With as many pence in a yeare certaine,
Thou gettest and takest, as each wise man
notes.
Looke how many farthings in the weeke doe
amount;
In the yeare like shillings and pence thou
shalt count.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Fancies and Fads" is the title of a new book of essays by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, to be published by Messrs. Methuen.

—A Life of Mère St. Joseph Blin de Bourbon, co-foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame and first successor as mother-general of the Venerable Julie Billiart, is announced by Longmans, Green & Co.

—In an article on "Links between Dante and Duns Scotus," contributed to the current number of the *Church Quarterly Review*, Miss Gertrude Leigh suggests that the unnamed figure hailed with reverent affection as the Fifth Light described in the "Paradiso" is the great Franciscan.

—In the current issue of *The Catholic Historical Review*, editorial announcement is made that the magazine is now the accredited organ of the American Catholic Historical Association, and will henceforth publish the *acta* of that body. The general policy of the *Review* will not be affected by this arrangement.

—From the Catholic University Press, Washington, D. C., comes an exceptionally interesting pamphlet, "A Program for Catholic Child-caring Homes." It is the report of the Committee on Standards submitted to the Sisters' Conference, one of the divisions of the National Conference of Catholic Charities. It is both thoroughly adequate and systematically arranged, and a good table of contents adds to its utility.

—"The Catholic Church in Russia To-day," by Martha Edith Almedingen, B. A., a new publication by Burns, Oates and Washbourne, tells the story of the sufferings of the little band of Russian Catholics under Bolshevik rule, and how their numbers and zeal have increased in the face of persecution. The author is a lady of Russian birth, who was received into the Church by the martyred Vicar-General of Petrograd.

—Stories of the Great War, written by chaplains, non-Catholic and Catholic, have been so numerous since 1918 that a new one is not apt to excite any particular emotion in the reviewer. It was with merely a languid interest, accordingly, that we opened "The Red Vineyard," by the Rev. B. J. Murdoch, late chaplain to the Canadian Expeditionary Forces. A perusal of the first few pages, however, proved that Fr. Murdoch's story of his experiences in the war is distinctly super-

rior. Its outstanding characteristic is the simplicity of its style, a simplicity which, like that of "The Vicar of Wakefield," is more easily enjoyed than imitated. Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

—Readers with the sense for poetry have a rare treat in store for them in a volume entitled "Knights Errant," by Sister M. Madeleva, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, just published by the Appleton Co. Spiritual and poetical beauty will be found in every page. The title of the book is some suggestion of the unusual quality which pervades it. Readers of THE AVE MARIA in particular, to whom the initials S. M. M. have become familiar and endeared, will eagerly welcome "Knights Errant."

—It is frequently said that there are no longer any boys and girls in this country, but only little men and women. Fr. Neil Boyton, S. J., clearly dissents from this opinion, at least so far as Catholic families are concerned. His latest juvenile, "Whoopee!" is addressed to genuine boys, not to sophisticated little men; and we have no doubt that it will be cordially welcomed by thousands of youngsters. It is the story of a Catholic Summer camp, and is full of the life and fun and varied action that is suggested by its descriptive title—descriptive to boys, if possibly quite enigmatic to old folk.

—"The Life of Rev. Mother Amadeus of the Heart of Jesus" (Paulist Press) is a very interesting as well as edifying sketch of the foundress of the Ursuline Missions of Montana and Alaska. Born in Akron, Ohio, in 1846, Sarah Teresa Dunne received the Ursuline habit in Toledo in 1862, spent more than half a century in strenuous mission work in the hitherto uncultivated fields of Montana and Alaska, and died in Seattle in 1919. This account of her career, written by one of her daughters in the Alaska mission, is a loving tribute to her many virtues, a tribute acclaimed, as well deserved, by Dr. James J. Walsh in his interesting preface to the work, which is a 12mo of 233 pages, with some interesting illustrations.

—The necessity of new text-books in theology is not, as a rule, sufficiently realized. Those who have finished their study of the subject—a paradox, if there ever was one—have favorite authors, who have written so voluminously and so well that it is difficult to

see how they could be improved upon. Nothing new, it is argued, can be said; and the old truths are still old when restated. This is a narrow view of the matter; it is also an erroneous one. Text-books are a necessary medium of instruction on any subject; they must ever aim to present it to the student in a manner most suitable to his powers of understanding. Novelty, whether of matter or of form, is not, of course, of primary consideration in the teaching of Catholic theology, nevertheless, old truths become more attractive, and more influential, when set over against new forms of old errors. The contrast brings out the perennial vigor of the truth which is never old, and the inherent weakness of error, which, in this field at least, is rarely new. Because this is true, we welcome "Institutiones Dogmaticæ, Tractatus de Verbo Incarnato, de B. Virgine, de Sanctis," by the Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. He expounds the old truths in the old Scholastic way,—thesis, terms, problem involved, opponents, arguments, objections answered. To these he has also added a good bibliography. For the student in the class-room, or the priest who wishes, we do not say merely to review, but to deepen, his knowledge of this most important tract in dogmatic theology, we know of no Latin text which we could more unreservedly recommend than the present one. (Loyola University Press, Chicago.)

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal." Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers.) \$6.

"God or Gorilla." Alfred Watterson McCann. (Devin-Adair Co.) \$3.50.

"Christian Spirituality." Rev. P. Pourrat. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$4.20.

"The Conversion of the Pagan World." Paolo Manna, M. Ap. (Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.) \$1.50.

"The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart." Maud Monahan. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Life of Cornelia Connelly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." A Member of the Society. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.

"The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.

"The Life of Cardinal Gibbons." Allan Sinclair Will, Litt. D. Two volumes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$10.

"From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon." Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. (D. Appleton & Co.) \$5.

"The Life and Times of John Carroll." Peter Guilday. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$5.

"Liturgical Prayer: Its History and Spirit." Dom Fernand Cabrol, O. S. B. \$4.65.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

"Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.

"The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Edmund Ley, of the diocese of Denver; and Rev. William McGrail, archdiocese of Boston.

Mother M. Cecilia, of the Sisters of Mercy; Mother M. Laurentia, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Mother Camile Zeringue, R. S. H.

Mr. Christopher Dixon, Mr. William Wagner, Mrs. Mary Hutchinson, Mr. Daniel Fitzgerald, Mr. John Baker, Mr. Herbert Grand, Miss Sarah E. Brennan, Mr. James Goodwin, Mr. Charles Harte, Mr. Frank Devereux, Mr. Richard Monette, and Mr. John Campbell.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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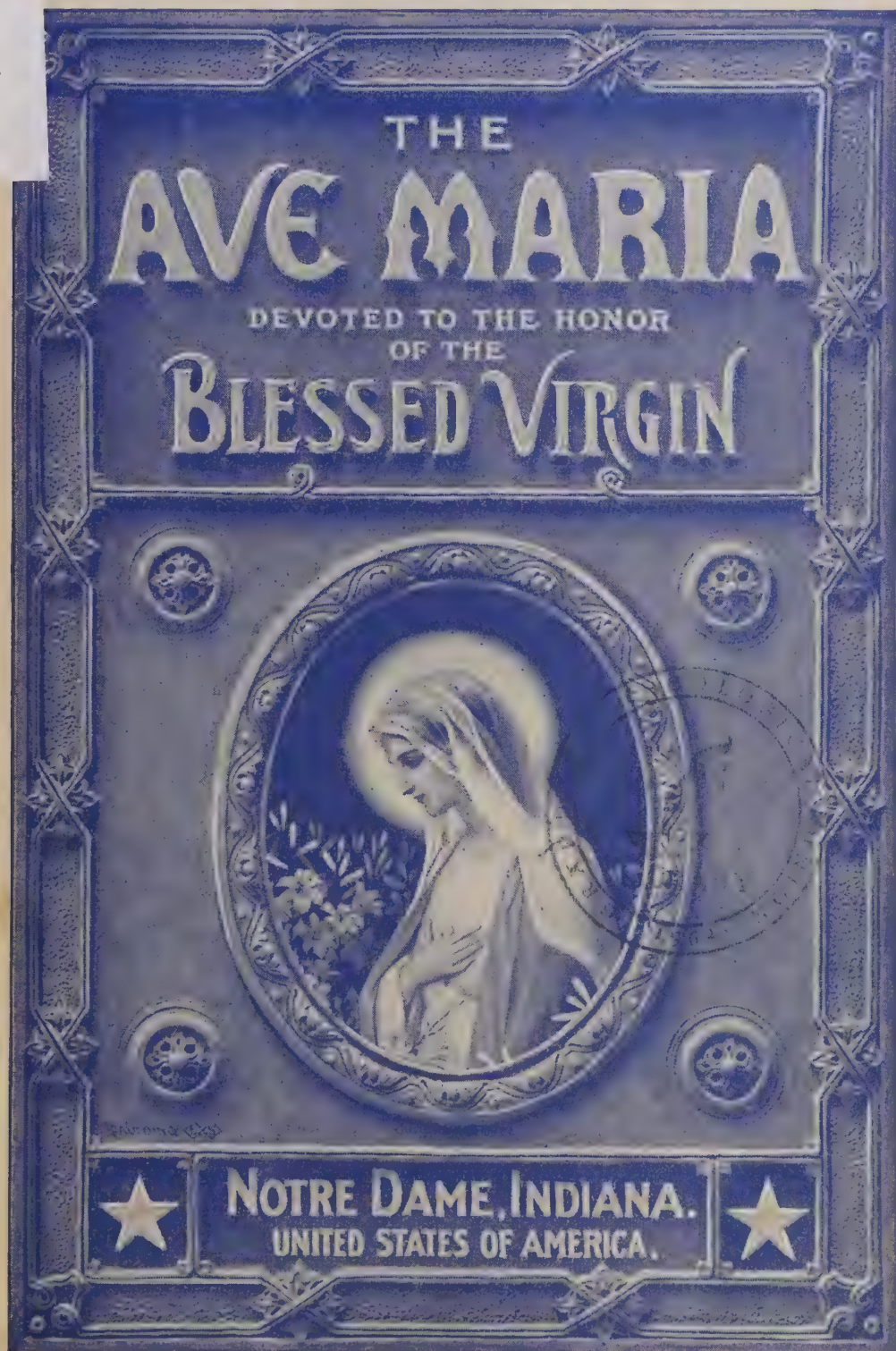
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 15.—Seven Dolors of the B. V. M. St. Nicomedes, M.	WEDNESDAY, 19.—SS. Januarius and Comp's, MM. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>
SUNDAY, 16.—SEVENTEENTH AFTER PENTECOST. SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, MM. SS. Euphemia and Comp's, MM.	THURSDAY, 20.—SS. Eustachius and Comp's, MM. Vigil.
MONDAY, 17.—The Stigmata of St. Francis.	FRIDAY, 21.—St. Matthew, Ap. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>
TUESDAY, 18.—St. Joseph of Cupertino, C.	SATURDAY, 22.—St. Thomas of Villanova, C. SS. Maurice and Comp's, MM. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>

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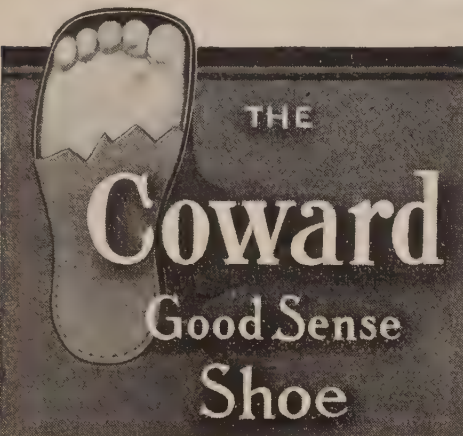
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1., 48

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No. 11

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A Warning.

BY MARJORIE HOLMES.

CHILD, when you say you hear the foxes cry
Upon the hills; or when you say you hear
The rising wind come murmuring along
The forest trees, then shut each ear.

Oh, child,
If ever in the night, you wake and see
A thin, bright moon with horns climb high
above
The highest trees, and light your face with
gold;
Then shut your eyes,—hide both your ears
and eyes
Beneath your little counterpane, and pray
Your ever-loving Mother Mary in the skies
To have you in her keeping all your days.

Angels' Music.

BY CLARENCE F. BURKHARDT.

DESPITE the great advances in mechanical science, it is impossible to make better bells to-day than were made three or four hundred years ago. Here is one of the things that had already reached its highest standard of perfection during that period that some benighted people still term the "Dark Ages." The trend of the present day is toward the multiplication and development of those things that minister chiefly to bodily convenience and pleasure.

The bells of those days were neither

inferior nor smaller than those made to-day. The sound of some of them, weighing as much as 40,000 pounds, occasionally split the thickest walls, and overthrew huge towers. To-day, it would be well were they able to split the walls of materialism and overthrow the towers of Twentieth-Century conceit and complacency. We have grown so indifferent to their intrinsic beauty and their significance that they have lost much of their influence over a large number of people. The purr of an "auto" engine and the unearthly groans of jazz have become the sweetest music to many of the present generation.

Bells are an expression no less than an invention of the Ages of Faith, those joyous days when the passion for gain and sensual pleasure was kept under greater control than it is now. Kenelm Digby notices this difference between the old and the modern city, when, speaking of Paris, he says: "If you wish to receive an impression from the old city which the modern can not give you, ascend some elevated point which commands the entire city at the hour of sunrise on the morning of some festival, and assist at the awakening of the bells. At the same moment, those thousand churches vibrate.

"At first it is a scattered sound, passing from one church to another, as when musicians give signs of being about to commence. Then suddenly see—for sometimes it would seem that the ear

has also its sight,—rising at the same moment, as it were, a column of noise, like a smoke of harmony. At first, the vibrations of each bell rise straight, pure, and as if isolated from one another in the splendid sky of the morning; then by degrees increasing, they melt into one, and are mixed and amalgamated in a magnificent concert. It is now only one mass of sonorous vibrations, disengaged unceasingly from innumerable towers, which floats, undulates, rebounds, and thunders over the city, and prolongs far beyond the horizon the deafening circle of its oscillations. And yet this sea of harmony is not a chaos.

“Vast and profound as it is, still it has not lost its transparency. You see, winding apart, each group of notes which escapes from the belfry; you can follow the dialogue, alternately grave and piercing, from the chime to the great bell; you see the octaves jump from one tower to another; you see them dart forth, winged, light and hissing from the silver bell, and fall broken and heavy from that of baser materials; you see the rich gamut which descends and remounts unceasingly from the seven bells of one tower; you see dart through it the clear and rapid notes which make three or four zigzag lines, and vanish like the lightning. Below it is the sharp and glassy chime of the Abbey of St. Martin; on that side it is the deep, low murmur of the Louvre, and on the other, it is the royal volley of the palace, while, from time to time, at regular intervals, the heavy tone of the belfry of Notre Dame makes them all sparkle like the anvil under the blacksmith’s hammer.

“Through the whole mass of sublime noise, you see pass at intervals sounds of every form, from the low, indistinct murmur to the sharp note of the *Ave Maria*, which explodes and sparkles like a shower of stars. Certainly this

is an opera which deserves to be heard. The city seems to sing, as during the stillness of the night, it had seemed to breathe. Lend an ear, then, to this chorus, which rises above the murmur of over half a million of men, mingling with the eternal lamentations of the stream, the infinite sighings of the wind wafted over the surrounding forests, which blend and soften what might have been too rough and piercing; and then say whether you know of anything in the world more rich, more joyous, more golden, more resplendent, than this tumult of chiming and tolling bells, than this furnace of music, than those ten thousand voices of brass, chanting altogether within the flutes of stone of the length of three hundred feet, than this city, which is only one orchestra, than this symphony which is as loud as a tempest.”

One of the greatest of our modern poets sings of the silver-throated messengers. His poetic language, however, does not transcend that which the Church uses when she consecrates them to her service. She implores that God would endow their sound with the power manifested by the voice of Christ when He appeased the troubled sea; that it may attract angels to surround the assembly of the Church, and that it may frighten its adversaries. It has been suggested that arch-heretics must have had this prayer in mind when they refused Catholics, under their subjection, the use of bells.

In the Life of St. Loup, Bishop of Sens, we read that when King Clothaire heard the bell of St. Stephen’s, he was so delighted with its tone that he ordered it moved to Paris where he might always be charmed by it. The bells of St. Blois, it is said, sent forth such wondrous harmony that, when everything else failed, they soothed the profound melancholy to which Henry III. was subject.

Bell music was so loved in those times that it is recorded in more than one case that royal personages pawned their jewelry to provide suitable bells for churches and monasteries. Their first ecclesiastical use was to announce the hour for church service, and in the Eighth Century they began to be considered an essential part of the equipment of every church. In some places, it was the custom to toll bells during the agony of the dying in order to win prayers in their behalf. There is no reason, by the way, why this beautiful Catholic custom, once so general, should not be revived.

The ringing of bells was never legislated against in those days, as it sometimes is now. In our time, ears do not resent the noises of industrialism, because they are too closely associated with the pleasing thought of material gain. Church bells, however, perhaps, because they are a reminder of duties to be performed, grate unpleasantly on the ears of some; or, is it that our much-vaunted Twentieth Century æsthetic standards are not all that it is claimed for them?

LET us make earth heaven; let us hereby show our fellow-citizens of how great blessings they are deprived. For when they see us gentle, free from evil desire, from envy, rightly fulfilling all our various duties, they will say: "If the Christians are become angels here, what will they be after their departure hence? If where they are strangers they shine so bright, how great will they become when they shall have won their native land?" Thus they, too, will be reformed and the word of godliness will have free course not less than in the Apostles' times; for if they, being twelve, converted entire cities and countries, so we, being teachers by our conduct, should exalt our holy cause to heaven.

—*St. John Chrysostom.*

A Tool of Fortune.

XVII.

AS soon as Jean and the banker were alone, the latter went on, without losing any time:

"My second question is this: do you intend to live always in this state of hostility to your sister?"

"I have no sister," was Jean's reply.

"That is romantic language, little suited to the dignity of an engineer. Would you like to know what I think? Conquer your pride, reconcile yourself with your sister and go to see her. Your presence would bring her great joy—"

"Enough!" exclaimed Jean suddenly, his features contracting as if from pain. "I want neither your assistance nor your advice. I shall never see her again. I have no sister, I tell you!"

"You are doing a great wrong," Samuel insisted, without seeming to be offended. "Your sister is ill."

"Ah!" ejaculated the young man, struggling against his emotion. Then, almost immediately, he added in a tone of bitter irony: "She is ill, is she? What is lacking? Is she not happy? Has she not enough money to spend?"

For a reply, the banker stopped, unbuttoned his coat, took a note from his pocket and handed it to Jean.

"I was bidden to put this into your own hands."

Again the two men looked into each other's face, where they read only suspicion and hatred.

"You want war, I see," said Lewin, through his teeth. "Very well; you shall have it, and you will lose all. Understand well, my dear sir,—*all!*"

He then entered his carriage and was driven rapidly away. When he had disappeared round a bend in the road, Jean tore open the envelope. The letter was dated from an estate which Leopold had just purchased in the suburbs

of Varsovia. It contained only these words:

JEAN:—Come! I am going to die, perhaps, and I want so much to see you once again.

WANDA.

Tears dimmed the young man's eyes, and he slowly retraced his steps toward the house. Not far away, four lime-trees stood close together, their thick branches interlaced. A soft turf encircled their trunks; upon this Jean threw himself down and lay motionless, his face buried in his hands.

For more than a week Jean was a prey to the most painful reflections. He was the more prepared to forgive Wanda because of his own guilt, but need he tell her so? The consciousness of his own weakness in the end prevented him from responding to her despairing appeal. Jean was no hero. He awoke every morning with the firm determination of changing his way of living,—of going to seek self-forgetfulness, if not fortune, in labor in some distant land. If he had repulsed Lewin, it was because he wished to owe nothing to the banker, who would have been proud to boast of being the protector of Wanda's brother.

Jean could never consent to accept this humiliating assistance. He believed himself still capable of self-mastery, since for over a week he had resisted his temptations. The struggle wearied him, however. The image of Rachel lived in him. Without her everything seemed tedious and worthless. Vague ideas of suicide at times flitted through the unfortunate man's mind. He fought against them, accusing himself of cowardice in this desire to escape from his sorrows. But to whom could he be useful henceforth? His father lived on tranquilly, seemingly satisfied in his dependence on the bounty of the Lewins.

The more he reflected on the inci-

dents that had followed the banker's last visit, the more plainly he realized how matters at Wola stood. His father's moral apathy indicated a capitulation of conscience, the mysterious reason of which the young man's filial respect prevented him from trying to discover.

Had Wanda been an accomplice or a victim? The future would answer for her. Meanwhile this ancestral mansion, these broad lands, giant trees and running brooks, which to him had seemed more than a world, would pass, or already had passed, into other hands. He was only a parasite; his honor bade him go far away to other lands, and leave family, country, and love forever. But before pronouncing this eternal farewell why not visit Rachel for a last time? Should he see his sister? No! Henceforth he was the guilty one, who should sue for pardon; and this he disdained to do. He felt a sudden desire to trample everything under his feet, to destroy all that hitherto constituted the honor of his life and the sacred foundation of his faith.

One morning, therefore, after a night of fever and insomnia, he made this resolution, deeming it inexorable. The day dragged its hours slowly along. The heat was suffocating. In the afternoon a thunder-storm cleared the atmosphere, however; and when the first stars began to appear he saddled Malutka and set off for the city.

The beautiful night soothed the wounds of his poor heart. He looked across the sleeping landscape, and raised his eyes to the skies, where myriads of worlds revolved, carrying with them the secrets of many destinies similar to his own, perhaps. A wave of emotion swept over him.

He reached the city at last. He skirted the silent little house and the walls of the Jewish cemetery, above which towered the confusion of tombstones, evoking in the night all the

sublime horror of a vision of Isaiah. He descended the hill and entered the wood. Soon Malutka was tied to the usual oak, and her rider was hastening toward the clump of willows where Rachel was wont to resort when the limes were in bloom.

His heart beat rapidly as he neared his goal. The great branches hung over until they touched the water, forming a vaulted arch beneath them. Jean paused, not daring to go farther; and was about to whisper the name of his beloved, when the branches separated and he saw her appear before him. She wore a white dress and advanced with the noiseless gliding of a phantom. When they were close to each other, he grasped her hands, but they were inert and cold. He bent over her, trying to question her eyes, and he saw that she had been weeping.

"What grieves you, Rachel?" the young man murmured, in a voice full of suppressed emotion; for, although reproachful, the girl's expression was so tender, so supplicating, that he felt his heart stirred to its very depths.

He had no need to question her. He felt that it was he who was the cause of her tears, of the sadness of her tones, of the iciness of her hands.

"I love you, Rachel!" he said, tenderly. "Do not be angry with me. If you knew all I have suffered!"

Tears flowed down the girl's cheeks.

"No, you do not love me; if you did, you would not have remained away so long. Alone here, I have counted every hour, every minute; and each one which passed away without bringing me the joy of your presence, took from me something of my strength, my life, my desire to live."

She leaned her head on his shoulder, as if overcome by the mere remembrance of past grief or by the excess of present happiness.

"Now I forget everything, since you

are here," she continued. "To-morrow I shall again suffer, because I shall doubt your love. You think of me and believe that you love me only when I have moved you by my tears and my tenderness. With me it is different. Alas! why not confess all to you? You have taken everything from me,—my repose, my light heart, my sleep, my future, my hopes, and my dreams of happiness; since henceforth for me all is centred in you. Without you I am a poor wreck, abandoned on a dark and boundless sea. You will laugh, perhaps, at these words. Do not, I beg of you. Have pity on my weakness!"

She paused, overcome by her emotions, and Jean's tears mingled freely with her own. What suffering he had caused her! And his natural compassion had always prompted him to console instead of wound. He wished to comfort her now. A loving pity filled his heart and added a note of tender persuasion to his tones.

"Do not weep, Rachel. Have confidence in my honor. Do not doubt me for a moment. I swear to you I am sincere. I love you as I have never loved,—above everything else in the world."

They paused in their walk; and when Rachel spoke again, her tones were full of suppressed joy, caused by the ardent words spoken close to her ears.

"Do you truly love me?"

"Above everything else in the world?"

"More than your faith?"

Jean hesitated a moment, then replied:

"As much as my faith."

But she had understood. She sighed deeply and said:

"I love you *more* than my faith. You would blush to call a Jewess your wife. You would not be willing to sacrifice your belief for me. I, on the other hand, would adore what you adore; your belief would be mine; and yet I know

well that even the remembrance of my religion would still seem to you only an opprobrium."

She stood directly in front of him, and her face, transfigured by her love, seemed to gleam in the darkness.

Jean felt himself growing helpless under the influence of the sweet intoxication of the moment. Rachel continued, as if foreseeing that she must win him now or lose him forever.

"Would you be willing to make me your wife, the companion of your life?"

The young man was silent; he trembled, while his temples throbbed. All the carnal attraction of the senses held him in bondage at the feet of the Jewess. He had opened his lips to speak the words that would bind him for life when, suddenly, not two feet away, appeared the slender form of the Rabbi. Chance, or perhaps one of those celestial powers to which the care of our souls is entrusted, had saved him.

Zachariah came forward, stumbling over the roots of the pine-trees, feeling his way with his cane.

"Rachel, is that you?" he called out in his trembling voice.

With a gesture, the girl bade Jean go down to the river; then she answered:

"Yes, father dear. I walked farther than I intended,—it is so pleasant."

"With whom were you talking?"

As they moved away, Jean heard the girl say:

"With Jacob, father."

XVIII.

Jean walked slowly towards the river. He sat down on the sand, not far from the clump of willows, his brain on fire and his ears strained, hoping that Rachel would succeed in escaping and return to join him. He waited for a long time, trembling at the slightest sound; but she did not come back. The breeze died away and the heat was intense. It was with difficulty that he

collected his thoughts. Rachel's passionate accents still tore his heart.

He tried to examine his conscience. Was it true that he had ruined the young girl's destiny?—that she was like a flower culled by him to be tossed away by the roadside? On the other hand, was it not true, too, that his love need not cause him to blush, aside from the differences of race and faith? Had she not sworn that she was ready to adore the things which he adored?—were not these her own words? And, almost immediately after, had she not replied to the Rabbi's question with a falsehood, without faltering or hesitation? Her lips, then, knew how to disguise the truth. Her heart could thus master the most intense emotion quickly and easily, while he was still trembling under the impression of the sentiments that had agitated him. He well knew that it has been said that all women possess the innate art of dissimulation; but why did the name of Jacob humiliate him? Why did he blush at it as much as at the thought of the falsehood? He closed his eyes as if to escape from it all; but the thoughts returned again and again, and a burning fire seemed to consume him.

He thought a bath in the river might give refreshment and strength to both body and mind. He removed his clothing and walked out into the water. Not a light was to be seen in the houses scattered along the banks; he seemed to be the only living thing in the solitude around him.

Suddenly, but a few steps away, he heard the cracking of branches, and fancied he saw a dark form. At the same time a night-bird flew out from the tree above him toward the wood. Jean was seized with an involuntary terror, as he remembered the tales of nocturnal apparitions told to him in his childhood. It never occurred to him that a person could be following him.

The flapping of the bird's wings above his head reassured him. Its sudden flight from the tree had doubtless caused the rustling that had so startled him. He plunged into the water and slowly swam from the bank.

Happening to turn his head toward the shore, he saw a dark form clearly outlined against the yellow sand. He tried to turn toward the shore, but the eddy rolled him over, and he was entirely submerged. He felt his strength leaving him. His unskilful efforts to escape from the force of the current only put him more completely in its power. He believed he was going to perish. He looked about, over the surrounding country, and it seemed to him as if his glance could pierce even to Wola. In an instant a review of his whole life passed before him. Poor life! clouded from the very beginning, with gleams of light only here and there. An indescribable sense of distress filled his being—the fear of death, the unknown, and the judgment. In a last effort, he threw up his arms and cried out: "Help! Help!"

At this appeal the dark form on the shore plunged into the river. Jean saw it approaching, cleaving the water with strong, even strokes, like a machine. A few seconds more and it would reach him. But his strength abandoned him; all grew dark around him and he sank beneath the waves. Soon he felt himself grasped by nervous arms, and immediately consciousness left him. When he regained it, he was stretched out on the sands of the shore. A man was leaning over him trying to restore him. In spite of the obscurity, he recognized the pale face and slender form. He brusquely pushed him away, and exclaimed in a stifled tone:

"Jacob Lewin!"

The man made no reply, but rose, and, hastily putting on some of the garments lying on the ground, waited a

moment, as if he expected a word of gratitude from the person whose life he had just saved.

Jean also rose and dressed himself. There was a silence for a few moments, then he approached his rival and said:

"Are you really Jacob Lewin?"

"I am. I return good for evil. Good-night!" Jacob answered, walking away.

Jean followed him, and placed himself directly in front of him, barring his way.

"Why did you not let me drown?" he said, bitterly.

"Why did you call for help?" was the simple reply.

"That was the cry of human weakness. Have you been on the bank long, might I ask?"

"Yes."

"Did you see us?"

"I both saw and heard you."

"You know all, then, and I have no confession to make. You have been tracking me for a long time."

"I confess that I have."

"You must hate me."

"As much as it is possible for one man to hate another."

"Then, I ask again, why did you save me? You ought to have longed for my death."

"Our desires and our duties are two distinct sentiments. I should have been glad to see the river avenge me, but it was my duty to save your life."

"Did you not have an instant of hesitation?"

"Like yourself, I at first yielded to the weakness of human nature; and when I heard your cry for help, a wild joy seized me. A second later, however, I threw off my coat and plunged into the water."

"It would have been better to let me die. Does not your law say: 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'?"

"Yes, but it also says: 'Succor all who are in distress.' I wanted to show

you that a Jew can be generous,—a Jew, the son and brother of ‘usurers,’ as you term us; the brother-in-law of your sister, whom you despise because she has sacrificed herself.”

“What do you mean? Why do you refer to my sister? How do you know that she has sacrificed herself? What do you know—”

“I know, and wish to know, nothing,” interrupted Jacob. “I am, perhaps, more clairvoyant and more indulgent than you; that is all. Good-night! I will go now, since you have no further need of me.”

“Will you not let me thank you?”

“It is unnecessary.”

As Jacob was about to move away, Jean stopped him again.

“It can not end this way. You shall not conquer me by your generosity. I shall have the last word. You have saved my life, and, in return, I will sacrifice my love for Rachel in your behalf. Marry her and be happy.”

“Do not speak of her!” replied Jacob, brusquely. “So you renounce your love! Many thanks, sir, for your good intentions. You doubtless think that what you reject is good enough for me.”

“Rachel is worthy of the deepest respect, and she is worthy of you.”

“Yes, because fate has interposed between her and yourself. But I am prouder than that, even if I am a Jew. You have stolen her heart. She loves you, and she believes that you will make her your wife; you have almost promised to do so,—you, who deny your sister! Fie, sir! I repeat, I have more pride than you. You think you can atone for my lost dreams of happiness, my betrayed love, my crushed hopes, by saying, ‘Take her; I leave her to you.’ For my part, I have a different idea of the sentiments of the heart and more respect for my plighted word. Rachel is lost to me. I no longer desire to love her; I can forget or, at least, pity her.

To-morrow I shall leave this place, where I have suffered so cruelly since your coming. Do not detain me longer. The remembrance of my torture might loosen the bonds of my hatred; and in cursing you I might spoil the effect of my generosity.”

Jean stood aside now.

“Good-bye!” he murmured, humbly. “Forgive me!”

An hour later Jean reached Wola. A light was burning in his father’s room; a sudden impulse prompted him to go in and demand an explanation of the mystery that weighed so heavily upon his mind. He paused on the threshold for a moment, then rapped. There was no reply.

“He is asleep,” thought the young man. “Till to-morrow, then. Every day brings its own sorrow.”

He crept on tiptoe to his own chamber, where he threw himself down on the bed, without undressing; and, overcome by fatigue, he was soon fast asleep.

(To be continued.).

Defence.

BY S. J.

I SAW a river once that flowed

In ordered ways across the fields of France,
And decorous trees stept out along its course,
Marshalling its advance.

Sometimes the stream grew restless; then,

As if in challenge to the marching files,
It made a sudden sally round a curve,
Wandering away for miles.

But steadily the double line,

Manœuvring swiftly, held its wonted place
Beside the rebel waters, and moved on
With its accustomed pace.

Thus would I guard you, my beloved,

Flanking your every step with constant
prayer,

That howsoever you might shape your course,
No harm could enter there.

The First Japanese Embassy to the Holy See.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

THE recent opening of diplomatic relations between Japan and the Holy See, reminds us that it is more than three centuries since the first effort in this direction was made. It was in 1585 that the arrival in Rome of an embassy from the Island Empire of the Far East raised high hopes of the speedy conversion of the country, for it was told how the envoys came as the ambassadors of three Catholic kings—the rulers of Bungo, Arima, and Omura.

In the Sixteenth Century, a journey from Japan to Europe was a matter of many months; it might even extend to years, for, at more than one point on the way, the traveller might have a weary wait for a ship to convey him farther on his voyage. The ambassadors, who reached Rome in 1585, had sailed from Nagasaki on February 18, 1582. The first stage of their journey was to the Portuguese settlement of Macao in the south of China. There they waited nine months for the sailing of the fleet in which they were escorted to India; there was another delay of six months at Goa, and then the long voyage to Lisbon, round the Cape of Good Hope, calling on the way at Mombassa. They landed at Lisbon in August, 1584. Travelling through Portugal and Spain, they embarked at Valencia for Leghorn, and after a short stay with the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Pisa, arrived at Rome on the evening of March 20, 1585. Thus it was more than three years since they had left Japan.

The envoys were four young nobles—so young that nowadays we should count them as mere boys. One was sixteen years of age, the others fifteen; but in

the Sixteenth Century, there was an earlier age for the start in life, and in the warrior clans of Japan, men of high rank were trained for the court and the camp from their childhood. These four youths from the Far East had the bearing of men. Their names—a combination of the Japanese family name and the Catholic baptismal name—were Julian Nacaura, Mancio Ito, Martin Fara, and Michael Cingina. For hours at the Porta del Popolo, in the Piazza and along the Corso, dense crowds awaited their arrival; but it was not till long after sunset that, escorted by a squadron of Pontifical cavalry with blazing torches and sounding trumpets, the carriages of the envoys came lumbering into the city. At the doorway of the great church of the Gesù, they were received by Father Acquaviva, the General of the Jesuits, and a *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving for the safe completion of their long journey.

The next day was fixed for their state entry into Rome and their first audience with the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory XIII. Early in the morning they drove to a villa outside the Porta del Popolo where the procession was to be formed for the state progress to the Vatican. At the villa, the Roman nobles, the ambassadors of the Catholic Powers, and many prelates and high officials of the Papal Court were waiting to accompany them. The Pontifical army had provided a guard of honor. One of the envoys, Nacaura, had suffered from illness during the Mediterranean voyage and the journey through Tuscany. At the villa he reluctantly declared that he was too ill and fatigued to mount and ride back into Rome in the pageant of the day. For a Japanese noble to make such a confession meant that he was very ill indeed; but he was not to be deprived of his audience with the Pope. One of the Roman nobles took him at once to the Vatican in his carriage for a

private audience with the Holy Father. Thus it was that Julian Nacaura was the first of the Christians of Japan to be welcomed in person by the Father of Christendom. It may be that this precedence, by what seemed a mere chance, was a heaven-ordained presage of the glorious destiny reserved for him in the years to come.

Rome witnessed a memorable sight that day. The procession was a brilliant cavalcade. It entered by the Porta del Popolo, swept around the crowded Piazza, and then followed the line of the *ripetta* to cross the Tiber by the Bridge of Sant' Angelo. First came the Pontifical cavalry, flashing with breastplate and helmet, with their kettledrums and trumpets sounding; then the marching ranks of the Swiss infantry with their halberds and two-handed swords; next, the households of the Cardinals, the foreign ambassadors and the Papal *camerieri*, and lastly the three envoys from the Far East—Ito, Fara and Cingina. They wore the court dress of the *daimio* class to which they belonged, flowing silken robes, embroidered with birds and flowers in gold and brilliant colors, with the broad girdle that held the two swords worn by the warrior nobles of Japan. Right and left of Ito rode an archbishop; two bishops were the escort of each of the others. After them came the Jesuit missionary, Father Mesquita, who acted as their interpreter, and then a long cavalcade of the Roman nobles and their attendants. As they crossed the Tiber, the batteries of Sant' Angelo flashed and thundered a royal salute.

In the hall of audience at the Vatican, they were received by the Pope, surrounded by his court. As they knelt to kiss the feet of the Holy Father, he bent down, raised them up, and embraced them with tears in his eyes, welcoming them in a voice broken with the emotion of the moment. He was

more than eighty years of age, and near his end; this was indeed the last great day of his Pontificate. They presented the letters entrusted to them by the Kings of Bungo, Arima and Omura.

It was the fashion of the time to speak of feudal rulers of the provinces of Japan—the *daimios*—as "kings," and though Hideyoshi (better known by his title of *Taicosama*, "the Supreme Lord") was just then making himself their master, they had long been kings in all but name, each ruling a wide region from his fortress capital, and having at his command an army of fighting *samurai*. An Italian version of the letters was read aloud, and then each spoke in turn, declaring that they had come to pay their homage to the Vicar of Christ in their own name, and in that of their princes and of the Christians of Japan. Father Mesquita interpreted their words, and then all were seated to listen to the Latin oration which was, by long-established precedent, a necessary feature of such an occasion. The orator was a Portuguese Jesuit, Father Gaspare Gonzalez.

Such an oration could not fail to introduce some reference to the great days of ancient Rome. Gonzalez told how one of the proudest days of the Empire of the Cæsars was that on which envoys arrived from far-off India to pay honor to Augustus. How the Romans must have looked with wonder on these men who seemed to belong to another world! For the Roman eagles had never reached their land. They had only heard with admiration of the fame of Rome. This was a greater day, for these princes of the distant East, thousands of miles beyond India, had come from a land of which old Rome had never even heard the name; but to that distant land the standard of the Cross had been victoriously borne. Christian Rome, centuries ago, had rejoiced at the news that the missionaries

sent by another Gregory—St. Gregory the Great—were winning to the faith of Christ the island of England, divided from Europe by the sea. England, alas! was now being torn from the unity of Holy Church by heresy and schism. But was it not a consolation to see these envoys from other islands, separated from Europe by the oceans, so that they seemed to belong to another world, coming to proclaim that new nations were accepting the yoke of Christ; so that “our loss, though infinitely great, is repaired by new conquests, that may well wipe away our tears and change the mourning of the Church to universal joy?”

After the audience, there was a banquet, and then the Pope sent for the ambassadors and their interpreter, and sat for a long time with them conversing about the progress of the faith in Japan. They were then taken to see St. Peter's. The vast building was still unfinished, the builders being at work upon its dome.

The ambassadors spent more than two months in Rome. They visited its various sanctuaries; they were entertained by cardinals, ambassadors and the heads of the noble houses of the city; they were shown its various centres of Catholic life. At the request of Gregory XIII., they were engaged also in drawing up a detailed report on the affairs of Japan. But before it was ready, and only three weeks after their arrival, he died, after a brief illness, on April 10, 1585.

The conclave was a short one, and on April 24, Cardinal Peretti was chosen to succeed him, and took the name of Sixtus V. Almost immediately he sent for the four Japanese envoys, gave them a long audience, and received from them their written report, assuring them of his deep interest in the new Christendom of their native land. At his coronation, they took part in the ceremony

with the ambassadors of the Catholic nations of Europe. In the evening, Sixtus conferred on them the honor of knighthood, the French and Spanish ambassadors attending them, affixing the golden spurs on their heels as part of the ceremonial. Next day they heard the Pope's Mass and received Holy Communion from his hands. They were present at several public audiences, and had many private conversations with the Pope. At a farewell meeting, he gave them presents of various works of art for themselves, their princes and the supreme ruler of Japan, to whom he addressed letters asking him to secure freedom of worship for the Catholics of the Island Empire, and assuring him of his own personal good-will and of the loyalty of the Catholics of Japan. He also gave them a sum of money for the seminaries of Japan, promising to make an annual grant for their maintenance. Finally, he gave them passports, requesting all princes and governors to assist them on their homeward journey.

After this farewell audience, they left Rome on June 3, 1585. They visited Assisi, made the pilgrimage to Loreto, and, travelling by Bologna, reached Venice, where they were the honored guests of the Republic. To commemorate their visit, their portraits were painted and hung in the palace of the Doges. From Venice, they went to Genoa by way of Verona, Mantua and Milan, were fêted in all the cities, with popular enthusiasm in their streets, courtly hospitality in their palaces, and stately ceremonial in their cathedrals. At Genoa they were entertained as the guests of the second of the great maritime republics of Italy. A fleet of Spanish warships lay in the harbor waiting to convey them to Spain. They landed at Barcelona on the 13th of August, 1585.

They had to spend some months in

Spain, for it was only once a year, in the Spring, that the fleet for the Indies sailed from Lisbon. They were able to visit many of its famous cities. At Madrid they were the guests of Philip II. and received from him valuable presents for the rulers of Japan. In April, 1586, they embarked at Lisbon with a party of seventeen missionaries for Japan. The fleet sailed on the last day of the month, and reached Goa after a year's voyage in the last week of May, 1587. The fleet for the Far East had left Goa shortly before their arrival, for the Lisbon fleet was late in its coming, and the ships for Macao had to start, or miss the good season for navigation in the China seas; so there was another long time of waiting in the old city of Goa. They left it in April, 1588, and, after another delay at Macao, arrived in Japan early in 1590. It was eight years since they had sailed from Nagasaki on their voyage to Europe.

Those eight years had brought many changes in Japan. Hideyoshi had made himself the effective ruler of the country, and broken the power of the southern *daimios*. At first favorable to the Catholics, he had become prejudiced against them; and in 1587 had published edicts against the "foreign religion," though for some time after there was no very active persecution. The returned envoys obtained an audience with him, and gave him the letters of the Pope, and the presents he had entrusted to them and the gifts of Philip II. Hideyoshi was flattered by this respectful homage from distant Europe, and for a while his attitude towards the Catholics was more friendly. But before long the great persecution began, which all but drowned the Church of Japan in a deluge of blood.

It was when these dark days had begun that the four envoys resolved to lay aside their swords and their rank

as nobles, and enter the Jesuit novitiate, in order to prepare themselves to minister as priests to their persecuted fellow countrymen. One of them, Julian Nacaura, after many years of apostolic labor amid constant peril and privation, won the crown of martyrdom. He was an aged priest when he was led prisoner through the streets of Nagasaki. He reminded his judges that in his youth he had been one of the four princes who had gone to Rome as the envoys of the Catholic *daimios*, and had been the honored guest of the princes of Europe; and told them that he was now more highly honored by offering up his life for the Faith. In October, 1633, with six others, two Japanese Jesuit scholastics and two European Jesuit priests, and a Dominican Father and lay brother, he was condemned to death by the torture of the pit. The victims were hung in the pit head downwards, and left without food or water. Nacaura died after three days of agony.

The noble family of Ito has played a great part in the making of the new Japan. It was an admiral of this name who won the first victories of the new fleet in the war with China. An Ito has been more than once the prime minister of the Empire. I do not know if any of this family are now Catholics, but I am told that among the family heirlooms are some of the works of art that Mancio Ito received from Sixtus V. as parting gifts in Rome.

The high hopes excited by the appearance of the Japanese envoys at the Vatican in 1585 were doomed to disappointment, so far as they led to the expectation of an immediate conversion of all Japan. Sixty years later, it seemed that for once persecution had been successful in utterly rooting out the Faith from its new conquests. But though left without priests or altars, and cut off from the outer world, a remnant of the Catholics of Japan remained true

to the Faith for which so many of their fellow countrymen had died. They met for prayer in secret; they baptized their children; they handed down from generation to generation the tradition of the truth.

The edicts of persecution, however, were not removed till 1872; and, if report speaks truly, these edicts were not dead letters even in the early years of the Nineteenth Century, for it is said that, as late as 1829, some of these heroes of the faith were crucified. At last in 1865, at Nagasaki, the city of martyrs, it was discovered that a Catholic remnant still held together in some of the country villages of the interior. These have become the nucleus of the new Catholic Church of Japan. It was on March 17, 1865, that a little band of those country folk presented themselves to Mgr. Petitjean in the Church of the Martyrs at Nagasaki, and greeted him as a priest of the true faith of their fathers.

The anniversary is celebrated year by year in Japan as the feast of "The Discovery of the Christians." Its jubilee was celebrated by the Catholics of Japan in 1890 with six weeks of rejoicing; and on June 15, of the following year, Leo XIII. erected the new hierarchy of the Church in Japan.

I NEVER in a single instance found an article, dogma, proposition, or definition of Faith which embarrassed me as a logician, or which I would, so far as my own reason is concerned, have changed or modified, or in any way altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so. I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church, or felt it restrained, or myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have, as a Catholic, felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic.

—Dr. Brownson.

A Great Catholic Physician of the Last Century.

DR. JULES MASSE has told many interesting incidents of the life of Dr. Joseph Récamier, one of the most eminent physicians of the last century. His reputation amongst the leading men of his profession, and his charity to the poor, made him a well-known figure in the Palace of the Tuileries, as in the most sordid tenements of the French capital. Here are some of Dr. Massé's reminiscences.

* * *

I had often been told of his untiring energy and wonderful skill in fighting the cholera epidemic in 1832, and when I became a medical student I studied with deepest interest the works of this illustrious professor. I had always been most anxious to meet him, and the opportunity came through the kindness of a friend, an old priest whom the Doctor visited at stated intervals. I was asked by the Abbé Maret to come one evening when Dr. Récamier was expected, and this was the origin of our lifelong friendship. This first meeting ended with an incident which I wish to mention, as it admirably illustrates the religious character of my friend.

As Dr. Récamier rose to take his leave, he gesticulated in the usual French fashion, indicating that he had forgotten something. He placed his hat back on the table, and, thrusting his hand in his pocket, exclaimed:

"Great heavens, I was about to forget a most serious case!"

"What is it?" asked the good Abbé.

"There has been an accident, my dear Abbé,—yes, an accident which you alone can repair. It is a fracture which requires a slight operation and demands skilful practice." And with these words the famous professor drew from his pocket—a Rosary.

I must admit that I was dumb with astonishment. He, the great Récamier, the well-known professor, who held a chair not only in the *Ecole de Médecine* but also in the *Collège de France*,—he, the physician of the great, of the King himself,—he, who enjoyed a world-wide reputation, said his Beads with the simplicity of a child and the devotion of a novice.

"Yes, gentlemen," he observed with a smile, turning to me and to the friend who had accompanied me, and seeing the look of surprise on our faces: "I say my Beads. When I am very anxious about a patient, and have exhausted all remedies known to science, I call on the great Physician above. And, as I am somewhat of a diplomat, I ask the Blessed Virgin to help me. When I am going on a sick call, I often say a decade or two of the Rosary on my way. This old Rosary has been in such constant use that it is decrepit; and that is why I wish the Abbé to make an examination, and to operate if necessary."

With this, he placed the broken Rosary in the hands of his friend, the Abbé Maret, and left us.

Later, when we had become fast friends, the worthy Doctor related to me the following incident. He was always anxious to bring spiritual health to the souls of his patients, even when he could not heal their bodily infirmities.

He was at this time visiting, in his professional capacity, a young couple living in the *Rue du Bac*, near the church *Des Missions Etrangères*. The Doctor was particularly interested in this case for two reasons: first, because the family of the young woman had been friends of his for many years; secondly, because her husband's illness (he was the present patient) showed symptoms of an alarming nature. Now, this was one of the most characteristic of the Doctor's traits: the more unusual or serious the disease, the harder he

tried to fight it. After struggling for three months with this dreadful case, in spite of his skill and unremitting care, all hope now seemed in vain. The first attack had been upon the heart; and when symptoms of consumption developed later, the physician realized that his patient's death warrant was signed. But where he could not cure, he always tried to comfort; and, in spite of the sorrow and disappointment he felt at acknowledging his own defeat, he came every day with words of cheer and sympathy, and remedies to mitigate as much as possible the sufferings of the patient's last days.

One morning he found the young man's pulse weaker than usual; and, after listening to the heart and sounding the lungs, he realized that the end was very near. It required all his self-control to hide this death-sentence from the anxious watchers at the bedside. He left the house with the thought that this was his last call on the dying man. As the family were fervent Catholics, and as they had been told that he was in a most critical condition, Dr. Récamier took it for granted that the last Sacraments had been administered; and he said to the two weeping women at the bedside: "Be brave! Pray to the good God,—or, rather, we will all pray."

Before leaving the house, he told one of the servants to notify him if any change came. That evening, having received no message, he returned to the house in the *Rue du Bac*, but was careful to question the servant before going to the sick room.

"No change, Doctor."

The Doctor was amazed that his patient could have lasted twelve hours in the condition in which he had left him. But this was only the beginning of his astonishment. For three days he called regularly night and morning, and found the young man each time still lingering between life and death.

"How strange!" mused the Doctor to himself. "This prolongation of life seems extraordinary. I have seen a medal and a scapular about his neck. Can it be that the Blessed Virgin is going to cure him?"

With the hope of a miraculous recovery for his patient, the Doctor hastily mounted the stairs, and entered the sick room without knocking. A heart-rending scene met his gaze.

"Please, dearest, do not refuse my request!" the young woman was saying, as, with tears in her eyes, she kissed the pale face of her husband.

His mother was on her knees at the bedside, and held in a trembling grasp the hand of her dying son. With a mother's tenderness she was saying:

"You will see, my child, that it will bring a blessing on us all. How often does it not happen that after the last Sacraments are received the sick are restored to health!"

"Well! well! What does this mean?" said the Doctor, stepping forward.

"Here is the Doctor, who will vouch for the truth of what I have said; for he must surely have noted this in his experience. Is it not true, Doctor, that the Sacraments often give health to those who are dangerously ill?"

"Certainly," answered the Doctor, with convincing emphasis; and to him this question was a revelation of existing conditions.

But, unfortunately, the sick man, who was already irritated by the persistent entreaties of his wife and mother, was even more exasperated by the interference of an outsider.

"Leave me in peace, all of you!" he said in a weak, exhausted voice. "You are worrying me uselessly and cruelly. You will kill me."

On such occasions the pious Doctor became a real apostle, and it would be as impossible to count the souls he saved as the bodies he cured. But, with his

long experience, he realized that in this instance a religious discussion would be worse than useless. One need not be a medical expert to know that, in heart disease, the slightest excitement may prove fatal. So the Doctor motioned to the wife and mother to be silent.

"Now, my dear Francis," he said, drawing near to the bedside of his patient, "give me your hand and let us not quarrel. Please remember that your dear mother, your devoted wife and myself have only one wish—to relieve the pain of your body and bring peace and serenity to your soul. There now!—do not try to talk: keep perfectly quiet, so that all this excitement may pass. I will be back to see you very soon."

And, once more taking the young man's hand in his friendly grasp, he left him.

"My friends," he whispered to the two women who came with him to the door, "be very prudent, but do not lose courage. Do not speak to him any more on this subject, but pray that the words you have already spoken may bear fruit. I see that Francis has a scapular on his breast, and I feel sure that the Blessed Virgin has protected him during these last days. Ask her to crown her favors as we desire."

Though it was late when the Doctor left the house, he went to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where he had several patients to see; and of all the religious, from the superior to the lay-Sister at the door, he begged "Hail Marys" for a patient in whom he was deeply interested. He also called on his friend, the Abbé Maret, and asked him to offer his Rosary for this intention. In his own home, the pious Doctor had long ago established the custom of saying night prayers in common. That night, to the usual prayers were added three "Hail Marys" for the return to God of a soul that was on the threshold of eternity.

Early next morning the Doctor started on his rounds, and his first call was made at the house in the Rue du Bac. What a transformation! Those whom he had left in sorrow and tears now seemed peacefully happy. The mother expressed her joy by a look of deepest gratitude, and the young wife grasped his hand to convey the thanks she could not speak. The dying man, as soon as he saw the Doctor, exclaimed: "Come, let me tell you of my great happiness. I have been reconciled to the good God!"

The Doctor was soon seated by his side, listening to the account of this prodigal son's return to his Father's house.

"It was Francis himself who asked for the priest and who desired to receive the Sacraments," whispered the grateful mother.

The Doctor's face beamed with joy at this news, and then he told of all the "Hail Marys" he had begged for this intention. Five minutes later the great change came; and, with a smile on his face, Francis went to meet his God, who had shown such mercy to him.

Once more the sorrowing wife and mother were plunged in deepest grief. But Dr. Récamier, pointing to the statue of the Blessed Virgin which had been placed near the bed, said to them:

"Be brave, my friends! Have courage, and ask the Blessed Virgin to help you. Remember what she has already done for you. For many weeks I have had no hope of recovery for this poor boy. The Blessed Virgin kept him alive that he might prepare for death and be ready to meet his God. Oh, yes, pray to her now, and be sure that she will obtain strength for you to bear this bitter sorrow."

THE Lord sends us tribulations and infirmities to give us the means of paying the immense debt we have contracted with Him.—*St. Vincent Ferrer.*

The Two Masses.

BY ARTHUR SPEARMAN, S. J.

THE priest came to Silver Hills on the first Sundays to say Mass for the people of the surrounding country, and it was my privilege to be server. The Silver Hills lie in the centre of a great valley, closed on both sides by peaks of the Rocky Mountains; and staunch Catholic farmers travel sometimes twenty miles from their farms to reach the church.

One family, the Russells, had this great distance to come. And as the family was quite large, their arrival always attracted my boyish attention. Then, too, Mrs. Russell used to come into the sacristy and ask Father Kelly to say Mass for two of her sons, saying: "One for Tom, Father, he's dead; and one for Ed, he's careless." I have always remembered this little woman and her invariable explanation: "One for Tom, Father, he's dead; and one for Ed, he's careless."

Some years passed. When I returned from boarding-school, I learned from Father Kelly the rest of the good little woman's story.

She and her husband had taken up land in the fertile Silver Hills Valley, and started a farm. Though the struggle was a hard one, they managed as the years passed by to get a foothold, and reared around them a family of some nine children. Tom, who was dead, had been the eldest, and Ed, who was next, had begun to be quite a help to his father in running the farm some years before I first saw the little mother at church. When enough produce had accumulated for a shipment, Ed and his father would drive the twenty miles to the railroad.

With the growth of the farm, it became necessary for some of the family to remain at home on the Sunday when

the rest went to Mass, twenty miles away at Silver Hills. The older boys would take turns, so that all could get to Mass as often as possible. But as Ed grew older, his father began to realize that his son was "trading off his turn," so that he never got to Mass. Then, too, their old familiarity had begun to cool. Somehow, the parents seemed a little slow for Ed now, and the younger children, whose company and entertainment had been his delight, seemed too babyish. So Ed would disappear in the evenings, and his father saw with concern that the boy's interests were no longer in his home.

Father Kelly, during the Paschal season, used to visit the farms of all the families in his scattered parish, to give them an opportunity of making their Easter duty. And this year, very soon after Ash-Wednesday, he mailed his usual letter to Mr. Russell, saying he expected to visit them within a week or two. The shipment of produce was nearly ready now for the railroad, and one day, a week or so later, Ed and his father decided to make an early start the following morning for Silver Hills with the precious freight. Father Kelly, however, arrived during supper. Great was the joy of the good parents at his coming, and all the little children were happy in the company of their well-loved pastor.

After a pleasant visit with the family, Father Kelly heard their confessions preparatory to Communion in the morning, and all retired. Ed, however, had not lingered with them during the evening.

Early next morning, when Mr. Russell was assisting Father Kelly to set up the small portable altar in the parlor, Ed came downstairs fully dressed for the trip to Silver Hills. His father, somewhat startled, said to him: "Ed, aren't you going to be with us for Mass this morning?"—"No," he

replied, curtly. "I've got the team hitched up, and I'm going to Silver Hills."—"But, my dear boy," remonstrated his father, "this is your only chance to make your Easter Communion."—"Oh!" sneered Ed, "that's all right for the children. I'm a man now." Mr. Russell turned away, and Ed made the trip to town.

Within a few months, the boy left his parents for good. No one knew where he had gone. And it was during the years that followed, that the voice of the little woman was heard in the sacristy: "One for Tom, Father, he's dead; and one for Ed, he's careless."

So the years passed. Time did much to erase Ed's memory from his younger brothers' and sisters' minds; but by his parents, he was never forgotten. Three years had rolled by, when, one night in Autumn, while the family were enjoying the evening together, there was a knock at the door. One of the little boys, running to answer, burst out in an excited voice, "Oh, Ed!" In a moment, the family were welcoming him with kisses and embraces, and all sadness of the past was gone.

As the reunited family sat and talked in their excitement before a fire, their evening Rosary—it was the month of the Rosary—was forgotten. Suddenly Ed looked at his father, and asked: "Aren't you saying the Rosary to-night?" The stillness which followed was eloquent of astonishment; each one's tongue stuck fast. So Ed drew from his own pocket a Rosary, and, kneeling down, began: "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

Some people place but little confidence in prayer; some people value lightly the love of a mother for her child; but when the two are united they are very strong. God's Providence had directed Ed's wandering steps, during his several years' absence from home,

and placed in his path a Catholic girl. She had become his guiding star. She was fine and staunch and true, and when he asked her to marry him she declared: "Ed, I do love you; but first comes our sacred Faith. You've not been true to your God. Be true to Him first, and I know that then you will always be true to me." Her words, affectionate but firm, moved his heart, and made him another man. And always when I think of his conversion, the little voice in the sacristy comes back to me: "One for Tom, Father, he's dead; and one for Ed, he's careless."

Mediaeval Religious Guilds and Their Work.

BY T. S. WESTBROOK.

THE religious guilds of the Middle Ages, as distinguished from the great trade guilds, were societies of men and women founded for charitable and benevolent objects. During the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, these guilds, which were attached to the parish churches, increased and developed rapidly. In the County of Norfolk, England, in 1389, there were no fewer than 164, of which fifty-one were located in the single town of Lynn. The term "religious" to the practical piety of the age, covered a wide field of activities, ranging from the beautifying of an altar to the maintenance of a grammar school; but two primary principles were common to every guild, whether great or small.

These were devotion to the heavenly patron under whom the members of the fraternity were enrolled, and the provision of Masses and prayers for the brethren and their benefactors, living and departed. The majority of guilds had their origin in the piety of a few individuals combining to supply lights before some shrine, to burn perpetually on the chosen feast, or during daily

Mass. Corpus Christi was a favorite dedication, and guilds of the Blessed Body of Christ were very numerous, the great one at York being the most celebrated. Our Lady under her different titles stood high, of course, in popular esteem as a patron; other common dedications being to All Saints, Saints Peter and Paul, St. John the Baptist, St. Nicholas, and St. Thomas à Becket. The guild feast was observed with solemnity by the attendance at Mass of all the members of the fraternity in their livery, usually a cloak and hood, with a gathering and dinner to follow. Non-attendance was punished by a fine.

Prayer for the dead was an essential of guild life. Every brother and sister deceased was assured of Masses, thirty being as a rule provided for, with a general Requiem, except in the case when a chaplain was supported, then the number of such suffrages was much increased. The chaplain offered daily Masses and prayers for the guild and its benefactors, living and dead; and was directed to keep a calendar of the deceased members, this being recited aloud at the quarterly meetings. All honor was paid to the dead, several members being required to keep watch by the body, and the whole guild accompanied the funeral in procession, with candle bearers walking beside the hearse. In the case of a poor brother, the lights and expenses were provided by the fraternity, some rules extending this charity to all poor strangers dying in the neighborhood.

Guilds founded churches, schools, almshouses, kept bridges and roads in repair, took part in religious pageants, etc. The guilds of Corpus Christi and St. Mary at Cambridge united in building Corpus Christi College. At Charing the famous hospital of Our Lady of Rounceval was maintained by a guild established there.

After the terrible scourge of the

Black Death in 1349 and in later years, the ranks of the clergy were appallingly depleted and impoverished, and the churches fell into the greatest disrepair. The existing guilds, or those founded for the purpose, everywhere supported priests, repaired the church fabric, and re-endowed chantries that had fallen into disuse. At all times, where the parish church was poor and unable to carry out the services with the needful dignity, a fraternity renovated the vestments, ornaments, etc.

The religious guilds acted in a sense as the benefit and provident societies of the Middle Ages. Grants of assistance in money or kind were made to members who had fallen into unmerited poverty through sickness, etc. In some cases, marriage dowries were provided for girls. Any brother might borrow a sum free of interest from the common treasury for a specified period, having left sufficient security in the hands of the wardens. He must have shown himself a worthy member, and the rules were careful to state that he might not take so much that another could not avail himself of the privilege. Besides the membership subscription, guild funds were augmented by bequests, the rents from property, etc.

Many rules contained special injunctions as to brotherly love and charity among the fraternity, imposing fines for an angry word or action; while any brother who so acted as to bring public discredit on the guild was expelled forthwith. Quarrels were settled by the whole fraternity in session at the quarterly meetings, and members were exhorted not to take their case to law until all the resources of arbitration had failed. The clergy, as a rule, had no part in guild administration, this being in the hands of the wardens.

The religious guilds continued in flourishing vigor until they met the fate of the monasteries in 1546.

A Prevalent Vice.

IT is doubtful whether, in the catalogue of social vices, there is one that is so repeatedly anathematized in Holy Writ, and at the same time so widely prevalent among all classes and conditions of Christians, as detraction, or the defamation of one's neighbor. The anathemas are intelligible enough to whoever has seriously considered either the gravity of the vice in itself or its deplorable consequences. The prevalence may perhaps be explained by the extreme facility with which we commit the evil; and by a certain impression that detraction is *not* a sin, or at most is but a light one.

Of the many species of detraction, that which is most common, at least among practical Christians, is undoubtedly the revealing without reason or necessity of our neighbor's vices and defects,—vices and defects that are really his, but are secret. Some persons will plead in extenuation that, after all, they tell only the simple truth—as if that circumstance could avail to justify their action. That it does not justify it is, of course, elementary. What we tell about our neighbor may be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and yet—our telling it may be a grievous sin.

There are, it is true, some cases in which there is good cause for divulging secrets detrimental to our neighbor's character, without regard to the defamation that results. He, indeed, loses his right to a reputation which in reality he does not deserve as often as justice, charity, or any other virtue would be offended by keeping his vices or failings secret. But it is one thing to retail the faults of our neighbor from motives of charity or justice—to give a necessary counsel, to prevent a grave spiritual or temporal wrong,—and it is quite another to recount those faults from a

blameworthy inclination to talk, or from motives of hatred, envy, etc.

What it behooves most of us to realize, practically and thoroughly, about this subject of detraction is that revealing the sins, vices, faults, defects of others, is unmistakably sinful; for so prone are we to indulge in the habit that we seize on every possible pretext to quiet our conscience while effecting the evil—if, alas! we have not become such confirmed detractors that conscience has ceased to trouble us about the matter at all.

Detraction, of course, admits of levity of matter. Just as every theft is not a grievous sin, so neither is every robbery of our neighbor's good fame. It is not always easy, however, to determine when we have stopped on the hither side of the boundary that divides the light from the grievous in this matter; and it is to be feared that the boundary is very often overstepped.

It will not avail to plead that, in speaking of our neighbor's faults, we mean no harm. Supposing this to be true, it does not alter the fact that we are detracting, and that our neighbor's reputation is being injured. Very often, however, it is *not* true. It is all very well to speak of our neighbor's defects with a smiling countenance, as if we mentioned them merely to entertain our auditors; but if we take the trouble to descend into our hearts and search for the real motive, we shall most probably discover it to be a sentiment of dislike, of jealousy or envy, that we are ashamed to acknowledge even to ourselves; or a latent spite which we bear for some real or fancied grievance.

One counsel of the Holy Ghost that the world at large sorely needs to take to heart is that given in the Book of Ecclesiasticus (xix, 10): "Hast thou heard a word against thy neighbor? Let it die within thee, trusting that it will not burst thee."

Notes and Remarks.

Splendidly prompt was our country's response to the cry of stricken humanity in Japan, where earthquake, fire and flood have destroyed some of the largest cities and razed numerous densely populated villages, causing a loss of life perhaps unprecedented in the history of such calamities. The full extent of the disaster will not be known for some time to come on account of the wide area of the destruction and the disorganization naturally resulting from it. The whole nation is panic-stricken, and can be restored to tranquillity only when fear of further earth shocks is entirely allayed.

The promptness and practicality with which America's sympathy for Japan has been expressed will do more than any number of peace conferences to convince her people that hostility towards them and contempt for their civilization is not general with us, and to insure the maintenance of peaceful relations between the two great countries on the opposite shores of the Pacific. In his appeal to our people to contribute promptly and generously to the relief of the people of Japan, President Coolidge refers to it as a friendly nation. As such the Japanese will henceforth regard our own.

Believing that the *Church Times* (Anglican) is read by many who never set eyes on a Catholic paper, the London *Tablet* expresses gratification in calling attention to a passage of an article on "Mariolatry," by the Rev. Francis Belton, which lately appeared in the *Times*. After asserting that "no theologian, either in the Eastern or Western Church, has ever dared to say that Our Lady should receive adoration which may be given to God alone," Mr. Belton goes on to show the importance of de-

votion to the Blessed Virgin in the changed conditions of modern life. In reference to women's recent political and economic emancipation, he offers this wise criticism:

• The freedom that women have won is almost entirely intellectual; they can now claim what was previously denied them, a fair competition with men; the consequence is that there is a tendency to exaggerate the importance of intellect. We need to recognize that real power rests in *character*, not in intellect alone, and that nobility of character comprises moral and spiritual as well as intellectual qualities. Women stand to lose more than they have gained if they barter those distinctive moral and spiritual qualities which have always given them such a powerful influence in the past. That this danger exists few observers will deny, and this is why I feel that the modern woman can not afford to neglect the inspiration of the true womanly character which is shown so beautifully in the Virgin Mother of Our Lord. Mary appeals to the modern mind in a twofold way: she is the type of ideal motherhood; she shows also those qualities which go to make up the true womanly character, and this is a vision we must not allow to fade in these critical days of stress and change. Her "magnificent Magnificat" is a song that should reach the heart of every modern woman.

Considering the bulk of the "Official German Documents Relating to the World War," a translation of which in two volumes, under the supervision of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, has just been issued by the Oxford University Press, it is unlikely that they will have many readers among the general public. And yet these documents are of the greatest interest and importance. It is asserted, for instance, on the authority of military and naval officials, that no special preparations for war were made in Germany either before or after the assassination of the Grand Duke, and that the Crown Council of July 5, of which so much was said during the war, never took place! Furthermore, it appears that the peace offer at the end of 1916 was made when

the German Government was most confident of victory, and when public opinion was strong in Germany that England's dominion of the sea could be effectually curbed by means of the U-boat before any real help for the Allies came from the United States.

The great historical importance of these German war documents is unquestionable. But will they be studied by the historians of our day, and the evidence they afford be presented to the public? This is altogether unlikely, for the simple reason that until the hatreds and prejudices created and fostered during the war by infamous propaganda are entirely uprooted, not one in ten thousand will consent to "hear the other side."

One of the fixed or imperative ideas that obsess the mind of the average non-Catholic American in his thoughts about the Church is that she is "in politics," and that her dominant desire is to see her members occupying the higher offices of the country. It is a delusion, of course; and just how great a delusion may be judged from the following words of one who may assuredly be styled a representative Catholic, Cardinal O'Connell of Boston:

"In fact, far from being so eager, as some deluded people imagine we are, that Catholics only should be placed in high public office and position, I, for my part, can frankly say—and I am not alone in this feeling—that I feel no such desire; and one need have no very great experience of facts to know the reason why. First of all, it is quite generally known, and the experience is common enough, that the people we are so fond of calling 'our own' are often far less willing to take a reasonable position and a perfectly just attitude towards the things which interest Catholic people than those not of the Faith at

all, and the reason is perfectly clear. Oftentimes a fair-minded non-Catholic recognizes with perfect facility the justice of a case, and, generally, is very glad to make a decision with regard to Catholic interests, which he realizes is nothing but simple justice; whereas, not infrequently, the so-called Catholic, once raised to office, thinks, not precisely of the justice of the case, but rather of what his enemies may say of him, if he appear even to favor a perfectly just Catholic point of view."

No judicious reader needs to be told that the Cardinal's point is well taken. We have all probably had experience of the Catholic official who, in his desire to be quite impartial as regards Catholics and non-Catholics, "leans over backwards," and is really unjust to his own co-religionists, where a non-Catholic official would at once recognize the just thing, and do it.

The rioting, productive occasionally of murder, provoked by the parades and widely advertised "initiations" of the Ku-Klux Klan is, of course, to be deplored. The obvious comment on reports of such disturbances is that "two wrongs do not make a right," that the masked paraders had best be left severely alone, that it is a mistake to confer upon them the prestige of martyrs, etc. There is, however, another aspect of the whole matter, an aspect which the *New York World* treats in this sane fashion:

Whether the participants admit it or not, a Ku-Klux Klan parade in any community is notice to the inhabitants that the constituted authorities are challenged by an underground society held together by racial and religious antagonisms. The aims of the Klan have been made plain. It stands for a brand of Americanism which is pure intolerance—intolerance that sinks from time to time into lynch law. No local chapter of the Klan can blind itself to its risk and responsibility when it marches through the streets of a city, as members of the Order tried to march through Carnegie,

Pa. In challenging law and order for the protection of others, it discards law and order for the maintenance of its own rights. Having declared its intention to start something, it need hardly be astonished if something starts.

The avowed purposes and the past activities of the Klansmen render it inevitable that their present flaunting their numbers and their alleged power in the face of an exasperated public should be provocative of reprisals. Violation of law is deplorable, but vehement denouncing of such violations as are here in question scarcely pertains to the Ku-Klux Klan.

That Catholics are nowadays by no means the only advocates of religion in education is being abundantly proved every day by the utterances of eminent publicists not of our faith. Dr. John Tigert, U. S. Commissioner of Education, is quoted as saying:

"Morality is indeed the worthy helpmate of religion, but history and experience reveal, over and over again, that it can not be substituted for it. Ethical societies have failed to supplant the Church. I am well aware that the position I am taking is not popular among educators, but I reiterate the words of a chancellor of one of our colleges, uttered in his inaugural address more than a decade ago: 'Powerful as is the force of opinion to-day in the direction of secularized education, mighty as are the millions devoted to that purpose, earnest and numerous as are the advocates of education without religion, . . . yet I am undismayed. For there is a power greater than the opinion of men; there are resources vaster than the millions of earth. Let us not trust in uncertain riches, let us trust in the living God.'"

Discussing the matter of leakage from our ranks, the *Cleveland Catholic Bulletin* makes the point that, espe-

cially in the case of immigrants, the great danger lies not in what sectarians may do, but in what Catholics leave undone. While something is now being effected with regard to the care of Catholic immigrants to this country, we are far behind our Canadian co-religionists in the prosecution of this important work. The Catholic Immigrant Association of the Dominion has offices in Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, St. John, Halifax, and other cities; and members of the Association take charge of such immigrants as reach their particular city, not only providing for their immediate needs, but helping them to find work in places where they will have facilities to practise their religion.

Such activities as these are to be highly commended. It is a much easier matter to preserve the faith in a Catholic immigrant than to bring back to the faith, some years hence, if not the immigrant himself, most probably his children. There is room for further organization in this direction among American Catholics; and such organization can not begin too soon.

Abuse or ridicule of Dr. Thomas Colvin, of Glasgow, for his attitude towards athletics will not be indulged in by those who are aware of his high standing, professionally and socially. He declares that the men of Great Britain, especially the young men, have gone "sport crazy"; that they talk about nothing but sports, morning, noon and night. He does not object to sporting in moderation, on the contrary, he believes that it is morally as well as physically beneficial. What he does object to is the ceaseless talk about football, baseball, golf, tennis, prize-fighting, horse-racing, etc. He holds that men, young as well as old, should take an interest in public questions, in poli-

tics, in social problems, in intellectual work generally; and that they should not treat everything else as of minor importance to sport.

If Dr. Colvin were to visit the United States during the next few months, he would get the impression that our country also is "sport crazy." This impression would be confirmed by listening to ordinary conversation in any circle, or by reading the best of American newspapers, whole pages of which—sections in Sunday issues—are devoted to sports of all kinds. He would find preachers as mad as their parishioners, and women almost as much affected as men.

The statement is still repeated that, after the Restoration in France, priests removed the bones of Voltaire and Rousseau from their resting place in the Pantheon, placed them in a sack, and buried them in a ditch in the environs of Paris; furthermore, that a bullet hole was found in the skull of Rousseau, proving that he committed suicide. It is true that, by order of the Minister of Instruction, the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau were opened by a special commission; the remains were found undisturbed; no infraction of the latter's skull was observed; and the remains were left as they were. This was in 1898. The "historical fact," over which Victor Hugo had lashed himself into a fine fury, was thus proved to be without foundation.

As to Rousseau's death, Madame de Staël, the chief witness to it, was sure that he committed suicide, though not with a pistol. According to her account, Rousseau drank some coffee which he himself had made, was seized with horrible pains, and refused medical aid. "It is no longer permissible to doubt," she adds, "that the unhappy man ended his own life."



Dicky's Adventure with a Tramp.

THE circus was coming to Barlow. For several weeks flaming posters had decorated the bill-boards throughout the town as well as the fences in the country. You could not get away from them even if you wished, and Dick did not wish to do so. Gaudy pictures of strange animals adorned Mrs. Robinson's barn; and the camels and elephants had, from long familiarity, become almost like well-known friends to Dick.

He was Mrs. Robinson's hired boy. He milked the cow and split the wood and hoed the garden, besides doing much of the work in the house whenever he had time; for his employer kept no maid, being an old-fashioned woman, well used to work herself. Dick's mother, Mrs. Brown, lived on the next little farm, and the two houses were not far apart. They were small farms, the one belonging to Dick's mother being the smaller and more wretched of the two. So he worked for his neighbor, leaving his brothers at home; and thus brought a trifling sum of money into the family treasury; and he was fed, after a fashion, beside.

There never had been a circus at Barlow before, and its coming was the talk of the town. Dick's youngest brother, Tiny, a little cripple, had said from the first that Dick must go. "And," added Tiny, "it will almost be like seeing it myself when I hear you tell about it."

Dick had saved his pennies for the especial purpose from the first moment that a rumor reached Barlow of the great event; and now he had twenty-five, all that would be needed. Tiny had given him four cents, and the rest he

had earned by doing odd jobs when in town with a load of potatoes or squashes.

The eventful day, after long waiting which seemed years, came at last. Dick had no thought of trying to get a glimpse of the street parade at Barlow, two full miles away; but he worked steadily all the morning, fancying sometimes that he heard the music of the band, or the roar of some wild animal from the desert or jungle. At noon he was not hungry,—who could be on such an eventful occasion? But he ate a little of the fried pork and potatoes, his mind meanwhile occupied with the elephant that could, the bills said, dance the polka and walk a rope. Then the blow came.

"Dick," Mrs. Robinson called out, "go and hitch up Whitefoot, while I get the children ready."

Dick sprang up and was flying to the door. He could harness Whitefoot, and then have time to slip upstairs and get on his other jacket.

"And, Dick, while we're gone you must wash the dishes, and hoe that farther patch of potatoes, and cut a ball of carpet rags, and hunt the hens' eggs; and, if you get time, you can pick some cucumbers."

The world seemed to spin around in poor Dick's head. Was he dreaming? Was he not going to the circus? Was he to stay at home and go those old weary rounds just as usual? Something choked him. He walked to the barn and hitched up Whitefoot, still in that awful dream. Oh, could it be true? After all those weeks of longing and of talking it over with Tiny, was he not to see the trained horses and all the brilliant, sparkling pageant? And the

clown—Dick had a great opinion of clowns.

"Isn't Dicky going?" asked Susan Jane.

"Dicky? Do you think I hired him to go to circuses? Hand me that umbrella, Dick; and mind you keep a good lookout for tramps, and don't have anything to say to peddlers, and keep your eye on the spoons. Get up, Whitefoot!"

Whitefoot, as if aware of the importance of the occasion, started off as if he were once more a colt, and Dicky sat down on the low doorstep and cried as if his heart would break. Yet he was a sunny-tempered little fellow, and soon began to make the best of a bad situation. And, then, he thought, perhaps the circus would not be so fine after all; and he had saved his money, which would buy Tiny a book the next time he went to Barlow. Ah, Tiny,—there was the trouble! Tiny had depended on him, expecting to hear all about the elephants, and the animals that jumped through hoops. He looked across the field at his mother's house. At the front window lay the little sufferer, who was so good and patient, and whom they all loved so much.

Dicky dried his eyes and began to consider his responsibilities, the spoons first of all. They had been left to Mrs. Robinson by an aunt, and were thought by her something too fine for daily use; so they reposed between layers of cotton flannel on the top shelf in the pantry, only to be taken down when the sewing circle met, about once a year. Dicky first satisfied himself that they were safe, and began clearing away the dishes; but he was not comfortable. "Keep your eye on the spoons," Mrs. Robinson had said; and he took it literally, being a matter-of-fact lad. So he put them in the pocket of his jacket, where they were such a heavy weight that he could not forget them if he tried.

That done, he hoed the potatoes, picked the cucumbers, and went to visit the hens' nests.

He was so busy that he found himself getting over his disappointment, and began, quite cheerily, to consider just what sort of a book he would buy for Tiny. It must be about martyrs. Tiny always liked to read about martyrs, perhaps because, on account of his suffering and his patience, he was so much like one himself. Yes, it must be about martyrs, and have plenty of pictures in it, and a gay cover. Tiny was fond of bright colors. Dicky wondered if he could find as much splendor as his soul longed for, all for a quarter of a dollar. As he plodded about, his hand often sought the spoons, which he found safe and very heavy. He was so absorbed while picking the cucumbers, that he did not see a man limping across the yard.

"Hello!" said the man.

Dicky looked up. The tramp predicted by Mrs. Robinson had arrived.

"Hello!" answered Dicky, as bravely as possible, though quaking at heart; for tramps were the chief terror of his life.

"I stepped into a rabbit hole, and I believe my ankle has a pretty bad sprain," said the stranger.

Dick took courage. A tramp with a sprained ankle was surely not so dangerous as an able-bodied one.

"You'd better move on," he said; and then was heartily ashamed of himself for saying it. But the spoons!

"But I can't move on, you see. Have you any hot water in the house?"

"This isn't my house," replied Dicky: "it's Mrs. Robinson's. I'm her hired boy. She's gone to the circus, and I don't dare to have anything to say to—strangers while she's away."

The man groaned. "But I should think you'd do something for a stray dog if he were in such a fix as I am."

Dicky was melting fast. "Let me help you to sit down," he said.

The man let himself be helped, looking very white around the mouth. Then Dicky melted completely, and a great rush of pity overwhelmed him. He looked at the clock. The mistress of the house would not return for some time. It was a quick task to light a fire. While the water was heating he thought of a bottle of wonderful liniment on the spare bureau. "I'll pay her for what I use," he reflected; "and it won't be stealing."

The man uncovered his foot, which was very white and shapely. Dicky gave a little involuntary whistle of surprise as he took up the silk stocking. It did not reassure him. The tramp was evidently of the most dangerous type, and had been shop-lifting. He seemed at home upon the subject of sprains, and gave Dicky such wise directions that the injured member was soon skilfully bandaged. "It will be all right now," he remarked, "if I don't step on it."

"Not step on it!" thought Dicky. "Then how will I ever get him away?"

"And I'm as hungry as a bear," said the man.

"Ah!" thought anxious Dicky, "I was right. Tramps are always hungry; and if he's getting hungry, he must be getting well and more dangerous." He thought of all the heroes of whom he had read, and wondered what Leonidas, would have done in his place. He must be shrewd. He dared not offend the man, and yet he must be faithful to his orders. "I'll give her the whole quarter," he concluded, all to himself; and, not to do things by halves, bravely brought out the remains of the frugal dinner. The tramp declined everything but some bread and butter.

"I don't see what the mischief I am to do," he said, growing confidential. "If this Mrs. Robinson is what you repre-

sent her as being, she won't let me stay around here very long; and I can't walk away, that's sure!"

"My mother lives just across the field," said Dicky, in desperation; "and I'm sure she'll let you stay there a while. And"—feeling as if he were adding larceny to his other crimes—"there's an old pair of crutches in the garret; and if you'll wait in the barn till Mrs. Robinson gets back, I'll help you over to our house."

The tramp thought that a good plan; so Dicky brought the crutches and guided the wayfarer to the barn. They hurried as fast as possible; for suspicious clouds of dust were rising down the road, and people seemed to be coming from the town. One special cloud enveloped Whitefoot and the Robinsons, and Susan Jane's blue sunbonnet was soon in full view. As Dicky went to take the horse Mrs. Robinson's face wore a scowl.

"Did you like the circus?" timidly asked Dicky, wishing to be as agreeable as possible on account of his unsettled accounts and the concealed tramp in the barn.

"No, I didn't! It was a cheat, and they got into a fight before it started. They ought to have given my money back. Susan Jane, go and put on your everyday clothes this minute. And you, Dicky, step round lively. Did you do everything I told you to?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Dick; adding mentally, "and more too." Then aloud: "I didn't get to the carpet rags; but if you'll let me go over to mother's, I'll cut two balls instead of one."

"Well, go along. And ask your ma if she's got some bright red you can mix in. And be sure you're back in time to start the fire for supper. I'm clear used up, and all that money as good as thrown away on them circus vagabonds!"

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

XI.—THE CHANGED SCENARIO.

SNAPPY'S announcement that Artie, not himself, was the lost child who was being sought for by his mother made such an impression on the little orphan that the irrepressible young actor should have suspected the true state of the case. For Artie started up, grew pale and then red, and gave signs of extraordinary emotion. Snappy, however, *who was just telling the plot of the play in which he was an actor*, was too full of his new scheme to give any thought to the possible causes of his young friend's queer action, and he proceeded to carry on his joke.

"You, of course," he repeated, "are the lost child in question. But these people are so blind that they can not see it. Fortunately, however, I'm on hand to change the direction of affairs. Just you be guided by me, Artie.... I yield to you my place as hero.... 'Tis yours with all its accompaniments. 'Tis you that the gypsies, and all the hired characters of Madeleine, will be after. 'Tis you that will have all the trouble. But 'tis to you also that will come all the honor,—all the happiness, I should say. One fine day, after having been chased and hounded here and there, you will fall, as if by accident, into the arms of a beautiful lady, all dressed in blue, who will take you into a marvelous garden by the sea."

Artie uttered a cry of mingled surprise and joy. And no wonder, for what Snappy, recounting the plot of the play, had described, was surely the portrait of Mamma Beads in the old home by the sea. There could be no doubt now that the mother of whom his friend spoke so surely was no other than his own dear Mamma Beads.

Almost choking with emotion, and the tears glistening in his eyes, he asked:

"How do you know that?"

"I know it," replied Snappy with an air of crushing condescension. "Young ninny that you are, don't attempt to sound the bottom of my mystery. You'll not succeed. Be content with this declaration: *I know it*. And things will come about just as I have said."

"A beautiful lady?" exclaimed Artie in an eager voice.

"Yes."

"In a fine blue dress?"

"Yes; blue as the sky, blue as the waves."

"And she'll take me into a pretty garden?"

"A regular paradise."

"By the seashore?"

"Sure thing; I've seen the photograph. 'Tis very, very fine, you know. Well, now, does all this mean anything to you? Do you like it?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

Artie gave himself up to a day-dream. And it was his Mamma Beads who appeared to him—a vision evoked by Snappy's story,—his beautiful mother dressed in Our Lady's blue, just as he remembered her when she carried him in her arms by the shore where the waves washed the boundaries of the wonderful garden.

Of all that Snappy had been telling him, Artie retained only the conclusion: his mother had been looking for him; she had been upon a false scent, but, thanks to the young actor, the mistake was going to be corrected. It was Artie whom Mamma Beads was seeking and was going to find.

Ah! to bring about this marvel, Artie willingly accepted in advance all the preliminary troubles which the mysterious Madeleine Gibbous might care to inflict upon him. His hope and joy and enthusiasm suddenly broke out like

a burst of sunshine through the clouds of his melancholy; and, hugging his friend, he cried:

"Oh, Snappy, how good you are! And how happy I am!"

"Well, then, there's only one formality to be attended to," said Snappy, getting up from his seat. "It is to inform Nolatri about the matter. Wait for me here. 'Tis best that I should go alone, you know, for 'tis not going to be very easy to get him to swallow my plan; and, in the heat of the discussion, you would be apt to come in for some bad knocks. Nolatri's tongue is a pretty severe lash at times, and your skin is altogether too tender. Leave the matter to me!"

"I'll stay here until you call me," promised Artie.

"Good," said Snappy in a friendly tone, as he affectionately pulled the little fellow's ear. "At bottom, you know, I appear to be mocking the world; but it is also for your good that I am working now. If I succeed, you will be adopted and will find a home.... Never mind trying to understand. I know what I'm about, and that is enough. By-by now, for a while."

"Sure thing, I know what I'm about," he repeated to himself, as he walked away. "I am playing a joke on him.... I'm mystifying him; but at the same time I'm getting him a situation. If I can manage Nolatri, Artie becomes a member of the company. Poor little fellow! That will be far better than getting beatings from Harnisette and Nassimar."

Leaving Snappy to propose his plan to Nolatri, let us see what has been going on at Tellivot, where we left the two personages just mentioned in a rather unpleasant situation. When they finally awoke from their drunken stupor, with their ideas still mixed up, Harnisette and Nassimar found themselves face to face in the ridiculous

posture in which Snappy had tied them, and wearing the still more ridiculous masks of clotted cream and black pepper with which that mischievous youth had provided them.

At first they looked at each other with a wild glare, not understanding how they had come to be in such a state. Then, noticing that they were tied, their astonishment gave way to fury. Who had played this trick on them? They mutually accused each other, exchanging a volley of accusations, while each was trying to loosen the ropes that bound them.

"Ah, 'tis you, Nassimar, who amuse yourself with tying me up in this fashion! You show a lot of sense! Didn't you take too much, as well as I?"

"I might as well say that you tied me up," growled Nassimar. "Don't you see that I'm bound to my chair just as you are? Somebody has been here while we were asleep."

"Been here!" exclaimed the old woman, turning pale. "And who then would be coming here?"

"Thieves, of course."

"But they would have taken something away, my son."

"And how do you know they haven't? Better wait till you look over things and examine your purse."

Anxiety and rage doubled Nassimar's ordinary strength. He at last succeeded in breaking out of the bonds in which the facetious Snappy had fastened him; and then, having helped his mother out of hers, he went out into the hallway.

"They haven't stolen anything from here," he exclaimed; "we must look elsewhere."

Harnisette followed him from room to room, fully as anxious as himself. Nowhere, however, was there any sign of intruders.

"Well, they were not thieves, anyway," said Harnisette with a sigh of relief.

"It may have been worse," replied Nassimar, to whom an idea had just occurred. "Who knows whether it isn't a trick of the youngster's?"

"The youngster's?"

"Yes; he may have freed himself and come up here to pay us in kind...before resuming the flight which we interrupted."

Mother and son hastened down to the basement to examine the room in which Artie had been confined. A single glance sufficed to show them that their prisoner had escaped. And the broken window pointed out the path he had taken. But he had been tightly bound...how had he managed to untie the cords? The peasants couldn't make it out; and, in any case, they were too much upset to reflect upon the matter calmly. They were blind with rage and fury.

"Ah! I knew very well that he was full of the malice of the devil," vociferated Nassimar, "the black drop in him was sure to come out."

"Well, 'tis to be hoped that he didn't manage to free the dog as well as himself," exclaimed Harnisette.

"Not much danger of that, I think," replied her son. "He'd hardly think of looking for him in the locked-up shed. And, anyway, he probably was in too big a hurry to escape, himself, to pay much attention to anything else."

A visit to the shed, however, disclosed the fact that Rex, too, had taken French leave of his captors. The broken door and the torn net explained well enough the story of *his* escape, and Nassimar contented himself with cursing the dog's strength and ingenuity.

"If I ever get hold of him again," he protested, "I'll make a sure thing of his being put out of the way for good."

"That's all very well," said Harnisette; "but in the meanwhile the boy has to be found and retaken. Fortunately, his legs are not so long as yours, and you'll surely be able to over-

haul him before he gets very far away."

Harnisette had seen our friend Winder only in a sitting position on the wall of Tellivot, or she wouldn't have found much consolation in the comparative length of limb in Artie and Nassimar. Winder's legs were almost as long as the big peasant's and the boy's together. She didn't know that, however, nor had she any idea that the two intruders of the previous afternoon had returned during the night and upset all the plans of Nassimar and herself as to both boy and dog. Nassimar replied to her last remark:

"No, he hasn't; and he doesn't know the woods as I do, either." Then, seizing his gun and his game-bag, he started towards the door, adding: "I'll take my whip along with me, and will use it to some purpose when I overtake the young villain."

So saying, he set out on his search.

Harnisette leisurely made her way to her kitchen.

"The son has gone," she muttered to herself. "That's all right so far. But suppose he doesn't find the boy. How to discover where the little rascal escaped to? That must be my affair. A man has legs, but a woman has a tongue and sense to boot. I am going to set out on a search of my own."

She filled a basket with vegetables, put it on her head as is the custom in Brittany, carefully locked the doors, and made her way outside the territory of Tellivot.

(To be continued.)

THE derivation of the word "ferule" is interesting. It is from *ferula*—fennel. The tough stalks of the giant fennel of Southern Europe were used by the Roman schoolmasters as an instrument of punishment. Birch rods also were used for whipping boys; and in Colonial days the birches needed at school were charged to parents.

Told of Prince Louis Napoleon.

AN American lady is fond of relating an incident that occurred when she was a little girl going to school in the beautiful city of Florence, Italy. Let us call the little girl Agnes, to conceal her identity.

Agnes and her mother were pious Catholics, and attended Mass every day in the great Church of Santa Croce. One day when Mass was over, Agnes, attracted by a beautiful group of marble angels, became separated from her mother. In vain she searched for her; finally, realizing that she was lost, she began to weep, as little children will in time of trouble.

As she turned into the great central nave she met a boyish-looking young man dressed in deep black. A bunch of violets which she held in her hand dropped to the floor, and he picked it up and handed it to her, at the same time saying a few words in French in a gentle voice. As he did that he saw the tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter, little one?" he asked, bending over her.

"Oh, I have lost my mother! Will you please help me to find her? I lost her somewhere in this big church."

"Indeed I will," he replied. "Tell me how she was dressed and where you left her. Do not cry, my child! We shall surely find her; I will stay with you until we do."

Agnes put her tiny hand in his, and they began the tour of the edifice; but the mother, who was herself greatly troubled by the accidental separation, was searching in a distant corner, and not to be seen.

"Let us go to the main entrance and wait," said the young man after awhile. "Your mother will come there in time. It is the easiest and the surest way. Perhaps she is there now."

And so she was.

"There she is!" exclaimed Agnes, hurrying forward. "O mother, I got lost! And I was crying, and this gentleman was so good and helped me to find you."

"How can I thank you?" asked the mother, with her arms about the now happy little Agnes. "Will you kindly let me know to whom I am indebted for this kind favor?"

"There is no question of indebtedness, Madame. It has been a pleasure to restore your little daughter to you. But here is my card." And he handed her a bit of pasteboard on which, to her great surprise, was engraven: "Prince Louis Napoleon."

Then he made a low bow, patted the little girl's head, and, saying that his mother was at Mass in one of the chapels and would be looking for him, withdrew. He came back very soon, however, with the ex-Empress leaning on his arm,—a fair-haired lady in deep mourning, with a sad, sweet face, who smiled and spoke a few words to the Americans. She seemed proud that her son had been so gracious and courteous to strangers.

Poor Prince! There is no heart so hard that it fails to throb with sympathy at the story of the ending of his checkered life, when he lay beneath the burning sun of Africa, murdered by an enemy who knew no pity; and it is pleasant to remember his kindness and gentleness to the little stranger from distant America.

Puzzled.

"**D**OES God go home in the Summer time?"

A little girl asked one day;

"They've closed our church since the 1st of June,
And our minister's gone away.

"I can't understand why God should leave
Just because of the Summer heat,
When He stays all the year, the Cath'lics say,
In their church across the street."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A list of new books by Sands & Co. includes "The Gospels: Fact, Myth or Legend?" by the Rev. J. P. Arendzen, D. D., with a preface by Cardinal Gasquet.

—"Whoopee," the latest juvenile by Fr. Neil Boyton, S. J., heartily recommended to Catholic boys by us last week, is published by Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

—The excellence and usefulness of "Good Form," a brochure prepared for school use by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Monroe, Mich., are attested by the issue of a sixth edition.

—Many priests will be pleased to learn that the Peter Reilly Co. (Philadelphia) have reprinted "Plain Sermons," by the Rev. Thomas S. Dolan, a volume for which there has been a steady demand since its first appearance. It has been out of print for some time.

—Catholic scholars everywhere will welcome an authorized translation of Pius XIth's Encyclical Letter (*Studiorum Ducem*) on the occasion of the sixth centenary of the canonization of St. Thomas Aquinas. It is issued in excellent pamphlet form by Mr. Basil Blackwell, Oxford, England.

—A German writer, describing the cosmopolitan character of Cardinal Wiseman, says that he was an "in-Spain-born; from-an-Irish-family-descended; in-England-and-Rome-educated; in-Italy-residing; Syriac-scholar." That expresses it well enough, except that, by an obvious oversight, the writer omitted "of-Westminster-Archbishop."

—Many readers everywhere, we feel certain, will welcome a new edition of "The Mustard Tree," by Fr. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R., Its sub-title is "An Argument on Behalf of the Godhead of Christ." This new edition has an Introduction by Mr. Chesterton, who reiterates the truth that the Church is unique: "It can be denied, it can be derided, it can be blasphemed, or slandered, or ignored, or persecuted with fire and sword; but it can not be classified."

—From the Georgetown Visitation Convent, Washington, D. C., come two brochures that have already proved popular among American readers. The first is the eighth edition of "Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero," translated by M. S. Pine; the second, "Vademecum Proposed to Religious Souls," called an in-

separable companion to the former work, is the seventh edition, and has been done into English by the same translator. As most of our readers are doubtless aware, Sister Benigna was a Visitandine. She was born in 1885, and died, "a victim for peace," in 1916.

—Hilaire Belloc has been making public some of the rules which he applies to his reading of fiction and poetry, and states that he is afraid they may be a little unpopular. Here is one which very many present-day readers will declare to be thoroughly sane: "The next rule I make is, in modern fiction, to eschew introspective stuff, long-winded descriptions of peoples' minds and motives, mostly gloomy and leading nowhere. Introspection is a disease of our time, and it needs curtailment. It is bad to nourish it. Conversely, I should say, even in the most superficial reading of fiction, turn rather to a good *story* and a good *plot*, and have a very large admixture of the comic; for the tragic to-day is exceedingly badly done. It is full of despair; and despair, like a panic, cruelty and much else of the sort, is not matter for art."

—"The Dominican Lay Brother," by the Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O. P., is meant for the general reader, and it is to be hoped that it will have a wide sale, for it contains much of which the average Catholic is more ignorant than cognizant. The vocation of the Dominican Brother is, in all essential points, identical with that of the Brother in every other religious Order engaged in the active life; and one of the weak spots in the Catholic life of this country is the paucity of Lay Brothers in most of our religious congregations and institutes. If the perusal of Father O'Daniel's pages results (as it should) in the development of a goodly number of vocations to the Lay Brotherhood, of his own community, or any other one, he will have accomplished a most excellent work for the Church in America. Published by the Bureau of the Holy Name, New York City.

—The republication of some letters of Robert Louis Stevenson recalls the interesting and important preface to "Lay Morals," contributed to the Biographical Edition of his works by his widow. In reference to the famous letter in defence of Father Damien, Mrs. Stevenson writes:

"I shall never forget my husband's ferocity of indignation, his leaping stride, as he paced

the room holding the offending paper at arm's-length before his eyes" [the paper in which the Rev. Dr. Hyde's infamous attack on the memory of Father Damien was first published]. "In another moment he disappeared through the doorway; and I could hear him, in his own room, pulling his chair to the table, and the sound of his inkstand being dragged toward him." That afternoon he called together his wife and her son and daughter, and told them he had something serious to lay before them; "and then we three had the incomparable experience of hearing its author read aloud the defence of Father Damien while it was still red-hot from his indignant soul." Having finished the reading, he pointed out that the matter was highly libellous, and its publication might involve the loss of his entire substance; but "there was no dissenting voice,—how could there be?" An eminent lawyer was consulted, and pronounced it "a serious affair," as indeed it was. "However, no one will publish it for you!" he exclaimed. This was true enough; but the author hired a printer by the day, and the job was rushed through; then the family helped to address the pamphlets, which were scattered far and wide.

"And thus," concludes Mrs. Stevenson, "Father Damien was vindicated by a stranger, a man of another country and another religion than his own."

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal." Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers.) \$6.

"God or Gorilla." Alfred Watterson McCann. (Devin-Adair Co.) \$3.50.

"Christian Spirituality." Rev. P. Pourrat. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$4.20.

"The Conversion of the Pagan World." Paolo Manna, M. Ap. (Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.) \$1.50.

"The Life of Cornelia Connelly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." A Member of the Society. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

"The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart." Maud Monahan. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.

"The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.

"The Life of Cardinal Gibbons." Allen Sinclair Will, Litt. D. Two volumes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$10.

"From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon." Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. (D. Appleton & Co.) \$5.

"The Life and Times of John Carroll." Peter Guilday. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$5.

"The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature." George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. George Ritchie, of the archdiocese of Glasgow; Rev. Bernard Rice, archdiocese of Birmingham; Rev. Charles Becker, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Ernst Windthorst, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. William H. Coll, diocese of St. Joseph; Rev. A. J. Dolan, S. J.; and Rev. Frank Kehoe, C. S. C.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 29.—Dedication of St. Michael.

SUNDAY, 30.—NINETEENTH AFTER PENTECOST.
St. Jerome, C. D. St. Honorius, B. C.

OCTOBER.

MONDAY, 1.—St. Remigius, B. C.

TUESDAY, 2.—The Holy Guardian Angels.

WEDNESDAY, 3.—St. Gerard, Ab. St. Thomas
of Hereford, B. C.

THURSDAY, 4.—St. Francis of Assisi, C.

FRIDAY, 5.—SS. Placidus and Comp's, MM.

SATURDAY, 6.—St. Bruno, C.

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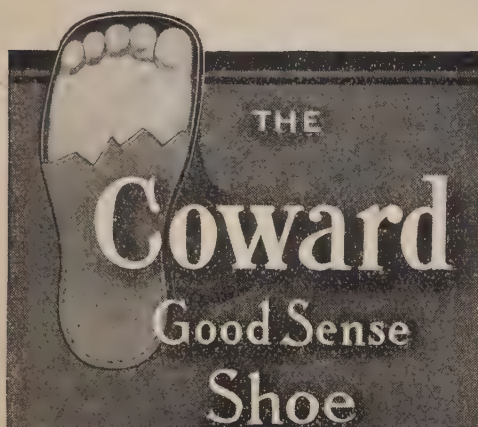
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No. 13

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O Mother Heart!

FROM THE GERMAN OF GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

OH, God, our stress hath no surcease!
We squander strength, fair light and
peace

In needful toil of sense and brain:
Would I might here with Thee remain!

I weary of day's murmurings,
Am tired seeing, pondering things.
O Mother Heart, I turn to thee!
Comfort thy child,—be good to me!

Thy Heart, most gently innocent,—
Would that each hour might be spent
Absorbed in thee; so I could live,
And, childlike, true affection give!

Like a parched field, my soul doth lie
Pining beneath a sultry sky.
O heavenly dew, O gentle rain,
Descend and bid it bloom again!

Individualism Versus the Church.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

IN the hearts of men there is a crying need,—a need to which the history of every nation, every race of which we know anything, bears witness. It is the need of *light* and of *strength*. In other words, men know and feel that they are very ignorant and that they are very weak. These two sad results of the Fall—darkness in the understanding, weakness of will—bind all mankind together in a melancholy solidarity of infirmity. Yet every man has an in-

born desire for knowledge. We desire to know many things, but about one subject above all we earnestly covet reliable information: about our origin—whence we come; about our destiny—whither we are going; about that Higher Power whom every instinct of our nature tells us must exist—about God, that is, the Author and Lord of the universe. About Him, and our relations to Him, we desire, we cry out for knowledge, light.

And as our reason tells us that He *is*, that He exists, so, too, conscience tells us that we have duties to Him, and to our fellowmen. Some of these duties conscience by itself will make known to us; about others we are, of ourselves, in uncertainty; and so also in this regard we need light and knowledge. But even as to those elementary duties which the voice of conscience imposes upon us, do we not know, by saddest experience, how weak, how very weak, we are in their performance if we are entirely left to ourselves?

Thus, then, we must have light and strength. We need a further knowledge of God than mere nature will supply; further knowledge of our relations toward Him, and of our duties to Him and to one another. Strength, too, we urgently need, beyond the strength of nature; strength to carry out those duties, and to succeed in reaching the end and object for which we were created. The history of the nations, as I have said, bears witness to this

need. Every nation has had its religion,—the result of an attempt to find the knowledge of God and of the purposes of human life. Civilized nations have had also their philosophies, as, for instance, those of ancient Greece. Some philosophical systems, indeed, did penetrate wonderfully far into the knowledge of man's origin and destiny, and even of the nature of God,—wonderfully far, that is, when we consider that no prophet, no messenger from heaven, had spoken.

But if men have found out much, considering that they had no heavenly message, at the same time no man-made religion, no mere human philosophy, was ever able to supply to the great mass of men the moral strength required to lead a good life. Herein is the humiliation of philosophy. The wisest of sages were never able, with all their investigations and all their discoveries, to show men how to live well, how to conquer their passions. Maxims and rules of virtue they did, indeed, put forth: they taught men *what* they ought to do, but they were unable to help them to do it.

And what was God doing all the time? Did He look down without pity upon His children crying out for light and strength, seeking Him in the darkness with groping hands,

Like children crying in the night,
And with no language but a cry?

No, indeed! The thought would be a blasphemy. Our God is a God of love,—He is Love itself. What, then, has He done for His human children? Clear comes the answer, ringing through the world, carrying hope to the uttermost parts of the earth: "God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting.* Through the merits of that Son, there has never been a single human

being, since the beginning of the world, who stretched out his hands in supplication to the God of mercy and compassion and did not receive grace—divine grace, enlightening his mind, strengthening his will,—grace quite sufficient for the salvation of his soul, if he would use it.

But has God done nothing for the human race as a whole—as a *society*, that is? For man is a social being. In the affairs of everyday life he can not stand alone: he is dependent on his fellows, and they on him; he influences them, and they him. Is it not so in the matter of religion also? God has redeemed us by the Blood of His Son Jesus Christ, and by that Precious Blood the individual is saved. But is not the race also redeemed, as a race? Is there not a solidarity in redemption as there is in the effects of Adam's fall? Assuredly yes. And how is this so? Let us ask another question, and we shall see how it is so. Let us ask how, by what means, the redemption of Jesus Christ is applied to individual souls; how we are to take hold of, and participate in, the fruits of the Passion of God made Man. Where and how are the light and the strength brought into the world by the Incarnate Word to be looked for and obtained? Is salvation a matter which is to be treated of privately between God and the soul, without any intermediary? Or is there any public, social, visible institution on earth by the means of which, through the agency and medium of which, men are to obtain the light and strength, the knowledge and the moral power which they so urgently need?

This is a great question of the present day. The religious world now divides itself roughly into two camps. There is a class who hold that religion, salvation, is a matter that lies between God and the individual soul alone; and there is another class who hold that, while

* St. John, III, 16.

religion and salvation are indeed personal matters—in the highest degree personal,—nevertheless, they are also social, have a social aspect; hold that Jesus Christ, our Divine Saviour, redeemed not only the individual as such, but *society* as such; and that, to this end, He has made the salvation of the individual depend upon a divine society which He established on earth,—in other words, a Church, having His authority to teach us, and possessing the means of grace to strengthen us. The one class, then, believe in a Church; the other class do not.

Some—and they are very numerous—say ‘I require no intermediary, no Church, much less any priest, to come between my soul and God. God Himself will teach me; He Himself will strengthen me. I want no Church, no priest.’ They hold to what is termed the individualistic theory of religion. A few carry out this theory with such consistency that they refuse to attach themselves to any religious body whatever. Others—and they are the majority,—though professing this individualistic theory of religion, see, nevertheless, that it is both natural and necessary that men should bind themselves together in some religious organization. In this, fact is more powerful than theory. Men’s social instincts teach them more truly than their labored reasonings. The social nature of man, upon which the Divine Founder of the Church has worked in carrying out the scheme of universal redemption by a universal Church, leads the individualists to this much concession to the truth—that they form themselves into various denominations, to which, in our times, they give the dignified name of Churches. True in the main to their theory, however, they do not regard their Church, or any Church, as having authority to teach them, nor as being entrusted with any special means of

grace and strength beyond the mere preaching of what they hold to be the true doctrines of Jesus Christ.

On the other hand, large numbers of men—an overwhelming majority, indeed, of Christians—hold that our Blessed Lord left upon earth a society of men, a Church, consisting of pastors and faithful, teachers and taught; and that this divine society, or Church, has authority to teach in His name, and possesses, in the sacraments as well as in the preaching of God’s word, the means of spiritual life and moral strength.

Which of these two classes is right? Those who say that the light and the strength we need are to be obtained from Almighty God without the medium of any Church, or those who believe that Jesus Christ established on earth a Church having on her lips the words of everlasting life, and in her hands the means of grace and strength? For us Catholics there will not be a moment’s hesitation in answering that question. We know that our Divine Saviour did found a Church, the only authorized teacher of divine truth, the only accredited custodian of the means of grace. If any one asks us for proof of this, there are many proofs which we might give. But there is one simple, obvious proof which ought to appeal to all: to the ignorant as well as to the learned, to the poor and lowly as well as to the high,—a proof plain and unanswerable.

If any one say to us, ‘How can you prove that Jesus Christ instituted a Church?’ we can point to that very Church which He founded; we can point to her as a living fact, plain to see, undeniable, whose existence none can even pretend to overlook. ‘There,’ we can say, ‘is the very Church which Jesus Christ established. She began with Him, she was spread over the known world by the Apostles; her history from the day of Pentecost till

now is before you. From then till now she has stood, marked out by certain unmistakable signs as divine in her origin. For nearly two thousand years has she continued in her triumphant course. She is a city set upon a hill, that can not be hid; she carries with her tokens of her divine origin, in her marvellous spread and progress, her inexhaustible fecundity in all good, and in her unparalleled and miraculous unity.'

Examine the history of the Church Catholic; read the Lives of her saints and martyrs, her religious Orders and missionaries. See how, in spite of persecutors from without and traitors from within, she has held her own and won victory after victory, when time after time it seemed that her enemies had got the better of her. Throughout her history she has worked unexampled good in the world, producing lives of holiness unequalled by any not her children; binding together—and this is a moral miracle which by itself is a testimony of her divine origin,—binding together some two hundred and fifty millions of human beings of every race in absolute unity of faith and obedience. Look at her as she stands before you in the pages of history, as she stands before you to-day, in this Twentieth Century, and then ask the question, 'Did Jesus Christ establish a Church to teach truth and save the souls of men?'—'He did,' will be the answer; 'and here she is, in the flesh, as it were, spreading the light and giving the strength which men need.'

This is what God has done to meet the needs of His human family. Here is the fruit of the love and passion and death of Jesus Christ. He became man to bring us light and strength; He carries on in His Church the gracious work of the Incarnation, and will carry it on by her agency till the world shall end.

Here the defenders of the individualistic theory of religion will come

forward and ask: 'But is not religion, is not salvation, a personal matter? Is it not a question concerning the individual soul before its God? Can any Church, any institution, save souls in spite of themselves, by system as it were? Can it be enough that a man should attach himself to the Church, should go through certain forms, receive certain sacraments? Is not this mere formalism? Can we be saved by virtue of the name and profession of Catholic? We can not believe so.'

These questions reveal a quite mistaken notion of the office and work of the Church in saving souls for Christ,—a notion, however, which is very common amongst non-Catholics. They imagine that the Church *does* profess to save souls by a system—merely by a system; that we Catholics are given up to a formalism which, if it really existed, would be the grossest of superstitions. They think that it is enough, according to Catholic belief, if a man attach himself to the Church and participate in her rites and ceremonies, which, in some magical way, will pass him into heaven, as a ticket will admit a man to a concert.

That notion of the Church's work in saving souls is far from the mind of any Catholic who has received the most elementary instruction in faith and practice. Catholics do not believe that any one will be saved by virtue of the Catholic name or the Catholic system *alone*; no, nor by rites and sacraments *alone*, without some corresponding effort on a man's own part. As every Catholic learns, more by practice from infancy than by formal instruction on the point, the element of personal religion is altogether necessary. Indeed, a Catholic may well smile at my mentioning so elementary a truth,—a truth which, in fact, the whole system of the Church, with her sacraments, her sacred rites, her ceremonies, her yearly round

of feast and fast, is instituted to inculcate and promote among men.

What is the message of the Catholic Church to mankind? It is this: 'Believe in God, and in Jesus Christ His Son. Believe the truths which God teaches by His Church. Hope with a firm hope for salvation through the Precious Blood of Jesus, our only Saviour. Repent of your sins; live good lives; and, above all, *love God*, love Jesus with a tender love, and love others for His sake.' Is not that personal religion? Is not this a matter of intercourse between God and the soul? Will being a Catholic save a man if he does not do this? No indeed!

The truth of this matter lies, as truth generally does, in the mean between two extremes. Salvation *is*, indeed, a personal, individual affair. We must come to God, we must come to our Lord Jesus Christ; each one of us, to be saved, must enter into communication with God. But there are appointed ways and means of coming to God, the *wilful rejection* of which will keep a man away from Him; and those ways and means are in His Church. Religion, then, is not a purely individual matter. God has appointed means of grace which are external to our own souls,—means by which we come into close contact and communication with Him. And, on the other hand, the visible Church, having the word of life and the means of grace, so far from interfering with our individual relations with God offers to us the very means by which we enter into the closest relations and the most intimate communication with His Divine Majesty.

'Salvation is a matter which lies between God and my soul,' men say. 'I am responsible to God, not to any Church or priest.' Yes, we are responsible to God; but will not God ask us whether we have made use of the means

which He has chosen to appoint? Since He has established a Church with authority to teach us and to guide us, possessing holy sacraments in which God Himself visits the soul, and by which the fruits of redemption are brought to each individual,—the use which we have made of these things will enter into the question of salvation.

Church and priest by no means obviate the necessity of personal religion. They do not take all the responsibility for our salvation. How strange it is that the old notion dies so hard,—the notion that a Catholic has only to put himself body and soul into the hands of the priests, who undertake to make all safe—for a consideration! Church and priest exist to provide men with the means of coming to God, to instruct them in personal religion. Day by day Church and priest lift up their voices and cry out: 'Believe, hope, love, repent!' To say that the Church and her priests interfere with our communication with God is as senseless as to say that a bridge or a boat gets in our way when we want to cross a river. If a man has wings, he may dispense with bridge or boat; and if a man has received a special message from God to the effect that he need not make use of the means of coming to Him which He has provided in His Church, he can indeed dispense with Church and priest,—not otherwise.

I might go on to bring proof from the words of Jesus Christ Himself in the Gospels that He willed the benefits of His redemption to be spread abroad over the earth by the Holy Catholic Church. But this is not necessary, since most of my readers are Catholics. It is well, however, that we should recall these things to mind, so that we may have a reason to give to others for the faith that is in us. Let me conclude, therefore, with one Scriptural argument against the individualistic theory,

and I will take it from the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

What is St. Paul's idea on the subject of religion and of the way men are to be saved? He is very clear on the point. He says that, in order to be saved, we must become members of a body. That body, he tells us, is the body of Christ,—not, indeed, His actual physical body of flesh and blood, but a mystical body. Through the channels of that body, from Jesus Christ the head, flow grace and salvation to all its members; but if any one be cut off from that body, he will die spiritually, as a hand or an arm will die physically if cut off from the body from which it draws its life. In St. Paul's mind, and according to the Holy Ghost, therefore, who inspired him, the body to which all must belong is the Church.

"For as the body is one, and hath many members; and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body; so also is Christ. For in one spirit were we all baptized into one body....Now you are the body of Christ." "So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and each one members one of another." "And He hath subjected all things under His [Christ's] feet, and hath made Him head over all the Church, which is His body." "He is the head of the body, the Church."

The Christianity, then, taught by our Lord Jesus Christ and His apostle St. Paul involves membership of a society—a body. Where that society is to be found, how it may be known, what are the channels by which life flows from the Head through the members,—these are matters with which every Catholic is well acquainted. Nevertheless, to have had the Catholic position sketched out in view of a theory which, growing out of the principle of private judgment laid down by the "Reformers," has developed largely and spread widely in our days, may not be without use.

A Tool of Fortune.

XXI.

ON pleasant Summer evenings, when the setting sun purpled the horizon, the old Councillor had been in the habit of walking out over his domain, his hands crossed behind his back, his cane dragging on the ground. He sauntered along, absorbed by his fancies, dreaming of future political and social restorations, when he, Anthony Raz, would play an important rôle, leaving his name to history, and to his children the triple prestige of fame, fortune, and a spotless honor. He would often go out on the highway, bordered with poplars and willows. Passing peasants greeted him respectfully, but the old gentleman was so absorbed in his meditations that he scarcely heeded them.

To-day he was not alone when he descended the wooden steps of the veranda. A large crowd accompanied him. He lay in a silver-mounted casket, having at his feet the epitaph, surmounted by the Raz escutcheon, which was to be hung in the rood-loft of the old church, and where, between two crosses, was inscribed his full name, with the dates of his birth and death. Eight neighboring country-gentlemen, relieving one another, were to bear the remains on their shoulders from the village to the church.

It was thus that Councillor Raz left his home for the last time. Twelve priests marched at the head of the procession. Next to the coffin came two canons; then followed Jean, who, with pale face and uncovered head, walked between Samuel and Leopold Lewin. Sigismond followed, heading the throng of invited attendants. Gentlefolk from miles around had assembled to pay their last respects to their neighbor; and, although a few faces among the crowd

wore the expression of sincere grief, the majority were smiling, and chatting in low tones.

After leaving the house, the procession halted, and the throng formed in a semicircle around the bier. At one end stood the two officiating canons, between the two ministers, whose dalmatics of watered silk reflected violet hues; next came the invited priests, wearing snowy surplices.

Candles were passed from hand to hand, and their little pointed flames mingled with the glaring daylight, while a warm breeze made the leaves flutter like wings of butterflies. After a few moments, in the silence a deep voice was heard saying:

"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

Then, in accordance with the custom of the country, the priest of Wola delivered the farewell address of the dead man to his home, lands, family, and friends. He dwelt on the fact that although the deceased was poor in the goods of this world, he had preserved intact the precious treasure of Christian virtue. The speaker concluded with these words, addressed directly to the mourners:

"Yes, he has left you a spotless name—a memory whose untarnished brilliancy excels that of burnished gold. To you, his son, who are already walking in his footsteps, to that absent daughter whose tears are now falling, he has left an example of honor and virtue, which, if followed, will secure you the esteem of men here below, and in the regions beyond salvation and eternal glory. So be it,—Amen."

Samuel Lewin listened, his eyes fixed on the ground, accompanying the priest's words with a slow, rhythmic motion of his foot. Leopold's little grey eyes shone with scorn and contempt, but the crowd crossed themselves devoutly; the peasants wept audibly, and

their wives fell on their knees, repeating aloud their *Paters* and their *Aves*. The circle was then broken; the bearers and the procession filed away in the same order as before. Candles flickered; the chants of the priests rose and died slowly away, only to be revived again and strengthened by the voices of the audience.

Suddenly there was a halt at the head of the long cortege. As the priests were about to leave the grounds and pass out on the public road, a carriage drove up; from it a woman alighted and raised her arms toward the sky. At sight of this gesture, the cross-bearer and choristers came to a standstill, and the priests suspended their litanies. All recognized the newcomer at once, and her name passed from lip to lip.

"It is his daughter!" whispered the peasants. "It is his daughter—Madame Lewin!"

With tottering footsteps, the woman approached the coffin; when she reached it, she threw herself forward as if to cling to it, crying:

"Father! father!"

All this had taken but a few seconds. Jean and Leopold stood riveted to the soil, in dumb amazement. Samuel alone did not for an instant lose his presence of mind. Going up to his daughter-in-law, he took her arm tenderly and tried to lead her away. But Wanda resisted, crying:

"Let me remain! I want to follow him to the very end."

Overcome by the violence of her grief, the remnant of her strength deserted her, and she fell to the ground in a swoon. With a bound Jean reached her side. He tried to restore her and raise her up; while Leopold watched him, trembling with fear, rage, and pity. Around them voices exclaimed:

"Take her away! Take her away! What a shame!"

Then a loud, authoritative voice bade

the procession move on. At the same moment Sigismond laid his hand on Jean's arm.

"Go back!" he said, pointing to the bier. "Your place is there."

He leaned over, took the prostrate form in his arms as if it had been that of a child, cleaved the crowd with his precious burden, and disappeared within the door.

The procession then started again, and the chants of the priests rang out across the deserted fields. Jean walked on without consciousness of himself or of surrounding objects,—stiffened, as it were, by a sort of moral paralysis, urged onward by automatic muscular movement. In this state he took his part in the ceremony, and in this state he returned to Wola.

On the veranda he saw Prus, his hair in disorder, his eyes red, his arms hanging helplessly down,—the very picture of despair. The sight of this grief recalled him to the world of reality, and his pale compressed lips opened at last.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"In her chamber."

"Is she ill?"

"Yes, she is ill,—very ill, as you will see." And poor Sigismond beat his breast in anguish.

The crowd for a moment surrounded the two men, asking for news; then, the claims of nature asserting themselves, they entered the dining-room. Samuel did the honors of the occasion, seeing that each of the guests received plenty to eat and drink.

The young men still remained on the veranda,—the one held there by his fear of a new misfortune, the other by his timid discretion.

"Come up with me," said Jean at last, taking his friend's hands within his.

"I dare not: she might be displeased. But I will wait outside the door, and listen for the slightest summons."

Jean still hesitated.

"Is she alone?" he inquired.

"No."

"Is she with him?"

"Yes: with him,—with the *Jew*."

Prus suddenly rose to his feet, and bared his brow as if to calm the anger which was stifling him.

A door at the head of the staircase opened and Leopold Lewin came out.

"Send for a doctor at once!" he said in a tone of command. Then, without glancing in his direction, he remarked to Jean: "Go up: she wants to see you. You will be alone."

Jean hastily obeyed the summons. The shutters of the sick-room were closed and a lamp of polished metal burned in a corner. At the sound of footsteps Wanda opened her eyes.

"Is it you, Jean?" she murmured in a feeble voice.

Jean sat down beside the bed and bent over the sweet face. Ah, how changed it was! She was but the shadow of her former self. Death had already set his mark on the drawn features.

"Is it really you?" she asked again; for already a shadow veiled her sight.

"Yes, it is I, poor dear sister! It is I."

He could say no more for his tears.

She tried to raise her head, as she added softly:

"Have you forgiven me?"

He took the little burning hand and carried it to his lips. A smile flitted over the pale face.

"I am dying, Jean!" she continued, more softly still.

"No, you are not! You shall not die! I should curse—" cried Jean, revolting against the injustice of fate.

"Be quiet! Do not speak in that way!" said Wanda, laying her finger on her lips. "It is an offence against God. I am dying: I know it, and I am ready; but before going I want to tell you—I want you—to forgive me."

"Forgive you! O my dearest sister! It is I who should and do beg for par-

don. It is I who have sinned and made you suffer so cruelly."

She quickly interrupted him, her voice growing more and more feeble.

"I no longer suffer: I am happy. I shall soon join my mother and father in a better world. We will watch over you and protect you. I have not much strength left, and I want you to know all. You were mistaken,—you judged me wrongfully. Now, at this solemn hour, when I expect soon to appear before my Maker, I swear to you that I have nothing with which to reproach myself."

She had risen from her pillow in her earnestness.

"I swear it!" she repeated. "Do you believe me?"

Jean clasped her in his arms as if she had been a child.

"I believe you and I love you, my own dear sister! If I could but atone for my cruel folly!"

She rested her head on his shoulder, as if drinking in his words. Her eyes were half-closed, their long, silken lashes veiling her cheeks; but a radiant light illuminated her features and a smile hovered around her lips.

"Thanks!" she murmured in a voice as light as a sigh. Almost immediately she added: "Tell Sigismond Prus that I am grateful to him; ask him to pardon me, too. Good-bye!"

Then the lamp seemed to be suddenly extinguished, while from below arose the sound of men's voices. Wanda drew a long sigh and ejaculated:

"O my Jesus!"

There followed a period of unceasing fervent prayer; then her hands stiffened and she lay lifeless, a calm and infinite sweetness settling over the pure, girlish features.

Jean laid his burden on the bed and uttered a stifled cry. He rushed out of the chamber, unmindful of Sigismond Prus, whom he jostled on the way; went

down the stairs and threw open the door of the dining-room, confronting the faces around the tables.

"A priest! She is dying!—she is dead!" he cried out; then, reeling like a drunken man, he fell to the floor in a swoon. Instantly chairs were shoved back and arms were stretched out to raise him up; and the meal ended in the direst confusion.

XXII.

Night descended, enveloping everything in its shadows. In the dining-room stood the long tables, their white cloths trailing on the floor like winding-sheets. The guests, panic-stricken, had fled in dismay, and the last carriage had disappeared down the avenue.

In the butler's pantry, the serving-men slept on benches, worn out by the labor of the day. Felix alone, in spite of the warmth of the night, hovered over a fire of twigs which burned feebly in the black fireplace. Seated on a bench, his head on his hands, he sighed deeply from time to time, his old brain busy with unwittingly selfish reflections.

If he could only die in peace under this roof! To tell the truth, it mattered little to him whether it was Jean or the Lewins whom he was henceforth to consider his master. Of course he loved the boy; he had almost brought him up. But what would become of him in his old age if he insisted on following his young master, if it was true that the Lewins had appropriated Wola? It would be better to reconcile oneself to living with the Jews. They were not the ones to lose any time in mourning, either. For the past two hours the father and son had been shut up in the master's room discussing business matters. Only Sigismond Prus had loved his young mistress as she deserved to be loved.

As to Master Jean, one could not tell what to think of him. Ah, well! now

one would really think that his father and sister were alive, so calm did he appear. But as for courage, no one had more of it. He watched beside his sister as he had done beside his father: he must be brave to do that. As for himself, Felix, dead people always went against him. God knows the poor innocent was sweet and good; still, rather than see her now he would have preferred to meet robbers in the depth of a wood. These things were mysteries which his old brain could never solve.

Meanwhile Jean remained in the death chamber beside his sister's lifeless form. A strange resignation filled his soul. Human life seemed to him like a straw tossed about by the winds. What had he to dread in the future? He had nothing more to lose, and from the other world Wanda seemed to smile upon him.

The door opened; a dark form paused on the threshold for a moment, then approached the bed. Jean knew that it was Leopold, but he felt no anger; on the contrary, his heart was filled with pity for all men. With a spontaneous movement, he stretched out his hand to his brother-in-law.

"Let all be forgotten in memory of her!" he said.

But Leopold passed close beside him without even glancing at him. He looked down at his wife, lying white and rigid before him; and it was not grief, but hatred and vengeance, that his face expressed.

"Forgotten!" he exclaimed, pointing to the dead. "Look there! That is your work. It was you who killed her!"

At first Jean winced under the accusation; then his lips curled in contempt, and he retorted:

"It was you!"

The eyes of the two men flashed forth their repressed hatred, as, over the dead form, they hurled their accusations full in each other's faces. Urged on by their

passions, all attempt at self-control was now gone. The despised husband was ready to wreak his vengeance; his pent-up wrath burst forth in uncontrollable fury.

"Listen to what I have to say," he began, in a sullen tone. "She told you nothing, faithful to the end to her rôle of victim. I have no reason to respect her silence. Ah! you shall very soon see whether you have the right to show yourself so scornful. You shall see, too, on which side honor lies between you and ourselves. First of all, I repeat, you killed your sister. Do not try to stop me! Your gestures or your looks do not frighten me. I have controlled myself long enough. Besides, I want you to understand one thing: I am in my own home. This room is mine, this house is mine, that corpse is mine; I am master of the whole estate. I can drive you out. Let me say it again: I am master here, and I *do* drive you out!"

"Take care!" exclaimed Jean, with a menacing gesture. "Endurance has its limits."

Leopold continued, undaunted:

"Go on, if you will, and finish your work. Kill me as you did her. No, you have not the courage. You have nothing, neither character, fortune, nor honor,—nothing except what I am willing to give you. Your sister might be an example for you. Do you know what killed her? Grief, caused by your suspicions and stupid disdain. I loved her: I had the right to do so. You, it seems, could court Jews, humiliate them to the sorrow of others; but I was not to be permitted to love a Christian. I loved her, I repeat. A word from her would have made me her slave. But she shut her heart against me, and I could not avenge myself for the tortures I suffered. You accused her of cupidity—of having married me for my money. She married me to save your honor. Do you understand? *Your honor!*—so that

the world might never know that Councillor Raz was a forger, and that you—you are the *son of a forger!*"

Jean stood speechless, with wild eyes and clenched fists, as if he had not comprehended.

"Perhaps you would like proof of what I say," continued the implacable Leopold; "perhaps you think this is but another Jewish plot. Well, here is the proof. The *corpus delicti*, as they say in law, has been destroyed. But I am not a Lewin for nothing; I have always believed that some day I should need this weapon to avenge myself; so with my own hand I made an exact copy of it. Look at it; read it; examine it at your leisure."

Taking a slip of paper from his pocket, Leopold unfolded it and held it up before Jean's eyes.

"Do you still doubt? Do you recognize that clumsily imitated signature? Those words, 'Samuel Lewin and Son,' were written by your father, the honorable Councillor Raz. We could have dragged him to prison and ruined you all; but I loved your sister, so we made a bargain. It was cowardly, perhaps, to take advantage of an innocent girl; but was it less so to commit forgery? Your sister consented to sacrifice herself; I forced her to marriage. The note was returned to the forger and he burned it. He died an honest man in the eyes of the world. She, the victim, is dead, too; and you were merciless to her, refusing to come when she was ill. At the same time, however, you, her brother, a Christian, and a gentleman without reproach, who despised her because she had consented to become my wife, were courting a Jewess, the daughter of a rabbi. You permitted my brother, whose happiness you had stolen, to save your life from drowning.

"Now you want me to spare you? It would be too much. You are nothing, you own nothing. We have supported

you for six months past. So long as your father lived, we, the usurers, respected his gray hair. If this unfortunate girl had—not loved me—but only given me a smile, I should have kept silent forever. You would have been left with a tranquil conscience, with a few regrets, and tears that would have dried to-morrow. You know all now. Judge yourself, and *go!* Leave me alone with my dead, in my own home. Let their possession at least comfort me. You know, the Jew buys and sells everything. Keep your forgery. I present it to you. But remember one thing: I shall never forgive you! *I hate you!*"

Jean had taken the note and twisted it mechanically between his fingers. He at last held the key to the enigma. A few hours ago he had thought that nothing more could befall him, and now he had fallen, wounded to death, bereft of everything that makes a man care to live. Without honor he could do nothing,—not even avenge himself, not even strangle the man who had heaped insults upon him. His arm would have had no strength; his vengeance would have been nerveless. Everything was gone—courage, will, dignity. He could be buffeted about and he should have to submit, for he was dishonored.

Then, bending under the weight of the ignominy which crushed him, with a last glance at the dead, and the words "Forgive me!" trembling on his lips, he left the chamber, slowly descended the staircase and went out into the night, without a glance behind at the home of his fathers, henceforth to be the home of strangers.

(To be continued.)

No single great deed is comparable for a moment to the multitude of little gentlenesses performed by those who scatter happiness on every side and strew all life with hope and good cheer.

—N. D. Hillis.

Three Famous Madonnas of the Catacomb of Priscilla.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE Madonna of the Crypt, sometimes also called the Madonna of the Prophet, forms part of the decoration of an *arcosolium*, or tomb, within an arched recess, which, no doubt, belonged to a Christian family of note. All the details of the adornment are of fine design and workmanship, and the combined painting and stucco carving denote the desire to make it as rich and as beautiful as possible. At the centre of the overhead arch of the vaulting is an elegant figure of the Good Shepherd in relief, in pastoral garments (unfortunately a good deal damaged), with a lamb at each side of Him, gazing up into His face. These lambs immediately convey a sense of the religious spirit of the designer, their attitude being that of adoration and love; a third lamb nestles at the neck of the Shepherd, borne tenderly upon His shoulders.

But painting, too, is combined with this beautiful group in relief. A vast tree spreads its branches over the Shepherd, and the boughs bend earthward under a load of flowers and fruit of a vivid coral color. It may be that this tree is an allusion to the tree of good and evil in the Garden of Eden; but in the symbolic idea-signs of early Christian art, as in the images of Scripture, and in the primitive Christian writings (such as the autobiographic Vision of Perpetua, in which she beheld a vast garden and a shepherd in the midst of it), trees and flowers stand for the idea of a garden, and the garden is Paradise. At the extreme left of the spectator, at the end of the arch, we have indicated the three figures—a man, a woman, and a child,—standing with arms extended in the attitude of prayer;

it is thought that these may represent the deceased persons buried in the *arcosolium*. But at the near end, placed in the arch end-wise in relation to the figure of the Good Shepherd, and toward the right of the spectator, is that famous figure of the Madonna of the Prophet, one of the most important in the whole field of early Christian art.

The decorator arranged his work so well that the sweeping boughs of the great tree, which shelters the Good Shepherd, extend far enough to protect also the Mother and Child; and Mary sits beneath the foliage studded with red forms, of which one does not feel sure if they are roses, apples, or the blazing cluster of the pomegranate,—perhaps a mere symbol of flowers and fruit under the swift brush that drew powerfully the tree, without defining its precise nature.

The Madonna is a typical Roman matron—grave, noble, decorous, yet womanly meek. She bends slightly forward in the gesture that gathers her Child against her; the right hand at His shoulders seeming to turn Him toward her, the left sustaining the little body upon her knees. A simple white veil covers the Mother's head and falls upon her shoulders; the color of her dress is almost undistinguishable, but seems to have been either yellow or of a dull red; possibly, the two colors were there in tunic and cloak, respectively. From the lower portion of the figure, the plaster upon which it was painted, has fallen away, leaving nothing to view but the blank under-surface.

The face, examined close at hand, has an air of intense seriousness and is rather thin, although the rest of the figure has the fulness of maturity. The hair is parted in the middle of the forehead and seems to be simply drawn back, or the tress fastened in a coronal in the classic manner: the veil does not permit this to be clearly seen. From

beneath heavily arched brows, the fine eyes look out, clearly and steadily, one would say with a tinge of sadness, in spite of their meditative serenity. The nose is noble, perhaps slightly arched; the mouth, in the narrowing lower face, rather small, but sweet of expression; the chin rounded. Somehow, inevitably, the conviction is forced upon one that this is no common mother of earth—certainly no deceased woman laid to rest here, as superficial observers have suggested: she bears the stamp of a quality that is a world apart from the naturalistic; and one gazes at the few inches of frescoed plaster, the mere remnant of a form, not only satisfied, but convinced to the very depths of one's soul—so that no question remains there,—that this is the Madonna and no other, and that she was painted with an intention of profound reverence.

The figure of the Child, every brush-stroke in it vivid and charged with life, both as to the clear, simple understanding of infant anatomy, and the truth and animation of the movement, turns, quickly and energetically, from the Mother's breast, one hand still leaning upon it, to gaze out at the spectator, over the curve of his own small shoulder. His dark, investigating eyes are wide open, and there is something in the serious glance, and in the small, sweet, self-controlled mouth, that indicates mastery. If the Mother is no common mother, neither is the Infant, though he draws sustenance from a woman's breast, a common infant. Those eyes think: more, they command; and if his expression is sweet, it is also austere. 'I know you well,' the glance seems to say; 'you are the people I am to redeem. Do you know what cruel things, I, now an Infant in arms, am to suffer for you?' Technically, the designer has marked his drawing wonderfully; one line, with sculptorially strong curves, defines the continuous action of

the little body, from the bending arm that presses the Mother's breast, to the rounding shoulder and the deflection of the spine. The dark head, covered with hair that inclines to curl above the temples, is thrown backward in the same gesture of turning sharply to look out.

Beside this chief group, the figure of a man is standing; he is clad in the antique toga, and wears sandals; in his left hand he holds a scroll that is partly open, from which he seems to be reading or declaiming; his right hand, with extended forefinger, indicates the seated Mother; his head, of a pensive, classic type, with a thatch of short, curly hair, is three-quarters toward the spectator, but his eyes are directed to the Woman and Child.

The suggestion has sometimes been made that this figure may be St. Joseph, but the very character of it is against this theory. The rather severe, grave impersonation is evidently that of a teacher: the scroll, the gesture, even the glance, indicate this. As the dress of the clergy at this period was the same as that of seculars, namely, tunic, toga and sandals, the figure might be that of a bishop or priest, who would be represented in the act of speaking to the faithful of the holy Mother of God; but most of the Christian archæologists are of opinion that we should recognize in it a prophet, and in particular one of the prophets who spoke in his vaticinations of the future Mother of the Redeemer. Perhaps those blossoms above her head allude to the rod of Jesse, and its miraculous flowering; perhaps it is Isaiah: 'A virgin shall conceive and bring forth a son,' or again the allusion is to the 'light which was to arise in the Orient, the star which was to shine out of Judah.'

We have not yet described the star. It is placed in the sky, at a short distance above the Woman's head, and,

being frescoed, it is mere paint, not gilded; but it is of the most beautiful, laughing, golden yellow that it is possible to conceive; morning skies, the first crocus in the grass, primroses starring the green slopes in Spring; but still more shining and more radiant, like the hair of a child in the sun. The painter made a cross first—we think the brush-strokes show it,—and did he pause then? Perhaps he noted that he had made a cross, and remembered what it meant; but in the year A. D. 100, not even the Church dared to display a cross. And rapidly, for plaster requires speedy handling, the artist added four golden rays: a star now, eight-spoked, and it was but a development of the star of six rays which was the most archaic rendering of the monogram of Christ.

To our mind, however, the star is the first representation of the bright light of Bethlehem—that star so loved of Christian art throughout the centuries,—and the figure, whether Evangelist, deacon or lector, reads from the sacred book: "They found the Child with Mary His Mother." Does it matter just who the figure is, or just what words he is quoting, when the significance of the entire group is so clear? To our thinking, though the figures are remarkable enough, and one can not explain them in any but the highest religious sense, yet in reality it is the star which is the culminating argument in favor of the authenticity of this painting as the image of the Madonna and Child; the star in the earliest frescoes—and this is the very earliest,—is always placed above the head of Mary. And though a star form occasionally appears upon Christian tombs, and there is interpreted as an emblem of heaven, to which the faithful soul has ascended, it is never placed above the head of any person save Our Lady alone.

A small iron staircase and railed platform have been erected beneath the

first Madonna, that all who wish may mount and examine it close at hand, studying the details, reading for themselves at first hand what the painter of long ago left there for the early Church (he probably had not the smallest idea of the phenomenal time his handwork was to last),—for the early Church to behold and revere. The sons and daughters of Pudens, the senator, probably looked upon it, or, if not they, the generation that came after them; and many who were to be the martyrs of the persecutions which followed those of Nero gazed upon this image, even as we do to-day.

It is possible that those who perished under Domitian (A. D. 81-96) saw this fresco recently painted, and Felicitas, the noble mother of seven martyr sons, whom she herself encouraged in the midst of their tortures, and died a martyr after them, no doubt knew it; for she was laid to rest at a short distance from here, and two of her sons, Felix and Philippus, in this very catacomb, in the year 164. The spot at which they suffered was probably not far distant on the Salarian way. If it is not too daring to believe that the fresco is actually of the First Century, then it would seem likely that it was painted in an interval of peace; perhaps between the end of the persecution of Nero A. D. 68, and the beginning of the persecution of Domitian, A. D. 81.

There is still another painting of great interest in the Catacomb of Priscilla, wherein Christian archæologists think they are justified in stating that one of the groups represents the Virgin Mother with her Divine Son in her arms. The composition which takes the shape of a lunette, filling the arch of the *arcosolium*, is divided into three parts: at the centre is the tall, solemn figure of an *orante*, no doubt the deceased woman buried in the tomb; she stands with arms extended in prayer, and large,

grave, dark eyes lifted toward heaven. She wears a loose robe, with full sleeves, of a dark red color, verging on purple, and a white veil or cloth, with two bands of red at the long end, covers her head and hangs down upon her breast, passing over the left shoulder; the face is of an olive tint, ruddily incarnate, and intensely expressive; the living, glowing eyes ready to speak. This figure is considerably larger than the others and occupies the central space; it has been thought that it represents the soul of the deceased about to be introduced into eternal glory; and most authorities agree that the holy woman thus effigied was probably a personage of some importance in the Church, probably a deaconess or a consecrated virgin. The vault and walls of the crypt are adorned with Biblical frescoes of the Third Century, and the *arcosolium* paintings are estimated to be of the same date.

The two secondary groups in the composition of the lunette appear, one on each side of the *orante*, but in lesser proportions. On one side is a noble-looking young mother seated in a throne chair, her infant lying in her arms. She wears no veil, but her white robe has *clavi* of a dark color indicating rank. Her eyes are turned attentively toward the group of the left end where the figure of a venerable ancient man is sitting in *cathedra*, with two other figures, those of a young man and woman in front of him. The aged man seems quite certainly a bishop, as the *cathedra* was always his seat in the catacomb places of worship, as in the first basilicas erected above ground. This person has white hair and a white beard, and bears a genuine likeness to the primitive representations of St. Peter,—a type that became immediately traditional, so that one has a feeling there must have been good authority, perhaps some actual portrait, after which the others were copied. The

bishop is either laying his hand upon the shoulder of the young woman, or is extending his arm to indicate to her the group of the mother and child.

Several foreign critics, who are not Catholics, interpret the entire composition as descriptive of the life of the deceased *orante*,—maidenhood, marriage, and motherhood; but the Roman critics, who are antiquarians as well as Catholics, consider the idea of a marriage ceremony as inadmissible. We have a number of representations of marriages, both pagan and Christian, of the first centuries, on the sarcophagi and gold glass, and they are always in the form of the *dexterarum junctio*, the right hand placed in the right hand, of the two contracting parties. In the fresco group, the man is standing behind the woman, and he is evidently a minister or assistant of some kind, for he carries a cloth or garment over his extended hands. The woman herself appears to hold a book or a scroll.

Those who have studied the painting carefully believe it to be a very rare and interesting subject, namely, the clothing or veil-taking of a consecrated virgin, and call it unhesitatingly the *Vestitio*, or *Velatio*,—no doubt the consecration to God of the virgin who stands in prayer as the *orante* at the centre of the painting. Even the *cavatori*, or workmen, engaged in the excavation of the galleries, know this fresco by the Italian name that has seemed to them most appropriate, *La Velata*,—the woman of the veil.

The hair is carefully dressed, and as yet not covered; but the object carried by the attendant, who is possibly a deacon, and whom some have so inopportunately called the husband, is probably the very veil which the bishop will presently place upon the maiden's head. She wears a garment which seems to be rounded at the bottom, like a chasuble, and which is yellow in color with

black bands, — perhaps a deaconess; though the consensus of opinion is that she is a consecrated virgin. The great Christian archæologist, Marucchi, has called attention to this one and only example of a *cathedra*, or bishop's chair — the only example of a bishop in his chair in primitive painting in the catacombs, — and he points out that it occurs in this very Cemetery of Priscilla, where it may be that St. Peter once baptized. The fresco being of the Third Century, it could not be a contemporary portrait of St. Peter; but in using his features in the scene of the Vestition, the artist perhaps desired to recall some ceremony of long ago performed in the catacomb by the Saint.

The gesture of the bishop, indicating the Mother and Child, is further interpreted as his offering of the sacred Mother of Christ to the *consecranda* as her model. The unveiled head of the young mother is said to be an allusion to her virginity, as in Rome the veil of honor was reserved for matrons and for the chaste Vestals, similarly as a mark of veneration; but maidens were not veiled. This suggestion is extremely fitting as in the earliest ritual of the *Velatio Virginum* — Fifth Century prayers for the ceremony of the consecration of virgins, — the Virgin Mother is indeed offered to the candidate as an example and model which she is invited to follow. These liturgic prayers in one of their earliest forms are to be found in the *Sacramentarium Leonianum*, discovered some years since in the Library of the Chapter of Verona, — a Seventh Century manuscript written in uncial characters; but as the prayer for the reigning Pontiff is made explicitly for Pope Simplicius, who died in A. D. 483, the Seventh Century document must be a copy of an earlier one of the pontificate of Simplicius; and that again a copy of the original which dates from the time of St. Leo the Great (440-461).

These several replicas of a well-known ancient writing prove once more conclusively a fact which historians and antiquarians have stated repeatedly; namely, that documents regarding early Church history, which, as we possess them, are only of the Sixth, or Eighth, or Tenth Century, in reality go back much farther in date of origin; for they are manuscripts which have been copied over and over again from the first original and from subsequent replicas of that. In the *Sacramentarium Leonianum*, as in the painting at Priscilla, the Blessed Virgin Mary is offered to the virgin who is about to be consecrated to Christ as her model and protectress; and the virgin is described as dedicating herself "to Him who is the Son of Perpetual Virginity." In the prayer addressed directly to the Celestial Bridegroom, words of singularly great beauty are used: "...Thou who dost better regard and love virginity for that Thou wast its author; and who, born into this world of a Virgin, dost approve also in others that which Thou didst elect by choice in Thine own Mother."

In the concluding blessing, the consecrated virgin is committed to the loving care of the great Mother of God. "May God, the Father Almighty, creator of heaven and earth, who has deigned to make choice of thee as He did of Holy Mary, the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, bless thee, that thou mayest abide without stain beneath her mantle." Or do the words we quote, "*sub vestimento Sanctae Mariae*," indicate that the virgin was assuming a special garb, consecrated by tradition as an imitation of that worn by the holy Mother of Christ? We have quoted from the ancient liturgy expressly to show how extremely probable and fitting is the interpretation given to the fresco by Christian archæologists, and how unsatisfying and faulty is the ex-

planation of critics not well versed in early Church literature, and in the familiar ceremonial of even the pagan population of Rome. Marucchi has further observed with his usual acumen that the maiden appears to be reading, an act that does not occur in the marriage ceremony, but might well have occurred in the ceremony of consecration during which the aspirant was required to make her profession of faith.

The presence of the seated Mother holding her Son in her arms may also indicate that the nameless woman of the *arcosolium* painting was consecrated to Christ on the feast of the Epiphany, which was the date usually selected for the consecration of virgins. It was on that day that Pope Liberius* (352-366) in the Basilica of St. Peter in Rome, received the vows of Marcellina, sister of the great Ambrose of Milan, and preached the sermon, the text of which remains. It is not improbable, then, that about one century earlier—the outer world still being pagan,—a predecessor of Liberius should have received the vows of the consecrated virgin of the *arcosolium*, either in the catacomb itself, at some crypt of the martyrs, or perhaps in the primitive sanctuary of Felix and Philippus, over which later rose the basilica of St. Sylvester, restored now, above these catacombs of Priscilla, and in which five Popes were laid to rest.

The three frescoes of the Madonna of which we have written, form one of the most interesting groups of cemeterial paintings in the whole field of early art, a genuine constellation of gems, in this *Cemeterium Priscillae*, which is one of the most ancient, if not the most ancient, and certainly the most important historically, of all the catacombs of Rome.

*It is curious that the presiding bishop of the fresco, bearded like St. Peter, also bears a strong likeness to the ancient portrait of Liberius in the series of the Popes, mosaics of the Basilica of St. Paul.

In Autumn.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

THE woods are sibilant with mystic speech
Of leaf to leaf, as journeying they go
With comrade winds to sheltered inns below,
Where Winter's stormy breath can never reach.
In hilly chapels where the great pines preach
Eternal themes, the deep chants drift and
flow
To peace, as musing tides returning slow
Leave murmuring music down a twilight beach.
The torches of the sumach by the gate
Begin to glow with crimson-tinted flame,
To light belated pilgrims on their way;
And by the garden wall, his mood elate,
The Autumn calls the rose-vines each by
name,
And bids them farewell with a gesture gay.

Jim Rourke's Delinquency.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

JIM ROURKE would never have been employed by the big wholesale tea company of Grey and Blackwell only that a vacancy for a travelling agent occurred unexpectedly when William Blackwell, the junior partner, was in a hospital recovering from an operation; for he was occasionally heard to declare that, as a loyal Belfast citizen, he objected to employing Catholics. David Grey, on the contrary, never thought of what religion an employee might be. He himself, was a Quaker, and a man of peace, which accounted for the junior partner being the more popular and predominant member of the firm.

"That new man of yours is a Roman Catholic, Grey," Mr. Blackwell remarked on the second day of Rourke's return to work. "Couldn't you have secured a man of another religion?"

Mr. Grey raised his white eyebrows. "I didn't try," he replied briefly, adding, after a pause: "He is a very

decent young fellow and understands his business well."

The junior partner grunted to signify his doubts, and Mr. Grey returned to his letters.

A few days later, Mr. Blackwell, glancing at a letter in his hand, observed briskly:

"Tom Laverty of Letterkenny wants to buy tea in big quantities."

"Is he coming to town?" asked Mr. Grey.

"No; he wants a special messenger sent with samples, to be there at noon on Thursday. If I were fit I'd go, but I'm not."

Mr. Blackwell frowned as if somebody were responsible for his unfitness.

"Rourke rides a motor-bicycle; he could go quite conveniently," Mr. Grey suggested.

"H'm!" The junior partner pondered and tossed Tom Laverty's communication to his senior. "Well, you give him positive instructions. Laverty's something of a crank. When he says noon on Thursday he means exactly twelve o'clock. Be sure to tell Rourke that."

Mr. Grey nodded pacifically, and before Jim Rourke set out on his ride, he informed him of the eccentric customer's punctuality.

"All right, sir," grinned the cheerful young man. "My bike has just been over-hauled, and is in fine running order. I'll be there on time, never fear."

But Jim Rourke's confidence was doomed to failure. He had almost reached that debatable ground, the Border-line, and was riding slowly along a lonely country road, with houses few and far between, when he saw a girl dart from a farmhouse and stand in the centre of the highway, vigorously waving a handkerchief. Jim slowed down and halted as he reached the spot where she stood.

"Oh, for God's sake, sir," the girl cried, "will you please go back to More-

town for the priest? My mother is dying, and there is no one in the house that I can send."

Jim had time to spare, and he at once turned his cycle about.

"Where?" he began.

"Father Darcy lives just beside the church, opposite the post-office," the girl broke in; and Jim had time to notice that she was young and very pretty. "Oh, thank you!"

The girl hurried back to the house as Jim, without another word, disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"The priest's away at the school a mile farther back," said the elderly woman who answered Jim's loud knock, pointing in the direction that led onward into Tyrone. "You'll be sure to catch him in Clady school."

Jim glanced at his watch. There was still plenty of time to complete his journey before noon. He found the school, and Father Darcy was there.

"Oh, yes," the priest said, when Rourke had told his message and described the girl and farmhouse. "Mrs. Doran has had a bad attack of influenza, and her heart is weak; but she wouldn't believe herself in danger of death, poor woman! Anne has had a trying time of it."

Jim once again turned towards Donegal. He had just entered the Free State territory when something went wrong with the wheel which it took half an hour to repair. When the work was completed, he glanced at his watch. The hands were in the exact position that they occupied when he was at Father Darcy's door. He placed the timepiece to his ear; it had stopped. "And was probably stopped *then*!" he exclaimed in vexation. "Hie!" he shouted to an approaching pedestrian; "how far is it to Letterkenny, and what is the time?"

"Don't know what hour it is—after twelve, I'd say. Letterkenny is eight

miles by this road, six if you take the first turn to the right and keep straight on."

Jim mounted quickly, and took the first turn to the right as directed; but, unfortunately, the road was little better than a lane, and very hilly. The town clock indicated the hour of one when he finally entered the big grocery establishment that bore the name of Lavery. His inquiries regarding its owner were briefly answered by an assistant.

"Mr. Lavery had to leave town; he waited for Grey and Blackwell's representative till a quarter past twelve. Won't return to-day, perhaps not to-morrow. I think he's gone to see a sick relative."

Before starting on that errand of mercy Tom Lavery had informed the Belfast house of the non-appearance of their agent, so that Mr. Blackwell's wrath lost nothing in the interval of waiting for Jim's return.

"No; I won't listen to any excuses for the unpunctuality of your precious protégé," he told Mr. Grey. "We have lost a good customer through Rourke. The fellow must go."

Jim was permitted to explain matters to Mr. Grey, but Mr. Blackwell would not hear a word from him when giving the customary month's notice.

After the senior partner had dined in the little grey-stone house that he and a widowed sister occupied, he wrote a regretful letter to Tom Lavery in regard to Rourke's non-appearance. "I really don't see what else the young man was to do when urged to find a clergyman for a dying woman of the name of Doran. Rourke rode back to a village called Moretown for the priest," David Grey's letter ended.

Ten days later Tom Lavery entered the tea warehouse and asked for Mr. Blackwell. He was shown to the gentleman's private office. "See here, Blackwell," the visitor began, without any

perliminary greetings, "I understand you have discharged the man you sent to my place?"

"Certainly, Mr. Lavery. I never liked him; he has received the usual month's notice."

"Which you must recall, if I am to have any further dealings with your firm."

"But—but I understood that—"

"Only for his kindness and quickness, my sister, Mrs. Doran, would have died without the consolations of religion. I don't think Mr. Grey would have discharged an employee for acting as Rourke did in the circumstance."

"O—h! Really I—I didn't understand," Mr. Blackwell observed awkwardly.

"You do now. Oh, Mr. Grey," as the door opened to admit that gentleman, "how do you do? I'm insisting that the young man who failed to reach me at the appointed hour should be retained."

"Of course, of course," the junior partner said hastily. "Mr. Grey approved of the young man." And David Grey nodded assent.

Jim Rourke spent the greater part of his Summer holidays in Letterkenny. It is doubtful if fishing were the sole attraction. Anne Doran had come to live with her bachelor uncle, and it is understood that at the expiration of some months, there will be a marriage—the contracting parties being the reinstated traveller and Mrs. Doran's only daughter.

A LADY was once talking with an archbishop upon the subject of juvenile education, and ended by saying: "Well, your Grace, I have made up my mind never to put my child under religious instruction until he has arrived at the years of discretion." The archbishop replied: "Well, madam, I have only to assure you that if you neglect him all that time, the *devil* will not."

Catholic Fervor in Yugoslavia.

BY BEN HURST.

AN Orthodox monarch genuflecting to receive a Pope's blessing is novel enough to deserve attention. King Alexander of Yugoslavia was not content to send a representative to Liubliana (Laibach) for the first Catholic Congress held in his kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes: he was present in person, and received the warmest of the many warm ovations he has already had from his Catholic subjects. Slovenia, with its chief city, Liubliana, is a true Catholic centre, where Liberalism and Freemasonry have not penetrated to any considerable extent, where the people are devoted to their clergy, and faithful in the practice of their religion. They have a strong national Slav sense which Austria was unable to eradicate; and their popular leaders ever pointed the way to the reunion of Southern Slavs, which has now been accomplished.

The natural difficulties consequent on this reunion of three long-separated branches of a race are not concerned, in spite of assertions to the contrary from biassed quarters, with questions of religious disparity, or mutual religious intolerance. No reproach on this score can be addressed to the Throne. King Alexander has from the very first shown an inclination to spend as much time as he can dispose of in Catholic Slovenia. It was here that he spent his honeymoon,—at Bled, a romantic spot in the Styrian Mountains which continues to be the Summer resort of the royal family. While yet a bachelor, the young King made a point of rowing out to a little island in the centre of Lake Bled, whereon there is a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and of ringing the church bell in her honor, as is the custom of pilgrims to this shrine. It is

devoutly believed by the local population that whoever rings this bell and prays within the church for a special favor, will have it granted before the year is out. Nobody at Bled doubts that the beautiful young bride who accompanied King Alexander on his next visit to the shrine, was an answer to the request which, according to popular conjecture, he must have made when he first prayed in the little island church after vigorously pealing the bell. However that may be, the King and Queen of Yugoslavia continue to haunt the picturesque region of Bled, making it their favorite place of residence whenever business of State allows an exceptionally busy sovereign to leave his capital, Belgrade.

Bled is not far from Liubliana, the chief town of Slovenia, where resides the popular and beloved Bishop Jeglic, revered as a saint by his flock, and recently, on the occasion of his jubilee, honored in a special manner by the Holy Father. Relations between the Catholic episcopacy and the Orthodox ruler of Yugoslavia leave nothing to be desired, but never have they been more manifest than during the Catholic celebrations in Croatia and Slovenia last August. At the Eucharistic Congress in Zagreb (Agram), chief city of Croatia, the King, Government, and army were represented by high civil and military dignitaries. The Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Pellegrinetti, got an imposing reception, and, in his reply to the address of welcome, spoke of the Holy Father's affection for the faithful Croat people, and his confidence in their progress in peace and charity. The Nuncio himself bore the Sacred Host through the streets, surrounded by bishops and priests, heading a procession composed of over one hundred thousand people. "Never," says the *Narodna Politika*, the principal Catholic organ, since the foundation of Zagreb,

"has there been such a religious demonstration within its walls. The citizens who had overlooked their duty to the Ancient Faith, and allowed material aims to fill their lives, were startled by the huge contingents of Eucharistic worshippers marching in from the villages and provincial towns. Delegations from foreign countries, including Yugoslavs from America, and French, English, and Czech priests and students, swelled the numbers. Cardinal Bourne, a constant friend of the Yugoslavs, was represented by the Rev. Father Martindale, S. J. Nobody who witnessed the size and enthusiasm of the gathering can doubt that Catholicism is a mighty force in the land, before which the agnostic clique of Croatia, lately so aggressive, must retire or disappear."

Nor did the Croats and Slovenes in these memorable days have a monopoly of Catholicism in Yugoslavia, as is too often supposed. A band of Catholics from Serbia itself came to pay homage to their Eucharistic Lord, with, perhaps, the hope that at a not distant day they, too, may have a similar celebration. Prominent among the processionists walked the Serbian Minister of Public Worship, an Orthodox priest who is bent on restoring the prestige of religion and putting down with a firm hand the de-Christianizing influence of materialistic education in the State schools. The participation of the Rev. Dr. Janic in the public devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament of his Catholic fellow-Christians is a good augury for a closer union of the Orthodox and Catholic clergy against a common enemy. In Serbia, the Orthodox clergy have to fight indifferentism and frank atheism, the latter mostly imbibed from French sources in the last century. In Croatia, the Catholic clergy are faced with a more insidious and unnatural foe, defection and treason on the part of lapsed Catholics.

After a night spent in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, the Catholic Croat prelates, in the company of Mgr. Pellegrinetti, set out for Slovenia, to deliberate with the Slovene prelates on the needs and prospects of Yugoslavia's Catholics. It was here, as already stated, that the King assisted at Pontifical High Mass, celebrated in public, and with his subjects received the Papal blessing bestowed by Mgr. Pellegrinetti.

With the ever-present war shadows all over Europe, and the firm entrenchment of Christianity's implacable opponent, Mohammedan Turkey, in the Balkan Peninsula, there can be no more gratifying and consoling event than the Catholic reunions at Zagreb and Liubliana, with whose aims the monarch and people of Serbia, Croatia, and Slovenia have shown themselves solidary.

An Irish Link with Italy.

THE celebration this month at Bobbio, Italy, of the thirteenth centenary of the death of St. Columbanus recalls some interesting facts about the great Irish missionary and scholar, and the historic town so closely associated with his memory.

St. Columbanus was among the most learned as well as the most zealous apostles of his time. After laboring for four years in various parts of the Continent, he at length reached Italy, where he was cordially welcomed at the Lombard Court at Milan. Travelling through the country, he came to the Trebbia River at the foot of the Northern Apennines. Here, in a valley overshadowed by the mountains, a church dedicated to St. Peter had been erected. Nearby there was an old Roman fort, and in close proximity, a pretty mountain stream rushed down, to mingle with the waters of the Trebbia. The church and fort were in ruins, but the stone and timber, to be seen in abundance on

all sides, together with the fertility of the soil, suggested to Columbanus the suitability of the district for a monastery. Proceeding along the valley, with his companions, towards Bobbio, he stopped at a town on the way to preach the Gospel. The grateful inhabitants welcomed him with enthusiasm, and afterwards called the place San Colombano, a name by which it is known at the present day.

On reaching Bobbio, the saint undertook to repair the church, and erected a monastery. This was in the year 614, and St. Columbanus had reached the age of seventy-two. Bobbio immediately prospered, as did all the places where he labored. Disciples from far and near flocked to the monastery, to place themselves under the direction of so holy and wise a master. But his life was already drawing to a close, and, about twelve months after his entry into Italy, he passed to his eternal reward.

The remains of the illustrious missionary, scholar and saint were laid to rest in the crypt beneath the abbey church. The poor and suffering from all parts gathered to his tomb, and numerous miracles took place there. His relics are now preserved in a beautiful marble shrine in the church of San Colombano, and the people of the region still hold his name in the greatest veneration.

Not only is St. Columbanus the patron saint of the diocese of Bobbio, but many parishes in the dioceses of Milan, Fortona, Piacenza and Chiavari are dedicated to him, and several villages among the Apennines are called by the name of San Colombano.

THOSE who are at sea rest, though the ship be in perpetual movement, and the needle is still true to the pole. Let us regard God alone in all our actions, so shall we find interior rest in the most agitated life.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Catholics and Superstition.

A Protestant friend maintains that there is a great deal of superstition in the Church. Some of the relics venerated by Catholics, he says, are absurdly false. He declares that he saw it stated in a book written by a priest—he didn't give the title—that a *marble table* on which Abraham was about to sacrifice his son, and the saddle of one of the Three Kings, are exhibited in a village church in Italy. What can be said in reply to such assertions?

Superstition on the part of Catholics is not to be defended but deplored. Stranger relics than those referred to are known to have been produced and exhibited in churches; but it ought not to be necessary to state that this was in violation of ecclesiastical enactments. The efforts of the Congregation of Indulgences to put a stop to the abuse of exhibiting false relics, of palming off copies and representations of sacred things as originals, etc., are energetic; and they are never relaxed. That table and saddle have disappeared long since, and many other such "relics" with them. The priest to whom the Protestant friend of our correspondent referred is the Rev. Father Grisar, S. J.; and he was writing of a past uncritical age—the time of the Crusades, when the clever Greeks who had in Constantinople a great abundance of unauthenticated and spurious relics were more than willing to exchange them for the gold of credulous Latins. The "book" in question was a small pamphlet, of which we are glad to be reminded.

To accuse the Church of superstition is as absurd as to assert that the law is calculated to encourage the commission of crime. Ecclesiastical discipline is directed to the correction of errors, the suppression of disorders, the removal of abuses, and the extirpation of vices—superstition included—which spring up among the faithful. The collections of ecclesiastical councils furnish abundant proof of two things: first, that there

have been at all times many abuses to be corrected,—an effect, in some measure necessary, of the weakness and corruption of human nature; secondly, that at all periods the Church has labored to correct these abuses, so that it may be affirmed without hesitation that you can not point out one without immediately finding a canonical regulation by its side to check or to punish it. What more, we ask; can the Church be expected to do?

Agobardus, a bishop of Lyons in the Ninth Century, wrote a book against the superstitions, false miracles, etc., then current. It contains this striking passage: "Our miserable world is now oppressed with so much foolishness that Christians are found who believe things more absurd than the pagans themselves could be persuaded to believe." Superstition is long-lived. Two centuries later, in a "Mirror of Confession" written by a bishop of Worms, we find penances assigned for worshipping the new moon, offering prayers at a cross-road, etc. Divination is classed among utterly vain and empty observances. It is a long span from the Eleventh to the Twentieth Century, but even at this late date fortune-tellers flourish and "fakers" abound.

If there is more superstition among Catholics than among Protestants, it is for the same reason that there is inevitably more shadow where there is most substance. Superstition springs from religious feeling misdirected or unenlightened. The sentiment must exist and it must also be strong.

The Church has no use for spurious relics—for traditional errors of any sort. When she encounters them, even though they be covered with the mask of religion, she denounces them without anger as without pity. There is always something to be said in reply to accusations against the Church, whatever may be the nature or source of them.

Notes and Remarks.

In the midst of a great many discussions of divorce, some of them wise and others foolish, we may stop for a moment to think of the great influence which a legal adviser can wield in this matter. Recently a farmer's wife visited a lawyer, in a certain mid-Western city, with the complaint that her husband insisted upon drinking the sour milk which she had saved to make gingerbread. This lawyer, with an eye for fees, looked grave, counselled a divorce, and actually succeeded in bringing about a calamitous separation. It is probably too much to expect that every lawyer shall have firm moral principles and a Christian attitude towards the Sacrament of Matrimony. But suppose that he took into account the civic damage done: a farm made idle, a number of agricultural hands taken away from the business of feeding the nation and from paying taxes that had contributed to the general upkeep of community life; the drifting of a family out of its normal environment into an industrial town, and the impairment of the children's morale. Certainly, a man, who, after having thought of all these things, would still seek a miserable fee, ought to be looked upon as a traitor to his country, and certainly as a "seditious influence."

On the perennially vexed question of Capital and Labor, there have been written in a long time no wiser words than these of Bishop Muldoon, of the diocese of Rockford:

"Employers also must abandon distrust of their men and secretiveness in regard to business. They must be ready to open their books when they go into a wage conference. The workers must acknowledge faults frankly, be honest enough to dethrone bad leaders, and insist upon competent and educated

men for important union posts. Each group must be willing to consider the other's viewpoint, and both must recognize the rights of the community as a third partner.

"If Labor would agree not to strike for a year, and would spend that time in investigating the troubles of the employer, it would be of tremendous value in improved understanding. Capital should spend that same year, of course, in studying the workman's side. The final summary of the way to solve our problem is this: Bring the spirit of Jesus Christ into the hearts of employers and into the hearts of workers."

Bishop Muldoon speaks with the authority of one who has mastered, not only the economic and social theories of Leo XIII., but the practical, concrete facts of present-day differences between employers and employees. Like the "Pope of the Workers" and the present Holy Father, he sees the true solution of the anxious problems of our day in the adoption by mankind generally of the everlasting truths set forth in the Sermon on the Mount.

Instead of referring an Anglican correspondent to any book dealing with his doubts and difficulties, let us quote a few statements made by the late Rev. Dr. Charles Briggs in an article contributed to the *American Journal of Theology* ("Catholic—The Name and the Thing"). He writes:

It is mere perversity not to return to Rome, if the conscience is convinced that Rome is right in all her great controversies with Protestantism. There can be no doubt that at the close of the Third Christian Century Roman and Catholic were so closely allied that they were practically identical. There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church of our day is the heir by unbroken descent to the Roman Catholic Church of the Second Century, and that it is justified in using the name "Catholic," as the name of the Church, as well as the name "Roman." If we would be Catholic, we can not become Catholic by

merely calling ourselves by that name. Unless a name corresponds with the thing, it is a sham and it is a shame.

Remarkable statements are these, considering their source. Dr. Briggs was among the leading Protestant theologians and one of the foremost scholars in the ranks of non-Catholics in this country.

The Church, the Papacy, the Papal Court, and like terms, are to many persons—and not a few Catholics among them—mere abstractions to which in their minds there are no corresponding concrete realities. To all such persons, the following paragraph, the Introduction to a paper on "The Papacy at Work," read at the Cambridge Summer School by Monsignor Provost Brown, may prove interesting:

It is obvious that the government of the Church, which has 1024 residential Sees of the Latin Rite, 87 residential Sees of Oriental Rites, 605 titular Sees, most of which are occupied, 15 Apostolic Delegations, 202 Vicariates, 65 Apostolic Prefectures, and 24 Missions, must involve a vast amount of administrative work for the Holy See. And when to this is added all the spiritual affairs which have to be referred to Rome, and the diplomatic relations of the Holy See to the various civil governments, one does not need much imagination to realize how great must be the stream of business concerning the Universal Church flowing to and from Rome day by day.

It makes the Church in this country, mighty as it has become, seem very young to learn that Bishop Byrne of the diocese of Nashville, Tenn., whose death occurred on the 4th inst., used to serve Mass for Father Badin, the protopriest of the Church in the United States. This statement is made in a letter of the Bishop's, written not long ago. The venerable prelate was eighty-two years of age, and had occupied the See of Nashville for nearly thirty years, being its fifth bishop. Besides several valuable works for the clergy, Mgr.

Byrne was the author or translator of other important books and pamphlets, including Alzog's "History of the Church" (in collaboration with the Rev. Dr. Pabisch); "Christian Mysteries" (4 vols.); and "Abridgment of Christian Doctrine," prescribed by Pius X., etc. It would have afforded the Bishop gratification to learn that a translation of the last-mentioned work into Chinese has just been completed. He was no less distinguished for his zeal than his piety and charity. All classes of citizens mourned his death. *R. I. P.*

In ever-increasing numbers, Southern Negroes are coming into Northern communities. Whether they are impelled by fear of outrages from the Ku-Klux Klan, or by the promise of good wages offered by Northern industrialists, may be a question; but their presence is a fact, and one suggestive of several trains of thought. One such train was recently mentioned in *America* by Fr. William M. Markoe, S. J. Discussing Claver Clubs for colored people, he quoted Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, to the effect that "the greatest single task and the greatest single opportunity of the Church in America is the improvement of the condition of the Negro." Fr. Markoe calls it our great domestic problem, and his suggestion as to one method of solving it is worth serious consideration:

The colored race in this country is very observant. It is beginning to distinguish in a very practical way between different types of white people. It is a firm believer in the saying of Our Lord that by their fruits you shall know them. As a result many Negroes manifest a strong inclination towards the Church, which they are beginning to feel is not only the white man's Church, but theirs, too. They boast of one or more black popes as well as of popes who were once slaves. In a steady stream they continue to come North, where they keenly scrutinize their new surroundings. Many of them come to our large cities which are centres of Catholicism. When

they were in the "Black Belt" of the South we may have had some excuse in not going to their aid; but now that the merciful providence of God is bringing them by the thousands to our very parish doors, we can no longer ignore their right to redemption. Claver Clubs could extend a helping hand to these poor wanderers in search of peace, and by Christian charity and justice make their lives happier and help save their souls.

"The evangelization of the North-West" (Canadian), declared Mgr. Roy, coadjutor of Cardinal Bégin, in a sermon preached on the occasion of the dedication of the Cathedral of St. Boniface, "is one of the most marvellous works of the apostolate in the whole world." No one who listened to the reading of the paper on the Oblate missions at the recent Catholic Congress in Birmingham, England, will question the merit of this tribute. Canada was the first and greatest field of the missionary efforts of the devoted sons of Mgr. de Mazenod. To quote from Fr. Wilkinson's paper:

Soon after their arrival, in 1841, all the northern part of that great country, from Winnipeg right across to Vancouver, and right up to the Arctic shores, was confided to their spiritual care. Whilst, amidst the vast forests and prairies, and along the wild shores of the great lakes and rivers lying eastward of the Rocky Mountains, the missionary sons of de Mazenod were engaged in their heroic task, they were at the same time similarly occupied on the western slopes of these great mountains as far as the Pacific Ocean. These desolate regions were the home of the Redman, of the moose and the buffalo, of the wolf, and the white bear. There grim Winter held its sway for the greater part of the year, and fettered land and lake and river in its chains of ice, and clad them in its mantle of snow. No missionary had ever yet penetrated to the heart of this wild, roadless country, which was inhabited by wandering tribes of Indian savages, until the Oblates undertook to cheer their dark lives by preaching to them the Gospel of peace and salvation.... They braved the rapids of the Red River and the Mackenzie, the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca; they climbed the dizzy heights of the Rockies, they trailed over the boundless snowfields and the vast ice

lakes, zealous to win to the faith the fierce Indian tribes and the Esquimaux....

* * *

The vast territory, almost as large as Europe, of which we have been speaking was all one diocese when, in 1841, the Oblates undertook its evangelization. In the more northern part of it, reaching to the Arctic, there are to-day four Apostolic Vicariates, all served by Oblate bishops and missionaries only. The total native population is 157,200, of whom 32,700 are Catholics, the missionary *personnel* being composed of 114 Oblate Fathers, not counting coadjutor Brothers. In the south, which, formerly with the north, was known as the Great Lone Land, there are now eight modernized dioceses, in all of which, with the exception of Vancouver Island (Victoria), the Oblates were the pioneer missionaries in the days before Pullmans, railways, or roads were dreamt of in the North-West. The cart-wheels or sledge-tracks of the Black Robes in search of souls, formed also the tracks of roadways, railroads, and even the Canadian Pacific Railway itself.

A glorious record, in glowing words. It will be all the more thoroughly appreciated by those who are familiar with "The Great Lone Land" and other books by Gen. William F. Butler. He makes numerous references to the work of the Oblate missionaries of the North-West of America, and describes, as few others could, the obstacles they had to encounter and the heroic lives they led. It is a pleasure to learn that an English translation of "Aux Glaces Polaires," by Fr. Duchaussois, O. M. I., under the happy title "Mid Snow and Ice: The Apostles of the North-West," is to be published next month.

The tremendous increase in the number of automobiles in use in this country, and the really alarming increase in the number of accidents—avoidable and unavoidable—occasioned thereby, make it worth while to broadcast certain truths which seem to be ignored by very many owners or drivers of these cars. A New York magistrate, emphasizing the prior right of pedestrians to the use of the streets, recently declared: "Pedes-

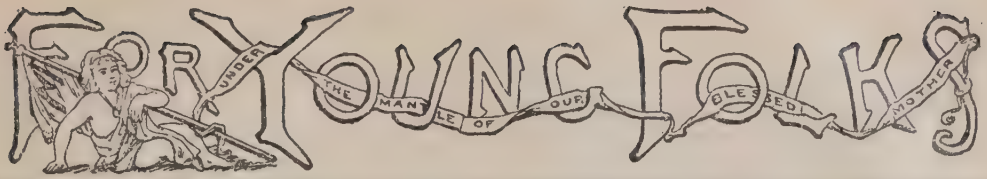
trians are not required to cross streets at the usual crossing, although they should exercise greater care when they do so elsewhere. It is not enough for an automobilist to blow a horn. When pedestrians are endangered the automobile should stop."

So far from the truth is the assertion of many automobilists that they have at least as much right to the street as the walkers, that they need to reflect upon and realize their true status, as recently defined by competent legal authority. Magistrate House, of the New York Traffic Court, puts it very tersely thus:

As a matter of fact, nobody has any inherent right to run an automobile at all, astonishing as this statement doubtless is to many people. The Courts have held that the right to operate a motor vehicle is a privilege given by the State, not a right; and that privilege may be hedged about with whatever limitations the State feels to be necessary, or it may be withdrawn entirely.

The distinction should be borne in mind: the pedestrian has an inherent right to the use of the street or road; the automobilist's privilege, not right, is granted by the law, and it can be withdrawn by the law.

From an interesting account of the dedication of the first seminary in the United States for the training of Negro priests, at Bay St. Louis, Miss., to be in charge of the Society of the Divine Word, we learn that there are about 250,000 Catholic Negroes in this country. Numerous priests and some 700 Sisters are now devoting themselves exclusively to work among them, and fifty other priests are giving partial time to this apostolate. There are ninety-eight churches for colored Catholics, and 155 schools for children. Besides 323 colored Sisters, four colored priests are in the field. Gratifying as these statistics may now seem, they are sure to appear pitiful ten years hence.



God's Way.

BY L. M. C.

GOD'S always near, yet can He hear
A little prayer from me?

I'm sure He can! So I'll not fear
But simply wait and see.

God's up above. But would He know
If I should do what's wrong?
Surely, He would! He watches me
Each day, and all night long.

God's in Heaven. So I will pray
To go there when I die;
Yes, and to love Him; then one day
He'll take me there on high.

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

XIII.—A COMPROMISE LEADS TO A TRIP.

HAVING made sure of Snappy's starting on the way to Artie, Rex obligingly let go his coat, and proceeded to enliven the walk with joyous barks and occasional good-natured assaults on such four-footed animals as chanced to be at large. One of these, a very dignified and consequential-looking ram, appeared not to like Rex's exuberant spirits, especially when these spirits led to his frightening the whole flock of sheep of which the ram considered himself the protector. Accordingly, Rex's fun was suddenly interrupted by a vigorous blow from the lowered head of this woolly champion. Fortunately for him, the ram's horns were so curled that their points could not inflict any real injury, but Rex's dignity was outraged all the same; and he forthwith charged on his

opponent with a business-like air that boded ill for the chivalrous defender of the flock.

Snappy, however, intervened.

"Come here, Rex! You brought the blow on yourself. Come along; we haven't any time to waste just now. Anyway, you wouldn't get much glory out of conquering an old ram."

Rex looked at the ram, and then at Snappy; shook his head as if in doubt as to what should be done; and finally trotted after the little actor. They soon reached the seat on which Artie had been left, and found that youngster lost in reverie.

"Well, my new substitute, we haven't any time to lose. I'll have to get back to the inn at once. Your business isn't all settled yet, but I am hopeful that it will be before very long. Meanwhile, let's be on the move. By the way, if you happen to notice that Rex is not looking so cheerful as usual, you should know that he has been having a little set-to with a big ram, and has come out of the encounter second best."

"Huh!" ejaculated Artie, "that's a likely story. I'd like to see any dozen rams that Rex couldn't get the better of." And he stroked the back of the dog with affectionate pride.

"Well, I'll admit," said Snappy, "that I stopped Rex from having his inning; and perhaps 'twas just as well for the valiant gentleman-sheep that I did."

"Never mind, Rex," said Artie; "you are too good and brave a dog to fight so poor an opponent. We saw you fight the bull, and know what you can do when there's need."

"That's so," Snappy concurred; "but let's hurry now. Here, Rex, I'll race you to the inn."

All three set off at a good pace and soon reached their destination. At Snappy's suggestion, Artie didn't enter the inn at once; but amused himself with his dog around the outbuildings.

As for Snappy himself, on entering the room again, he discovered that the bald-headed poet had not yet been left at peace by the actors. Poor Ichabod! At what a price had he secured the safety of the scenario! The secret of his hairless skull had become the property of a band of comedians who were as contemptuous as they were careless, and who would doubtless pass the joke around. What a disaster it would be if that secret were one day to be disclosed to Madeleine! Vexed at finding out that the principal adornment of her secretary was a fraud, she would be quite capable of discharging him at once. What would he not have given, at that moment, to be able to replace on his head the burnt wig! But it was too late. Just as Snappy entered, Ichabod, roused to fury by another joke on his shiny pate, uttered a cry of rage, and, seizing his broad-brimmed hat, pulled it down over his ears.

"That's right! Mr. Poissonette," cried Snappy; "cover yourself well; don't take a cold."

"Enough of all this," said Nolatri with some heat. "Mr. Ichabod has come here on business. We must not make him lose his time. You haven't said the last word in this matter, Snappy. We have let you do a good many things; but, all the same, there's a limit to your playing the spoiled child. Just think of all your companions whom you will be injuring; for, if you leave us, the whole thing is bound to collapse."

"I have stated my conditions," said the boy with the air of a young lord.

Nolatri was furious. He knew quite well, however, that the more he opposed Snappy's plan, the more stubborn the boy would become. How to get out of

the difficulty? He himself was ready to capitulate; but he anxiously asked himself how he could manage to have the capitulation agreed to by Madeleine.

"Intolerable young rascal!" he groaned. "He doesn't seem to realize that he is asking simple impossibilities! Grant that we allow some modification of the scenario. Mr. Ichabod is a good fellow. He will yield a few concessions to you, but..."

"I want a free hand," interrupted Snappy, "*carte blanche*."

"Well, at any rate, you can't expect us to give your part to a lad who has never played any rôle at all."

"What difference does that make, seeing that I have undertaken to train him? Moreover, the part seems to be made for him; I tell you that he will fill it admirably."

"Mr. Poissonette," appealed Nolatri in despair, "you hear what he says?"

"Yes, I hear him," replied the poet in a surly tone.

"Can we not allow him to carry out his caprice?"

"Absolutely *not*," said Ichabod Poissonette, with considerable anger and rancor. "Indeed, my dear Nolatri, you are lacking in firmness. You should long ago have shut the mouth of this insupportable and pretentious young trickster."

"Ah! Is that so?" exclaimed Snappy, jumping up from his chair. "Well, then, good-bye, members all. Nolatri, you may hand me over the balance of my salary. And you, Mr. Ichabod, you may hurry up and tell your mistress to hunt up another interpreter. Be sure to tell her that this rupture is the result of your diplomacy. You will be well received. I'll bet that she will present you with a new wig!"

Ichabod Poissonette was in a quandary, and showed it.

"Don't explode so violently, you young volcano!" he said in a deprecating tone

to Snappy. Snappy, however, wouldn't listen to him, but continued:

"I have a better plan. 'Tis I who will go to Madam Gibbous. And I'll tell her all about our disagreement—and the reason for it, of course. She will be interested, I think, in the origin of this dispute—the burning of Mr. Ichabod's wig."

The poet turned green. He had already weighed the consequences of the revelation which this "terrible child" threatened. It would be the end of his prestige. Accordingly, he prepared to "take back water" without any further ado; and proceeded to pacify his young tormenter as best he could.

"Come, come, my dear Snappy," he began in a coaxing tone.

"Nothing doing in the soft-soap line," rejoined that indignant youth.

The unfortunate secretary was in despair.

"But, really," he cried, "I can't take it upon myself to accede to your demands. It amounts to nothing less than a complete transformation of the piece written by Madeleine Gibbous. I can not permit changes that are not approved by herself...."

"So much the worse," said Snappy, coldly; "in that case I retire." And he started for the door.

Nolatri and Ichabod both hurried after him.

"Hold on a minute!" cried the former. "At bottom you are agreed, since so far as he is concerned, Mr. Poissonette submits to your demands."

"Yes... but there's Madeleine to be considered," sighed the poet.

"That will be all right. You'll be able to convince her, Mr. Ichabod. Like you, she'll prefer to sacrifice everything rather than have Snappy disappear from the picture."

"Perhaps so; but she will accuse me of having consented too quickly, of not knowing how to enforce her rights."

Nolatri reflected for a moment.

"Do you know what must be done?" he said. "Take Snappy with you. He will himself explain to Madam Gibbous the changes he has in mind. Don't fear; he will know how to sugar-coat the pill; and everything will run as smooth as one of Winder's reels."

At once tempted and fearful, Ichabod murmured:

"Certainly, that's an idea may bear thinking about."

Nolatri guessed what the poet was afraid of, and added:

"'Tis understood, of course, that Snappy will confine his talk to the scenario. He can be discreet enough when there is occasion. Madam Gibbous will know nothing of our discussion... or of the incidents which preceded it."

Then, turning to Snappy, he said with the utmost seriousness:

"So, there'll be no need of your telling how you threw the manuscript into the fire, and how Mr. Ichabod had to stoop down to rescue it."

"I won't say a word about it," magnanimously agreed Snappy.

"In that case," said Ichabod, "we can start as soon as you wish."

Snappy did not keep him waiting. A few moments sufficed to arrange that Nolatri would look after Artie until his return from his trip; a few moments more were long enough to tell Artie himself that he would be back in a day or two; and then the active youngster rejoined Ichabod already installed in his automobile.

Rex, who had acquired a special liking for his young master's friend ever since his memorable encounter with the angry bull, looked anxiously from Artie to Snappy, apparently thinking that both should be together, and that it was hardly the proper thing for one of them to be taking a trip without the other. In fact, he manifested his dislike to their separation by jumping

into the car, himself, and, by means of a cheerful bark, inviting Artie to follow his example.

"Put out that ugly brute," cried Mr. Poissonette, impatiently.

"Don't call names, if you please, Mr. Ichabod. Rex isn't at all ugly, if he is a brute. He's a splendid animal and a very good friend of mine. All the same, old fellow," he protested to the dog, "you can't come on this trip. Go, keep Artie company till I return, won't you?"

Rex looked at Artie who beckoned to him, and with an expostulatory and emphatic "Bow-wow," jumped from the car just as Ichabod started his engine.

(To be continued.)

The Legend of a Mexican Shrine.

A NATIVE of Mexico named Cequanhtzin, journeying far from his native home, lost his way and chanced upon a hillside, over which he had never passed before. He paused to say an *Ave*; for he was a devout client of the Blessed Virgin, as were many of the Mexican Indians, converted to the Faith by their Spanish conquerors.

There Cequanhtzin knelt in wonder, for a brilliant light blinded his eyes, and strange perfumes from flowers never seen before filled the air. Then, on a cloud of light, appeared to him the shining figure of Christ's Mother, who bent upon him the sweetest of glances and said:

"Near here is hidden an image of mine, concealed years ago to preserve it from the insults of pagan priests. Seek for it; and, when found, make for it a worthy shrine. So shalt thou and thine be blessed."

Then Our Lady disappeared, and Cequanhtzin blessed himself and prayed. Seeking diligently, he found the figure beneath a maguey bush, and bore it home, to keep it in safety until a fitting

shrine for it might be erected. Next morning, however, when he awoke it was gone; and, searching again, he found it beneath the maguey bush. Again he carried it to his *hacienda* and placed it in his stoutest chest, sleeping upon the chest that night. In the morning when he awoke and, with eager fingers unlocked the chest, it was empty save for a strange fragrance which filled the whole house.

Once more he sought the image beneath the bush, and there he found it. Then he understood it was the Blessed Virgin's will to have her shrine erected on the spot. In due time a magnificent church, that of Our Lady de los Remedios, was erected beside the maguey, where the sacrificial stone of Totoltepec had once run red with the blood of human victims; and the long-lost statue was there enshrined, while upon the altar was engraved these lines: "Upon this spot the Blessed Virgin appeared to Cequanhtzin—Don Juan Aquila (his baptismal name)—and revealed to him the hiding-place of this statue, desiring that here a shrine be erected in her honor, A. D. 1540."

To-day the shrine stands upon the hilltop, a place of pilgrimage for thousands of Our Lady's clients who seek the intercession of "Nuestra Señora de los Remedios."

An Illustrious House.

Pope Sixtus V., on account of his humble origin, was the subject of much derision from his enemies. "They do not know," he said gently, "that they speak the truth when they say I was born of an illustrious house. The sunbeams could easily find their way through the roof of my father's house, making it indeed illustrious."

This saying of the good Pontiff is one which the peasants of Italy are fond of repeating to their children.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The numerous friends and admirers of the late Father Fidelis, C. P., better known to a great many non-Catholics as Dr. James Kent Stone, will rejoice to learn that a Life of him is in preparation.

—A novel by Mr. Shane Leslie entitled "Doomsland" is promised by Chatto and Windus, London, who will also add to their new publications Archbishop Seton's "Memories of Many Years, 1839-1922."

—A number of new books announced by the Macmillan Co. should appeal to the Catholic reading public:—"My Fair Lady," by Louis Hémon, author of "Maria Chapdelaine"; "Maryknoll Mission Letters: China—Vol. I."; "Man," by Martin J. Scott, S. J.; "Eucharistic Hours," by Msgr. Joseph Kirilin, etc.

—The School of Irish Learning, Dublin, has taken an important step towards establishing a systematic investigation of the sounds of modern Irish. Recognizing the fact that the dialects can not be accurately recorded save by students trained in modern methods of phonology, the authorities of the School have secured the services of Dr. Alf Sommerfelt, of Christiania, who is giving lectures in Dublin this month, on Irish Phonetics and the Study of Irish Dialects.

—An interesting supplement to the *Authors' League Bulletin* contains a report of the first international congress on motion picture arts. Among the topics discussed were: "The place of the motion picture in American life and culture," "The international scope of motion pictures," "What are the undeveloped possibilities of the motion picture?" etc. The ordinary reader of these practical discussions will probably admit that the motion picture business is a much more important industry than he has hitherto supposed.

—"On Rend L'Argent," by François Coppée, and "English for Boys and Men," by Homer J. Smith, are recent text-books published by Ginn and Co. Both give evidence of the careful editing and excellent printing which characterize the ordinary work of that publishing house. M. Coppée's story, edited by P. W. Harry, is furnished with an English Introduction, a map of Paris, and copious English notes, as well as a good vocabulary. Mr. Smith's volume comprises three parts; the first deals with the essentials of sentence structure, the second with composition, and the third with business letter-writing. There

is in the book rather more of the concrete and less of the abstract than is customary in similar texts on composition.

—The Catholic Truth Society of Canada has issued a very informative pamphlet by W. L. Scott, K. C. (King's Counsel), "Eastern Catholics, with a Special Reference to the Ruthenians in Canada." In his foreword to this important little work, Archbishop McNeil, of Toronto, calls it a valuable summary of all available information about Eastern Catholics; and he emphasizes its timeliness in this statement: "If Catholics of the Latin Rite were alive to the importance of this matter, the Provincial Secretary's Department could not have classified Greek Catholics in Ontario officially as Protestants."

—"A Lily of the Cloister: the Edifying Life of Sister Marie-Céline of the Presentation," is published in attractive form by Burns, Oates & Washbourne, and has eight excellent illustrations. The subject of this idyl of the religious life was a Poor Clare of the Monastery of St. Clare at Talence, near Bordeaux. She died with a high reputation for sanctity in 1897, at the age of nineteen. Her story is told by her Mistress of Novices, a happy selection, as Sister Marie-Céline was often called "the Angel of the Noviceship." The English translation—a very good one, be it said,—is the work of Mary Caroline Watt. In an appreciative preface to the volume, Cardinal Bourne calls attention to the fact that in these later days God has been pleased to manifest in a special way to the world the essential simplicity of holiness, attained by close union with Him in the perfect performance of the most ordinary duties of the way of life to which a soul has been called. Such was the life of Sister Marie-Céline.

—Not every reader of "Viola Hudson," Isabel Clarke's latest novel, may consider it the best that she has written, though all will most probably agree that it is vastly superior in every respect to most fiction. It lacks none of the charms to which the author has accustomed us, and has the added attraction of an entirely fresh scene. We are transported to Ceylon, with which Miss Clarke is evidently quite as familiar as with Italy, Africa, France, or even her own country. The story is of intense, though painful interest. At times, however, the plot impresses one as being overworked. The way of the transgressor is always

hard, but in Viola's case it is almost overwhelmingly so. Only in the closing chapter do the skies brighten. Like all the rest of the author's novels, the present one has a high purpose. It is to show how 'love can sometimes cause a young and untried girl fiery suffering,' that the eternal things are the only ones which count. We can not help feeling grateful for "Viola Hudson," and wishing it a host of readers. Benziger Brothers.

—If a very gifted woman were disposed to versify the emotional moods of a life lived in the spirit of the "Imitation of Christ," she might reach no large audience, but she would attain, almost of the necessities of her theme, the level of high art. This, perhaps, is quite what Sister Madeleva, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, has done in "Knights Errant." It is an exquisite book, aspiring yet humble, lyrical even when the cloister's finger is on the poet's lips. Echoes of the Catholic mystics and singers linger everywhere in these pages, as one might take the odor of incense home with one from a cathedral.

But through the dawn I see two candles burning
At a white board where you with Christ are fed;
Lo, how your heart is filled, and all its yearning
Is comforted!

One would like to print these lines in letters of gold and send them to the poet after having read her book. Some of its readers may miss a certain resonance, the impact of a man's hand on the anvil. That is, perhaps, in this case, just as it should be. We are content with having another real Catholic poet. D. Appleton and Co.; price, \$1.25.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"God or Gorilla." Alfred Watterson McCann. (Devin-Adair Co.) \$3.50.

"Christian Spirituality." Rev. P. Pourrat. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$4.20.

"The Conversion of the Pagan World." Paolo Manna, M. Ap. (Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.) \$1.50.

"The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart." Maud Monahan. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal." Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers.) \$6.

"The Life of Cornelia Connelly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." A Member of the Society. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon." Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. (D. Appleton & Co.) \$5.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. George Devine, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; Very Rev. Joseph Subileau, archdiocese of New Orleans; Rev. Louis Starostzicks, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph Kuemper, archdiocese of Dubuque; and Rev. Othmar Erren, O. S. B.

Brother Matthaeus Schmidt, O. S. B.

Sister Maria, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Rogeria, Sisters of Notre Dame; and Sister M. F. de Sales, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Robert Erskine, Mr. Michael Erskine, Mr. George Bohn, Mr. Philip Grant, Mr. Joseph Gaffney, Mr. Kevin Fallon, Mr. T. J. Howard, Mrs. Bridget Burns, Mr. William Manhart, Mr. Joseph Reilly, Mr. F. H. Weber, Miss Ann O'Keefe, Mr. George Oge, Mrs. W. J. McDonald, Mr. J. F. Molitor, Mrs. Peter Rooney, Mr. George Fitzharris, Mr. William Parker, Mr. John Ward, Mrs. Lillian Sanderson, Mrs. Ann McMahon, Mr. Louis Beauchamp, Mrs. F. J. Maguire, Mr. George Reutens, Mr. A. Kiely, Mr. John Dalton, and Mr. Henry Bartoldus.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Bcx.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the war victims in Central Europe: Marylhurst, \$30; G. C. J., \$2; friend (Brad-dock), in honor of the Blessed Virgin, \$5; A. E. O'T., \$1. For the sufferers in Japan, Armenia and Russia: E. Town, \$5; W. M., in honor of the Blessed Virgin, \$1; M. C. W., in honor of St. Rita and the Little Flower, \$10; A. E. O'T., \$1. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: Mathias Jelinek, \$5.

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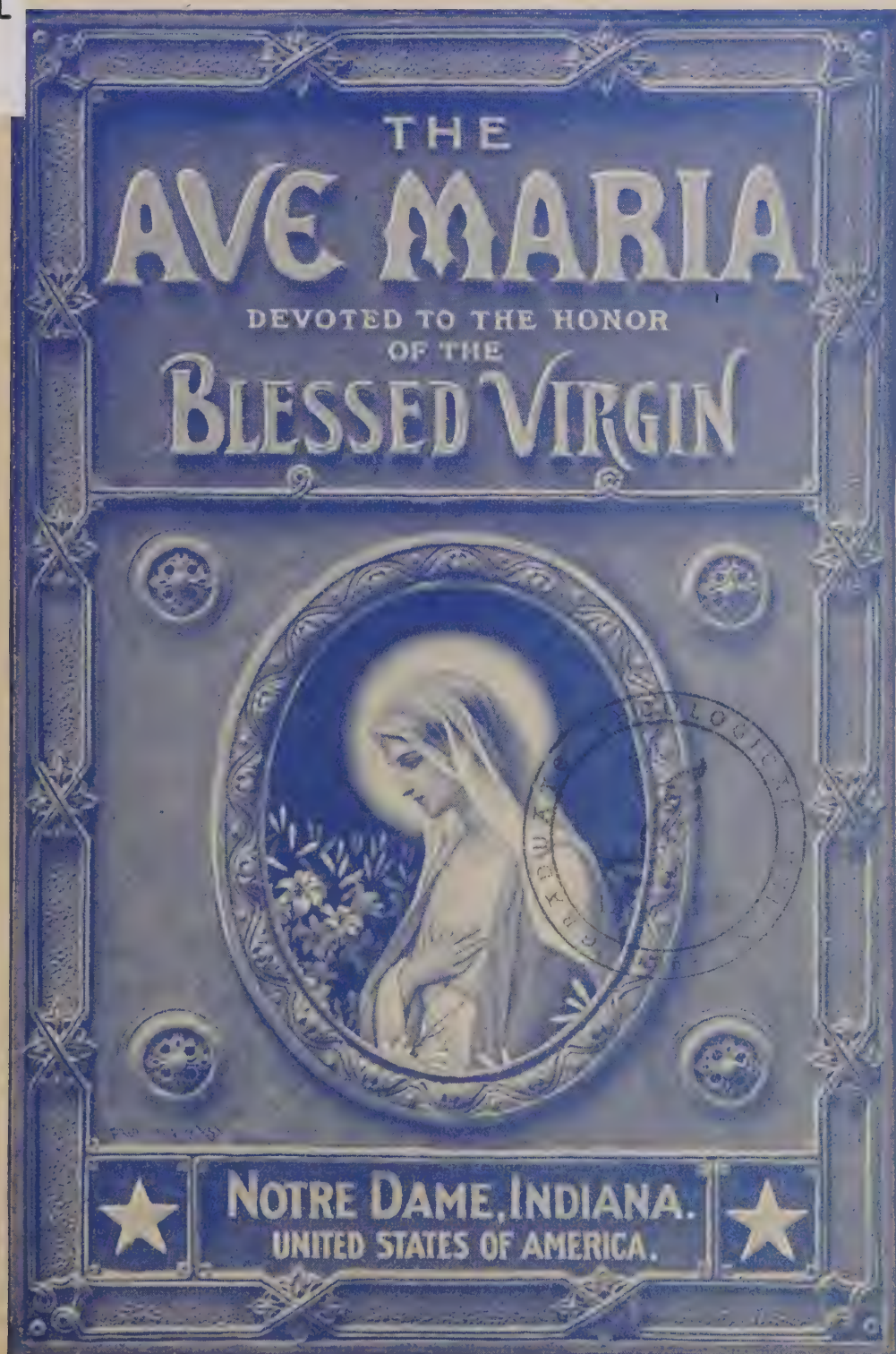
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 6.—St. Bruno, C.	WEDNESDAY, 10.—St. Francis Borgia, C. St. Paulinus, B.
SUNDAY, 7.—TWENTIETH AFTER PENTECOST. The Holy Rosary. St. Mark, P. SS. Sergius and Comp's, MM.	THURSDAY, 11.—St. John Leonard, C. St. Canice, Ab.
MONDAY, 8.—St. Bridget, W. St. Keyna, V.	FRIDAY, 12.—St. Maximilian, B. St. Wilfrid, B.
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1., 49

VOL. XVIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 6, 1923.

No. 14

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In October.

BY JAMES J. DALY, S. J.

A PENSIVE dame, while churchyard rites
are said,

Summer still lingers veiled in misty gold
Of late October; not as once she strolled,
Fragrant with June and madly pageanted
By song and laughter. Silent and with drooped
head

She waits. And Autumn, vestmented and
stoled,

Observes sad rubrics, strangely sad and old,
Swinging thin wisps of incense on the dead.

O Mother of the Seven Swords, your eyes,
That saw intrepid the Winter of all pain,
Bid me stand steady in this crumbling hour
Of life and beauty and benignant skies,
To weep not the stilled song, the fallen flower
Trampled beneath the pitiless feet of rain.

A Figure of the Virgin Mother.



HOW much there is calculated
to arrest the attention and
captivate the imagination in
the account handed down to
us in the pages of Holy Scripture of
the temple King Solomon erected,
and the palace he built for himself!
The sacred historian is not satisfied
with depicting in general terms the
ample dimensions, the architectural
splendor, the elaborate decoration, of
this famous edifice: he enters into
details of the form and design, giving
a minute description of court and

shrine, of porch and audience chamber;
of the treasures they contained, of the
furniture and fittings appertaining to
divine worship, to regal pomp. The
very materials employed in the fabrica-
tion of every part are duly noted. We
read of the polished stones, the beams
of cedar and olive wood; the ivory, the
gold, the brass, wherewith the hand of
the artificer, "full of understanding and
skill to work," fashioned and adorned
a sanctuary worthy of Israel's God, a
dwelling-place most fitting for Israel's
monarch.

The interest attaching to these rec-
ords is not simply of an historical or
archæological nature. Each portion of
the structure described, all that it con-
tained, has a symbolic meaning, and ex-
presses a divine secret. Of Solomon's
palace, it is the more public part alone
that is described—the porch of the
throne, a kind of hall or gallery. Long
rows of stately pillars cut out of the
fragrant cedar, set at measured dis-
tances, the capitals carved with won-
drous art, supporting square beams, "in
all things equal," led up to the royal
throne. There the King sat on state
occasions, as when granting audiences,
receiving homage, or administering
justice. It is on this throne, unrivalled
by any piece of workmanship in any
other country or kingdom, that our
attention centres, in order that we may
endeavor, with the eye of faith, to dis-
cern its mystic significance.

The use of a chair in a country where

the usual custom is to sit upon the ground or recline upon a couch, was of old regarded as a sign of dignity and power. Solomon, seated upon his regal throne, typifies the glorified Redeemer. By reason of the surpassing wisdom which constituted his distinctive characteristic, he is a type of One who was greater than Solomon, Him "in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."* His throne may consequently be called the Seat of Wisdom—*Sedes Sapientiae*. "Mary," writes Cardinal Newman, "has this title in her litany because the Son of God, who is called in Scripture the Word and Wisdom of God, once dwelt in her; and then, after His birth of her, was carried in her arms and seated on her lap in His first years. Thus being, as it were, the human throne of Him who reigns in heaven, she is called the Seat of Wisdom." In the poet's words:

His throne, thy bosom blest,
O Mother undefiled!
That throne, if aught beneath the skies
Beseems the sinless Child.

Hence it will be seen that the throne erected for Solomon was a figure of the Blessed Mother of God, whom the great King chose for the resting-place of the Eternal Wisdom when He took upon Himself the nature of man. Of this throne it is said: "There was no such work made in any kingdom,"† And we know that of all created things, the works of God's hands, there was not one to compare with the Blessed Virgin in greatness and perfection. Her Immaculate Conception singled her out from the very first from all the daughters of Adam; on this account we find the term *Thronus Salomonis* applied to her in one of the antiphons of the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception.

Solomon's throne was, moreover, made of the rarest and most costly materials. It was of ivory, overlaid

with the finest gold. Ivory is a beautiful substance, fitted to adorn a king's palace; and in quantities sufficient for the manufacture of a throne, it is extremely rare and precious. By its whiteness it is intended to suggest the purity of the Mother of God; just as the fine gold wherewith it was overlaid is meant by its richness, brilliancy, and splendor to give us an idea of the graces, virtues, and spiritual excellences which fitted her for her sublime dignity. The spotless ivory of her perfect innocence, unmarred by any taint of original sin, was overlaid with that which is among virtues what gold is amongst metals—charity, the crowning virtue which surpasses, or rather includes, all others.

The principal feature in a royal throne is its elevation. Solomon's throne was approached by six steps. These steps are said to represent six virtues wherein Mary excelled all other created beings: humility, virginity, poverty, modesty, patience, temperance. "Twelve other little lions standing, upon the steps, on both sides";* the number of these pairs of lions being perhaps designed to correspond with that of the Twelve Tribes of Israel, or more probably of the Twelve Apostles. Mary is, however, Queen of Patriarchs as well as Queen of Apostles; and the former as well as the latter may well lead us up to the throne whereon the Incarnate God is seated.

The throne was furnished with arms, or stays, described by the historian as "two hands on either side holding up the seat." These ornaments are variously interpreted by mystic writers. Some see in them the feelings of reverent fear and holy affection with which Mary regarded her Son in His eternal divinity and His sacred humanity; others consider them to be emblems of the active and contemplative life, combined in the Virgin Mother in

* Col., II, 3.

† III. Kings, x, 20.

* II. Paral., ix, 19.

so admirable a way that her exterior occupations aided rather than hindered her meditation on heavenly things.

We are also told that there was "a footstool of gold" fastened to the throne. Gold, as has been said, here means charity. It is for us dwellers upon earth that our Blessed Lady possesses the gold of charity. God has laid up in her the treasures of His graces and the richness of His love, that they may overflow upon us. The footstool is the connecting link between the throne and those who approach it as suppliants. The charity of Mary emboldens the sinful children of Eve to draw near, with humble confidence, to the feet of the great King who sits upon the seat of judgment, that through her intercession they may find mercy.

Solomon's reign was one of peace; it shadowed forth that of the Prince of Peace, in whom all the tribes of the earth were to be blessed; of whom the angels proclaimed, when He rested as an infant on His Mother's bosom, that peace was come to earth. The throne of gold which the great King made for Himself, is our Blessed Mother, the Advocate of sinners, chosen to be the resting-place of the Most High.

May we not hope, when images cease and shadows retire, to behold the fulfillment of the glorious vision typified by King Solomon's throne, standing in the porch of judgment,—to behold the throne of the Redeemer in heaven, where His Mother reigns with Him, seated on the highest throne in the universe, above all that is not God?

THE Heart of Mary is for us a garden of delights; we can gather there the sweetest flowers. The Blessed Virgin is that beautiful ground shut in from the impure spirit, filled with divine perfumes, cultivated by celestial hands, and ornamented with the flowers of every virtue.—*St. Bernard.*

A Tool of Fortune.

XXIII.

IT was midnight. At the Hôtel Trois-Couronnes, facing the old Gothic cathedral, the gas had been extinguished. At one of the windows on the first floor the flickering light of a candle threw its wavering shadows on the curtain. In this dimly lighted chamber a young man was impatiently pacing the floor, waiting for the dawn. It was Jean Raz, who had aged by ten years seemingly during the three days since he had left his home. Life had ceased to interest him. Death would have been welcome; and if he did not voluntarily seek it, it was because he was withheld by a last remnant of faith and a desire to atone for his errors. He accepted existence, but he could find no consolation. Prus realized this fact, and during the three days that Jean remained at Wola the two men sat for hours without speaking a word.

Such a situation could not be prolonged. Jean resolved to leave Europe, to cross the ocean and seek in the New World self-forgetfulness in labor. He vaguely felt that a life of toil imposed itself upon him as a law of redemption. Under foreign skies he could shake off his individuality with his name. Jean Raz would be heard of no more; he would be dead to his country and to all those who had ever known him.

He confided his projects to no one. He had enough money to keep him from want for a few months. He made the necessary preparations for his departure; and, profiting by Sigismond's absence, he hired a neighboring peasant to take his effects to the city, going on foot himself. He dreaded the pain of a farewell; and, moreover, he suspected that Sigismond would want to accompany him. He felt that he had neither the right to condemn his friend to exile

nor the desire to accept the sacrifice. What he wished was isolation, — absolute forgetfulness of the past.

The train for the frontier left at day-break. Meanwhile he paced the floor, a prey to reflections that would not be banished. He thought of his last night-ride across the country, when, as now, the breezes sighed through the tops of the tall poplar trees. He felt that something had died within him since that time—his heart and his love. Henceforth he could feel no thrill at the thought of Rachel; no anguish, no regret. Ah, why had not the stream borne him to his death?

He walked up to the window and looked out on the square. A profound peace enveloped everything. The clock in the steeple struck, and its tones made long vibrations in the night air. When he had been waiting for Rachel under the willows on the river-bank, these tones had fallen upon his ear like music heard from a distance, borne along by the waters of the river. He was astonished at the persistence of these souvenirs of Rachel, brought to his mind, doubtless, by the instinct of habit. He began pacing again, hoping to drive away the haunting thoughts. Then he fancied he heard sounds outside—something like the rustling of a dress, and stealthy footsteps approaching and retreating by turns. He listened, but the sounds ceased. He had evidently been deceived by his senses.

He again took up his station at the window. The moon had risen, and the two towers of the cathedral threw long shadows on the pavement. Strange thoughts surged through his brain. Was not what was commonly called life in reality death, and did not life begin only with death? The silent square, with its bordering houses, seemed to him a necropolis, still more mournful than a cemetery. In the latter the body only crumbled within its narrow bonds, while

within the walls of these mansions souls were imprisoned, bound by weakness and unworthy passions. These reflections so absorbed him that he did not hear the door open and close softly.

"To die! to die! Then one would be indeed free!" he murmured.

Suddenly he trembled, as he heard a light step behind him. This time he was not deceived. A perfume that he recognized enveloped him with its sweet breath. He turned, and his heart bounded in his breast. Before him stood Rachel, just as she had looked the first time he had seen her on that Winter's night in the Rabbi's house, dressed in black, with a white scarf, which she now unfastened, wound around her head.

"It is I!" she said. "I love you and I have come."

Her beautiful eyes seemed to flash into his inmost soul like a burning philter, dissolving his resistance and his scruples. He made an effort to free himself; for she held him fast, rolling her long tresses around his wrists.

"These are my chains!" she exclaimed. "You must either break them or let me follow you."

He would have wished to struggle still. Could it be that the lightning stroke which had fallen upon him had not purified him from all dross?

"What madness, Rachel!"

The girl held his wrists in a tighter clasp; and, speaking softly, choking with emotion, she said:

"I know all. I do not want you to go away; if you do, I wish to go with you. I repeat to you the words of the Scripture: 'Your gods shall be my gods, and your people shall be my people.' I have been watching the road for the past three days, feeling sure that you were going away. To-night I met the peasant with your baggage. I questioned him, and for two roubles he sold your secret. Ah! I would have given him treasures, if I had had them! Then I came here.

Without you, all is worthless; with you, life is precious."

She ceased, and tears streamed down her pale cheeks. Poor Jean felt himself vanquished by such deep devotion.

"Would you abandon your father?" he asked. "What if he were to come for you?"

"Be at rest on that score," replied the girl, a bantering and slightly scornful expression in her dark eyes, "since you have suddenly become so prudent. Fate is on our side. I had a sick aunt in a village near by. My father had her brought here to receive treatment. She is now at the hotel awaiting admission to the hospital, and I am to take care of her. But what if they do come for me? I should say that I am yours, and you could not deny me. I want to console you, to love you all my life. Oh, say that you have not deceived me—that you do not despise me because I am a Jewess!"

She knelt before him, sobbing:

"Jean, Jean! have pity upon me! Do not abandon me!"

A moment of profound silence followed. A human destiny was hanging in the balance. Like a lightning flash, visions passed before his eyes. He saw again the dead forms of his father and sister; he saw Leopold Lewin casting his shame in his face; he saw himself borne in the arms of Jacob from a watery grave. It was a crucial test sent him from Heaven, the supreme moment in which was to be decided forever his rehabilitation or his infamy. Now he could still choose; a moment of weakness and all would be lost. Seized with an overmastering fear, he almost trampled upon the girl's kneeling form, seized his valise, threw open the door and rushed down the stairs, followed by a cry of despair and rage.

He was saved! He ran straight ahead in the darkness until he reached the

open prairie beyond the city limits. The night air cooled his burning brow, and, dropping on his knees, he raised his hands to the sky and thanked Heaven for his deliverance. It seemed to him that something like a celestial dew fell like a balm over the wounds of his heart, restoring his self-respect and his faith in a life of possible expiation.

Gradually, above Jean's head, the shadows of night were replaced by the faint whiteness of the dawn. A whistle rang out through the morning air and the rumbling of a train was heard. The young man rose and hastened toward the station. As he was securing his ticket, a giant form carrying a valise strode up to the agent, with the inquiry:

"Have you seen Jean Raz?"

On receiving a negative answer, the stalwart fellow began his search again. He was at last rewarded by seeing Jean crossing the platform in the wake of a porter carrying his luggage. Prus—for it was indeed he—was beside his friend in an instant.

"I am going with you!" he exclaimed, in a choking voice.

"You can not!" replied Jean, firmly. "Where I am going you would be only a hindrance; here you can watch over our interests—mine and yours. Try to save Wola; perhaps God will allow me to return some day. Then, too, you have a charge. What would become of little Françoise if you were to go away? You must remain, my friend."

"You are right, I suppose," stammered the loyal man. "But it is hard to let you go."

The conductor was already closing the doors of the compartments.

"Good-bye!" called out Jean; then the train moved away. Sigismond stood as if rooted to the spot until at last it disappeared around a curve; then, with a sob, he reluctantly turned his steps homeward.

Irish Memorials in Italy.

BY P. L. CONNELLAN.

TENS of thousands of English and American travellers, in their yearly journeys through Italy, pass by some of the most interesting towns without heeding them.

One day I started from Pisa to see what was notable in the town of Lucca. When the train reached the station, before me there was the Gate of St. Peter, near to which hung a painted shield—"azure on a bender,"—and having the word *Libertas* written across it diagonally. The name of the gate and the word on the shield suggested the uprightness and devotion of the inhabitants, and were almost as kindly as that glorious welcome that in Siena greets the traveller who enters it by the Porta Camollia: "Her heart, wider than her gates, Siena opens to you—*Cor magis tibi Sena pandet!*" This I consider the most genial of welcomes.

A kindly memory is awakened by the thought of a name which ought to be dear to everyone who has Irish blood in his veins—the name of San Frediano, as the Italians call him, or Frigidianus, as he is named in Latin, from his name Finnian in Ireland. He was a stranger, a voluntary exile from his native land for Christ's sake. A convert to Christianity from paganism, he entered a convent, and, having been ordained to the priesthood, was soon possessed by the desire of retiring to a hermitage in Italy which was situated in the mountains that divide Lucca from Pisa.

"A restless spirit of wandering drove the ancient Irish to farthest lands—from Iceland and Norway to Spain, Southern Italy (and Northern Italy), Constantinople and Jerusalem," wrote the author of the small but very useful work, "The Old Irish upon the Continent." He adds, however, that un-

happily these thousands and thousands of men made no note of their doings, and, in Irish annals, they have left no, or little, trace behind them. And so the few writers that would speak of them were forced to piece together Continental traditions concerning them, laboriously "as one pieces a broken mosaic."

At Aosta, in the north of Italy, the traveller may find traces and traditions of St. Ursus; on the Lake of Como, other Irish names are met with; at Bobbio—in an out-of-the-world region—St. Columbanus and his monks founded a monastery, the name of which illuminates the history of these wild regions during the semi-barbarous ages. St. Gallen, in Switzerland, was founded by a companion of St. Columbanus, and is celebrated even to this day. Farther south, St. Donatus is met with in Fiesole, near Florence; and from place to place as one goes to the south, one hears of Irish saints whose names are not known beyond the limits of the little cities or districts they evangelized.

Finally, when Taranto is reached, the name of St. Cataldo fills the whole city and the neighboring country, almost up to Rome. St. Frediano and St. Cataldo may be said to divide Italy between them, although there are many other Irish saints of lesser fame. In the little city of "Industrious Lucca," the memory of St. Frediano is not forgotten, nor is the work he did. It might be said that half the people are called by his name—Frediani.

During the Saint's stay at Lucca the bishop died, and the people, who had learned the virtues of Frediano, desired to have him as their pastor, and demanded of the Pope to overcome his remonstrances and nominate him bishop. The Pontiff listened to the voice of the people, and Frediano entered on his duties, in the year A. D. 560, and continued doing good till his death in 588.

Seven times in less than two centuries the northern semi-savage tribes wrought havoc and desolation in Italy. Five generations of people suffered at such brief intervals, and no generation passed without at least one of these destructive inroads. Then at the end, it was the task of Frediano to restore religion and hope and the morals and courage of the people. His foundations last till the present day. No less than twenty-eight of the *pieve*, or country parishes, around Lucca, some with large and noble churches, still exist. One little town through which the railway runs, bears the name of its restorer, San Frediano. His name is given also to one of the oldest and grandest churches in the city, one which modified the architectural views of John Ruskin, the prominent interpreter of the spirit and beauty of Italian art to the English-speaking races.

The solicitude of San Frediano was not confined solely to the spiritual needs of his people, he also cared for their material necessities. The River Serchio which passes by Lucca, a rapid stream subject to overflow its banks, flooded the low-lying fields, and wrought havoc on the harvests. In such disaster, when the river had covered the fields and even threatened the city, the people appealed to St. Frediano. He, accompanied by the clergy and followed by his people, went forth to a spot where the Serchio was most threatening, and, standing on the bank, took a rake in his hand. Having then prayed most devoutly, he commanded the waters to follow the course he began to mark for them on the ground over which he drew the rake. The waters, as if obedient, followed this route and went as he directed them.

St. Gregory the Great, the Pontiff who sent St. Augustine and his companions from Rome to convert the English people to the Christian faith,

refers to this miracle of St. Frediano, recording it on the word of the Venerable Venanzio, Bishop of Luni. The Italian biographer of St. Frediano dwells at considerable length on this miracle. Art has taken possession of the incident. The admirable pupil of Francesco Francia, Amico Aspertini, has left a most realistic presentation of it, showing, in the foreground, the workmen laboring in the river; in the middle distance is seen the Saint, in mitre and cope in the midst of his clergy, drawing towards him the rake which the river follows. The same theme is represented in a simpler way in a small picture which formed part of the predella of a large work by the great Florentine painter, Filippo Lippi, now in the Academy of Florence. It is met with again in the church of the Lucchese at Rome, near the American College, so that the record of the turning of the Serchio is clear and evident.

Although it may not be possible to trace directly the influence of this Irish saint in the arts which adorn Lucca, nevertheless, a skilled art critic notes that in MS. copies of the Gospel of about this period, the skill with which space is distributed, the taste and fancy which characterize the fillings, are peculiar to the inmates of Irish monasteries in the Sixth Century. The missionaries from Ireland wandered in Europe, and gave permanence to a new form of art. In France, Swabia and North Italy, St. Columbanus; and in Switzerland, St. Gallus, founder of the Convent of St. Gall, were the pioneers of this new school; in Franconia, St. Kilian; in Belgium, St. Lievin; and in Friesland, St. Willibrord.

The city of Lucca has other surprises for the traveller. One morning after Mass I entered the cathedral, dedicated to St. Martin. The vast basilica was almost empty, and as I moved towards the altar at the end of the left nave, a

young man well dressed in an olive-colored livery, said to me as I stopped:

"Sir, can you tell me the name of the saint buried here?"

"This," I said, "is the effigy, not of a canonized saint, but of the second wife of an ancient lord of Lucca, Paolo Guinigi, who was known during her life as the Donna Ilaria del Carretto." The young man seemed disappointed; he thanked me, and sighing, went away.

Donna Ilaria was exceedingly beautiful; she died young, in the year 1405, and this monument was carved by Jacopo della Quercia, fifty years after her death. It is one of the most beautiful sepulchral statues in Italy. Ruskin has written an eloquent page upon it. "It is the most beautiful extant work of the Middle Ages."

The most important and the most venerable object in this Cathedral of Lucca is the ancient wooden crucifix, known throughout all Christendom as the "*Volto Santo*," or Holy Face. For over eleven centuries, this great crucifix has been in Lucca. In the last years of the Eleventh Century its name and its fame had reached the shores of distant England, and King William II.—"Rufus," or the "Red King," as he was called—was accustomed to swear by it—the "Face of Christ." The history of this great treasure of the cathedral is recounted in a volume of 570 pages by Canon Almerico Guerra. The account, traditional and probable enough, relates that it was carved in Rama, or Ramleh, of the tribe of Benjamin, near to Jerusalem, and was the work of Nicodemus, who assisted so devotedly at the last moments of the Saviour on the Cross. He undertook to carve an image of the Lord he so loved, and wrought on it day after day; but the face of Christ was his great difficulty.

"While Nicodemus slept," says a modern Catholic writer, Montgomery

Carmichael, "an angel finished the face which Nicodemus had feared to begin. . . ." Then the crucifix passed into the custody of holy men who guarded it through the ages, "and who jealously shielded it from the fury of the Iconoclasts, until A. D. 782, when it was discovered to a pilgrim bishop from Piedmont, Gualfredo by name, by an angel of the Lord, who appeared to him in a vision." Instructed by the angel, Gualfredo placed it in an empty boat and committed it to the mercy of the winds and the waves, in the port of Jaffa, or Joppa. The boat reached Italy at the port of Luni, near Spezia. At this time Giovanni, Bishop of Lucca, who was at Luni, admonished by an angel of the Lord, was commanded to bear the holy image to Lucca. The people of Luni objected. It was then agreed that the *Volto Santo* should be placed upon a cart, drawn by two white cows, and that the crucifix should remain where they stopped. The animals went straight to Lucca, and the *Volto Santo* has remained there ever since.

The figure of Christ on the Cross, clothed in His seamless garment, is carved in cedar-wood from Mount Lebanon, and it is fourteen feet in height. The figure is fastened to the cross with four nails, and the feet are not crossed. The piety of ages has adorned this image of the Redeemer with a rich robe of velvet, with cloth of gold at the collar and the wrists. A vest of gold, set with rare jewels, covers the breast up to the neck. A high and richly carved crown of gold set with jewels is on the head of this marvellous figure.

The feast of the *Volto Santo* occurs on the 14th of September, also the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. I returned to Lucca on the morning of the 13th in order to witness the great procession in the evening when the precious crucifix is borne through the

city amidst illuminations and music and hymns. It rained as night came on, but the luminous procession—almost everyone carrying a wax torch,—passed through the principal streets back to the cathedral, where the image was replaced in the little temple made for it in the nave. It was a glorious spectacle of devotion and reverence.

Crowds came from little towns beyond the walls of Lucca. "They came," wrote an Anglican, "these Tuscan peasants—tens and tens of miles away,—from out the deep shadows of primeval chestnut woods, clothing the flanks of the rugged Apennines with emerald draperies. They came through parting rocks, bordering nameless streams: cool, delicious waters, over which bend fig and peach and plum, delicate ferns and unfamiliar flowers." And the same writer tells that in marriage contracts the husband pledges himself under a heavy penalty to conduct his wife to the festival at least once in four years.

At the Mass on the feast, the *Volto Santo* was exposed to view. It is a strange face, quite unlike, in feature, the ordinary pictures or statues of Christ that one is accustomed to see. As there is no portrait known and acknowledged of Christ in existence, artists have striven to express as best they could the outward likeness of that divine figure under human aspect. "All our interest in scientific methods of criticism fades in the presence of a face," writes Montgomery Carmichael, "that is so little terrestrial that it is difficult to understand how the mind of man can have imagined it."

During the celebration of Mass on the feast, two choirs render the music, and the "Grand Motet, *Molletone*," is sung. An iron hexagon, gridiron-like, hangs from the ceiling in the middle nave; its bars have tiny hooks to which tow is fixed. Just before the celebrant

begins the *Gloria in excelsis Deo* a lighted taper is raised to the tow which flames up and is burnt out in a moment, while a solemn voice chants the words so often quoted: "*Sic transit gloria mundi*,"—So passes the glory of the world!"

In the left aisle is an altar to which the people have given the name of the "Altar of Liberty"; it was erected to "Christ the Liberator," in 1368, after the Lucchesi had obtained liberation from their long subjection to their enemies, their neighbors, the Pisans. Here also is a painting by Fra Bartolomeo, a Dominican Friar, the greatest artist of the Order after the marvellous Fra Angelico. This picture is one of the masterpieces of Italy. It represents the Madonna with the Child Jesus in her lap. She is seated upon a throne raised upon a marble pedestal. At the sides stand St. John the Baptist and St. Stephen, Protomartyr. An angel seated on the base of the pedestal, absorbed in playing on a lute, is exquisitely beautiful.

The Municipal Museum has amongst its treasures ancient statues and fading pictures, mostly the spoils of suppressed convents and abandoned churches. It is a rarer and more curious sight to see here the collection of coins struck in this city during seven centuries, the majority of them showing the effigy of the *Volto Santo* on the obverse of the gold and silver coins. Towards the end of the Twelfth Century, the Lucchesi coined a silver piece which they called *denaro grosso*, and impressed upon it the image of Christ. This was most probably the first example in Italy of putting Christian images on the coins of use in commerce. The latest example of such coinage in Lucca was a "*doppia*" in gold, of three dollars value, in 1817. On the 26th of April, 1858, all the *Volto Santo* coins which had been collected were cast into the crucible and melted

into blocks to be used in other coin forms less suggestive of piety.

Persons interested in the story of the old Irish on the Continent find in this same museum a remarkable marble statue of a bishop recumbent, once the adornment of a tomb. This is the effigy of another Irish saint—Sillan or Silao,—whose name and fame have left traces in this centre of interesting memories. A low mitre is on the head of this figure; the face is that of an aged man, and there are indications about the mouth and jaw of the statue which recall an Irish type. This statue has, according to Miss Stokes: "Six Months in the Apennines," features quite as solemn, quite as lovable as the face of Ilaria del Carretto. It is the face of an aged and worn man, she says, and therefore is quite unlike the youthful features of the Carretto face. St. Sillan's features appear to be copied from a cast taken after death. His merits are recorded in a Latin hymn, thus translated: "To the poor and the infirm he was an anxious father... God blessed and enlightened all Ireland at that time through the blessed Sillan with the great joy of salvation." He is said to have lived from 450 to 500,—earlier by half a century than St. Frediano.

Though the name of his birthplace is not known, his ancestors appear to have belonged to the Province of Connaught, for places in that Province are mentioned in his Life. His parents were of royal blood. A sister of his, named Mionghar, after being miraculously cured went on pilgrimage to Rome. On her homeward way, passing through Lucca, she was sought in marriage by a rich widower, named Sofredas or Goffredas, whom she accepted. In later years, feeling that her end was approaching, she retired to a convent of nuns, where she died.

Her brother Sillan had a troubled

time in Ireland. Half-converted native kings infringed on his episcopal rights, which obliged him to go to Rome to seek redress. On his way back he became ill at Lucca, where he had gone to visit the tomb of his sister, and was admitted into the convent where she had died. Death came to him there. The nuns of St. Giustina had occupied this convent prior to the Suppression Laws of the new Government of Tuscany. They were expelled from their home and obliged to abandon everything; their convent was turned into a hospital.

All that was associated with the memory of the Irish saint—an old Life of him, and other documents concerning him,—were denied them; even the seals and diplomas of their Order. They insisted, however, on having the relics of St. Sillan conveyed to their new abode; and, finally, this was granted to them.

In their refuge in the Via delle Trombi, near the Cathedral of St. Martin, I was admitted by a round-about way to the church, for they are cloistered nuns, the church being opened only in the morning to the public. Within the sanctuary the relics of St. Sillan repose. Over the altar a large picture of comparatively recent date—probably a copy from an older one,—represents the saint celebrating Mass in the church of Cluain in Ireland, when an angel took a portion of the Consecrated Host to the dying St. Ita, who was then miraculously healed.

In music, Lucca holds a high place. Several of the composers of grand opera were born and nurtured here. At the present moment the highest place in musical composition in Italy is held by Giacomo Puccini, whose ancestors for five generations have been distinguished as composers. His name is almost as well known in the United States as in Europe.

But the prominence in the arts by no means exhausts the industry of the

Lucchesi. Having acquired the craft of silk-weaving early in their career, they established colonies in various cities of Italy. Their work was much in vogue in Florence, where the workers settled in a quarter of the city which still bears the name of St. Frediano, also in Bruges in Flanders, and even in distant England. They formed colonies, always living together and being held together by the religious bond of devotion to the *Volto Santo* and by their love of Lucca.

There are other cities in Italy which have a grander story of warlike achievements and long descent from great ancestors, but few have a nobler story than Lucca, nursed as it were into civilization in the Sixth Century by an Irish saint, whose name is better known and more dear to the hearts of the people than most of the great names of antiquity.

Again the name of Lucca was wafted over the ocean when a Lucchese was chosen by Pope Leo XIII. to be the Second Apostolic Delegate to the United States. This was the Augustinian friar, Sebastiano Martinelli, who was born at the cross-roads, a little distance from the city walls, in the Bergo Saint Anna, in a pretty and comfortable house adorned with busts and ornaments in front, and enclosed in a flowery garden surrounded by a tall hedge.

The spirit that urges people to go on pilgrimages is reviving again in Italy and in many other European countries, and there is little doubt that many, especially in 1925, the year of jubilee, will find their way to Lucca to venerate the "*Volto Santo*."

EVERY day is a little life: and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, who dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mispend it, desperate.—*Bishop Hall*.

Onnie O.

BY N. GAY.

Shoulders are bare, without a brother.

—*Old Irish Proverb.*

EVERY man, woman, and child in Dunray, a seaside village within twenty miles of Dublin, loved the quaint children who answered to the names of Derry and Onnie O. They were orphaned in babyhood; their father, an officer in the merchant service, had lost his life in an effort to save a shipmate, and their pretty young mother had literally faded away with grief within a year. Then busybodies had suggested various ways of upbringing and schooling, but it would have fared ill with the poor "Babes in the Wood" if their advice had been taken. The question was finally settled by a taciturn grand-uncle, who lived in London. He gave orders that Dermot and Honora O'Hara were to remain in charge of their nurse, and to reside with her in the cottage belonging to their late mother.

And so accordingly, the children remained with their beloved Anxtie, as they called their devoted old nurse, a splendid type of Irishwoman, upright, brave, religious, and a capable housekeeper. Here, surrounded by the beauties of nature—hill, sky, and sea,—they lived in a veritable fairyland of an old-world garden, filled with fragrant flowers. They thrived, and built castles in the air.

Sometimes they were hermits, and led the life of recluses in funny old grottoes near the sundial. But these phascs never lasted long, for the hermits wearied of the silence, and issued forth to personate great people of old; or again, Onnie O was the Sleeping Beauty, to be awakened by the Prince's kiss. At night they stole out in the moonlight, and, climbing the little hill outside the gate, saw fairy hosts ride by. What if these hosts on closer ex-

amination proved to be only the poppies nodding in the golden corn! To them, all was real in their own special and delightful world of romance. At certain periods, they were, in their own estimation, the proprietors of wonderful circuses, and their wild beasts emitted strange cries. "Your lion is fierce, Onnie O!" Derry would exclaim, starting back in mock fright from a placid sheep led by Onnie with a daisy chain.

"Can I ride your elephant, sir?" she would ask, approaching a caparisoned mule, which was provided for the occasion with a nosebag that was supposed to be a trunk. And then, the wonderful palaces they dwelt in, mossy lanes with barks starred with primroses. How they danced on the velvet carpet! and oh, their joy the day they discovered that they could climb and hide in a tall, friendly, gnarled old tree, with arm-chair seats which seemed to have been made specially for themselves! Anxtie was much worried until she found this hiding-place.

Anxtie, the beloved, had "millions" of stories connected with everything. How her brown face wrinkled into laughter as she narrated them to the spellbound children! She always wore a lilac gown in Summer and a buff one in Winter. "No heliotrope or tangerine for me,—lilac an' buff, an' a white apron, an' a muslin cap an' kerchief. An', see here Onnie O, *agra*, let ye never be idle, an' ye'll never sin. I'll teach you to bake an' brew, an' sew, an' knit, an' be a good housewife; an' ye'll be a credit to the old land, my crathur o' the world, though I'll make outsiders call ye Miss Honora, not the name ye lisped for yourself, Onnie O." But Onnie O it remained; and it suited the lovely little maid, with the brilliant eyes and raven, curly hair. She was a year younger than Derry, her inseparable companion. They were singularly alike in appearance and disposition, and united by

the sweetest and purest of all ties.

It was a pathetic sight to see the little toddlers at eventide enter the church, hand in hand, and there solemnly go round the Stations. "That's the worst one of all, Onnie O," the little boy would whisper, pointing to "The Nailing of Christ to the Cross." "Oh! was there no Irishman to save Him?" she would reply, tears dimming her starry eyes. "I'd die for Him, Onnie O," Derry would tell her, as they gazed at the Crucifixion. "And so would I," said Onnie O, pressing his hand.

And a quaint old custom these little ones had, that of writing a letter to the Blessed Virgin and depositing it in a lacquered box under her altar. Tiny bits of paper served their purpose, though sometimes they had only room just to write their names on it in their scrawling, baby hand. "See how the angels pluck the geese for the Child Jesus in heaven!" they exclaimed, watching the snowflakes fall at Christmas; and then there arose a discussion as to what mansion in Paradise their Daddy and Mammy dwelt in.

A new joy was opened to them when they were visited by a delightful type of young Irish manhood, a brilliant university man staying in the vicinity. They were over ten years old at this time, and they literally walked on air listening to the Story of Cuchullain, as he told it. "I care not whether I die to-morrow or next year, if only my deeds live after me," the boy hero of Celtic literature exclaimed when a short life was foretold for him. How they revelled in the tale of the little boy leaving home, taking with him only "his bronze curl and his silver ball!" And the last heroic tale the visitor told the enraptured children, was of Cuchullain's death on a battlefield, "with his back to the rock and his face to the foe, buckler on arm and spear in hand."

"And tell *me* a story," Onnie O

begged, and he told her of the gifts bestowed on Emer, and on all true women of Erin,—beauty of person; gift of voice; gift of music; gift of embroidery and needlework; gift of wisdom; gift of purity.

"And you will possess them all, in abundance, my Onnie O!" he told her, as he said adieu.

The children attended a school in the town, presided over by a pair of geniuses,—an old brother and sister, erudite but testy both. They were a highly-educated pair, and taught for love of it; although, not being well off, their pupils "kept the home fires burning." This old pair, Mr. and Miss Blake, rejoiced at the brilliant intellects of Derry and Onnie O, and spent themselves on their education; so much so, that Derry won a scholarship, and entered the University with flying colors. He daily went by train to Dublin, and a great future was prophesied for him. He met again in these classic halls the young professor whose vivid personality had so impressed him in the days of his childhood, when he had opened before his awe-struck eyes the glories of Cuchullain. And so the world went round until that fatal day, in 1914, when the dogs of war were let loose, and hearts and homes were made desolate.

The feeling in Ireland was intense, and Easter, 1916, came, and with it the Glorious Week. Suffice it to say that Derry, though in his teens, did a man's part, under the leadership of his gallant and idolized professor, who went down before the guns; and Derry, after a period in an English prison, was set free, and resumed his studies with a heavy heart. Then the Black and Tan terror started. He went through that like all the brave boys of Ireland, and Onnie helped him, too; and Anxtie prayed, and shook her head, thinking what lay in store. "For, childhre," she

would say, holding a hand of both, "remember this, the cup is always dashed from the lips of Ireland." But they believed her not.

"Oh, Anxtie!" cried Onnie O, one Autumn evening, "I saw Derry pass in a lorry to-day, heavily guarded. No one is admitted to the prisons *now*. Oh, Derry! Derry!" she wept.

"*Agra mo croide!*—treasure of my heart!"—said the old woman, clasping the girl to her breast, "let us pray; and, if all comes to all, we'll meet in heaven where no one can ever separate us."

For days Onnie O haunted the prison gates in vain. One evening in December, as the sun sank over the bay in gold and crimson, she felt impelled to enter the chapel, and "go round" the Stations. When she came to the "Nailing to the Cross," tears blinded her, remembering Derry's words and shudder of sympathy long, long ago. "Oh, Derry! Derry!" she moaned, and unbidden to her lips rose the verse they always said at the Crucifixion:

Great God! who died for sinners all,
Hear Thou this suppliant wanderer's cry,
Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall,
Unheeded by Thy gracious eye.
Throw wide the gates to let him in,
And take him in Thy pleading arms,
Oh, God, forgive his lifelong sin,
And quiet all his fierce alarms!

She felt calmer as she went home. Anxtie was ill in bed, and it was a distraction for the girl to attend the old woman.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful, as often Winter days are in Ireland. In the afternoon, she saw a priest walk up the path to the door. She flew to meet him.

One look at his face was enough; "Oh, Father, he's gone!" she cried in agony. For answer the priest drew her indoors, and, presenting her with a locket containing the Stations, said in a broken voice: "From him, Onnie O, and also this," handing her a letter.

Turned to stone, she hastily broke the seal and read these words:

"PRISON, Midnight.

"DARLING ONNIE O:—Like Cuchullain I go forth at dawn with my back to the wall, facing the foe. I die for freedom. The love of home and the love of heaven is woven in the heart. In my heart at this moment reposes the God of Love, whom I have just received. In His company I have no fear, and only one regret,—leaving you, my Onnie O. I had one secret I kept from you, fearing to pain you. It was this: I meant to go on the Foreign Mission, and had all arrangements made to do so. I thought perhaps, you too, would imitate me in this, so that we should be together. God has arranged it otherwise. Remember this, sister mine, my spirit will ever be near you; and it won't be long until we are reunited, you and Anxtie and I. Till then, farewell. 'No pathways lead to my grave.' Think of me in heaven.

"Ah! Onnie O, as I write these, my last lines to you, it's your grief at my loss I see, your tears; and again I live with you the past happy scenes of our childhood. I send you by this priest, my *anam cara*—soul's friend—a little gift somewhat resembling 'those two things Cuchullain brought with him to the Strangers.' I send you my *raven curl*, and my *silver cross*. In spirit I go round the Stations in our own old church. Forget me not there, and at the altar; and now farewell, or, as the martyrs used to say to friends they left behind—'Good-night!' so sure were they of meeting at the Resurrection.

Only good-night, beloved! and *not* farewell,
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible,
Good-night! Good-night!

"In death we shall not be divided,
Onnie O. I kiss this letter. My thoughts
stay with you forever.

"Yours till the end of tears

"DERRY."

And so the Winter passed, and Onnie O, with a breaking heart, remembered when the snowflakes fell, the olden days when she and Derry in fancy saw the angels plucking the Christmas geese. And in the Spring old Anxtie died, and was buried in the old abbey; and then Onnie O made ready to depart.

Scalding tears fell as she gathered all the household goods,—all the treasures dear to her for his sake. Frozen in spirit, she collected everything, and arranged her affairs; and, when all was settled, one glowing evening, when all the world was fair, with the trees abloom in the garden with apple blossoms, out from Dublin Bay a vessel sailed.

Standing on deck, apart, was a slim figure in mourning, pale and wistful, her eyes fixed on the beautiful scene. The young May moon rode high in the heavens, tinting the world with silver. The white wings of the seagulls took on golden and rosy hues. The eternal hills, blue, silent and mysterious, kept sentinel over the old, old city of dreams and tragedies. Faint echoes from the shore were wafted on the wings of the wind to the lonely wayfarer. The fragrance of old-world flowers was borne out to sea. The girl, her heart in her eyes, seemed to want to fix the scene in her memory, for she never more would see this land except in dreams. Somewhere in the shadow of the city, now appearing fairylike from the Bay, slept Derry, within prison walls. Last night she had in her dreams heard celestial music, and he had drawn near and kissed her, with a glad light in his eyes. "Good-night," she murmured, as the boat swung out to sea, bearing her to join the valiant workers in the fields white for the harvest.

It was the last farewell of Onnie O.

THE wise make of their mistakes a ladder; the foolish, a pitfall.—*Phillips*.

In a Garden.

BY EDWIN B. MCELFRATRICK.

G SAT within a garden
 That overlooked the sea
 In lovely old Sorrento,
 The rose of Italy.

The air was jasmine-scented,
 And amid the astral glow,
 Marble statues stood there
 White as drifts of snow.

The lemon trees were vocal
 With the nightingale's refrain,
 And all the happiness of youth
 That night I knew again.

Sweetly there came stealing
 From the bay below
 A magic strain Mascagnian—
 A strain I used to know.

The music on the water,
 The soft and starlit skies,
 With you, dear heart, beside me—
 'Twas all a paradise.

A Tangle of Circumstances.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

I.

MY brother Paul and I were the last of the Colernes of Laynham. Our father, the sixth Earl of Laynham, died when Paul was eighteen; our mother and five of our brothers and sisters had been summoned long before by Death, the insatiable.

Paul's enjoyment of the family title and estates had been hitherto tempered by the receipt of an exceedingly small yearly revenue, consequent upon inherited family burdens; and at twenty-two he was unmarried, and taking life rather seriously. As to marriage, it seemed at that time that he had set aside the idea for good, and it was this fact that gave me my greatest anxiety in life.

My own state was not likely to change. A constitutional lameness,

added to my comparative poverty, had spared me, so far, from any offer of marriage, and at thirty-two I had every prospect of remaining Sara Colerne to the end of my days.

Our joint trouble came to us in this wise. A young girl of good family, bright, pretty, charming, and in every way a desirable match for Paul, was on a long visit to some friends in our neighborhood. Eve Delaval was an orphan with no near relatives, and had a considerable fortune of her own. Paul, a somewhat difficult young man to please, was at once captivated by her. She was in like manner attracted by him, and the result was an engagement between them, to my great joy and the entire satisfaction of everyone who knew them.

But there was one necessary factor to their happy union which had been strangely overlooked. Eve, like the friends with whom she was staying, was a fervent Catholic. I had become a convert a few years before, and it was this that led to the intimacy which had grown up between us and the Fenhams, and which had resulted in Paul's engagement. But, unfortunately, Paul was—in name at least—a Protestant. In reality, though always a good and upright fellow, he had, to my sorrow, very little, if any, religious belief. The beautiful Gothic chapel kept up by the Fenhams attracted him far more—while Eve worshipped there at least—than our little Protestant church at Laynham, which, for example's sake, he was accustomed to attend from time to time. Thus it came about that Eve, knowing me to be a Catholic, and seeing Paul in my company at Sunday Mass week after week, took for granted that we were all one in faith. But the awakening came when arrangements had to be made for the marriage; and Eve, learning the truth at last, in spite of the distress it cost her, resolutely

refused to marry an unbeliever. The Fenhams, less unbending in principle, would have persuaded her to take Paul, trusting in his ultimate enlightenment; but this she would never consent to do. So, to the sorrow of us all, the engagement was broken off.

To Paul the disappointment was intense. But the climax of his sufferings was reached a few months later, when Eve's forthcoming marriage to a young Catholic baronet was announced in the public journals. All prospect of happiness in life seemed from that day to have been destroyed within him. The high-spirited, lovable, handsome brother, of whom I had always been so proud, became moody, silent, and cold. Nothing interested him; his beloved sport was utterly neglected,—neither rod nor gun had power to charm; a dense gloom enveloped him.

"I can not bear this strain any longer!" he exclaimed one day. "You will oppose it, I know,—but the only thing for me is to go to the front with Kerr."

His closest friend, Stephen Kerr, was on the eve of starting for South Africa at the head of a yeomanry corps, in the raising of which Paul had shown an interest. It was at the time when the whole country had taken the war-fever, and the flower of the nation was rushing off to combat the Boers.

"I shall certainly never favor such a project!" I cried in dismay. "It would be rash in the extreme for you, the last of the Colernes, to risk death and the extinction of our name."

"All are not likely to be shot down," he said obstinately. "Thousands will come back unharmed."

"Thousands will never come back at all! Think of the families we know who are already mourning for some one dear to them! Many more, of whom we know nothing, must be overwhelmed at this moment with a like sorrow. No, I

can not let you go. You have a sacred duty to preserve your life; to do as you propose would be utter madness."

"I've lost everything I care for except you," he said with unwonted tenderness. "I shall have to die some day; and in any case I may die before you. Who knows?"

"That is possible. Thousands of young fellows die who never see a battlefield; that I grant. Should death come to you unsought, as it did to all our dear ones, I should bow to the divine will, I hope. But you have no right to court death; you have no right to tempt Providence by rushing into imminent danger. And surely some consideration is due to me, even if *you* value your life so cheaply."

"You are the one motive that holds me back. The trouble I might cause you is the only argument of any weight against my going."

I could well understand how ardently he longed to get away from himself; yet the means he proposed terrified me. Every day the newspapers contained long lists of dead and dying. Paul was bent upon courting a like fate; for no soldier can count upon immunity from the danger which ever hangs over him when on the field of battle; and Paul, sick at heart, and disgusted with life's bitterness, would be impatient of precautions. My heart was torn with the dread of losing him forever. Not only did I grudge the sacrifice of the hope of our family, but still more the risk of a life so dear to me. The disparity in our ages had really changed the character of my love for him; it was as a mother, rather than an elder sister, that I had cherished him since our beloved mother was taken from us in his early boyhood.

And yet I could not help seeing that the absolute change of life which his departure would involve—the unfamiliar hardships, the unwonted occupa-

tions, strange surroundings, unknown faces — promised a relief otherwise impossible. The very nearness of constant danger would tend to lift him up above mere selfish interests. He was young and he was impressionable; and, though his recent cruel disappointment must needs leave its traces upon his after-life, it might well be that so thorough a break with the past as this project involved would enable Time, the universal healer, to work an effectual cure.

Reflecting thus, I resolved to oppose no longer.

"I have had an anxious time, Paul," I said, a few days later. "My mind has been torn by fears and doubts on your behalf, but I have conquered them at last. I have come to the conclusion that there is such a thing as too much solicitude in a matter of this kind. After all, we can, none of us, reckon with certainty upon even one more hour of life. I will not try to keep you at home against your will. Go, if you wish, with Stephen Kerr; and may God have you in His holy keeping!"

"Many thanks, Sally dear!" he said, as he brightened up. "I know what a wrench it means for you. But peace comes through war, and I look to this war to bring peace to me."

In less than a week from that day he was upon the ocean.

II.

Laynham was but a small country village, and posts were erratic. No newspaper ever made its appearance until late in the morning, when it was eagerly pounced upon for the latest war news. I never scanned the list of casualties without a sinking heart, for dread of what tidings it might have for me. Yet I never failed to read it with closest attention.

About a month after Paul's arrival at the seat of war, I opened the paper as usual. My eye caught at once the

bold headlines: "Important Engagement. Boers Swept Back. Heavy British Losses."

Swiftly I glanced down the long list of names in the dreaded column. The very one I shrank from encountering seemed to leap out from the page to meet my gaze. There it stood, blazoned, as it seemed to me, in bolder type than all the rest—"Laynham."

The letters burned themselves into my brain. What tidings had they to tell of him who was dearer to me than all the world besides? I pulled myself together, and tried to fix my eyes steadily upon the announcement. There, under the heading "Killed in Action," I saw the name "Lieut. the Earl of Laynham."

I can recall nothing of what followed. The room whirled round with me; then a dark curtain fell and cut off all sense of life. Long afterward I learned that the servants had discovered me lying unconscious, the fatal newspaper still firmly grasped in my hand. The shock brought on a long and exceedingly dangerous illness.

As to subsequent events, my memory can not help me. I am able to recall dimly a period of hideous nightmare, in which the forms of Paul and Eve Delaval are ever prominent. Over all there seems to hang the sense of some vague, overpowering calamity from which I strive in vain to free myself. Then come more darkness and oblivion, to be followed by renewed nightmare; while all the time I writhe in a furnace of intolerable heat, from which there is no escape.

Then I am conscious of a cooler period, and of occasional gleams of brightness, glimpses of objects which seem familiar, and the sound of well-known voices. At length comes a more complete awakening, and I know that I am in my own room, and that some one (I can not distinguish who) is

seated by my bed. The scent of violets is often wafted towards me, though whence it comes I know not, nor do I try to discover.

At last, on one memorable day, I open my eyes in full consciousness. I realize that I am weak and helpless; that the silent woman in the fresh, bright dress, who lifts me up so dexterously, yet withal so tenderly, is a nurse; and that Mrs. Fenham, a bunch of violets in the bosom of her dress, is standing by the bed.

I try to speak, but the nurse puts her finger on her lips and says in a quiet voice:

"No talking yet! You must rest and grow strong."

Days of convalescence followed, during which strength returned rapidly. Pleasant days they were too, and singularly free from care. Probably it came from the very nature of my illness that the past troubled me not at all. The oppressive burden of undefined woe, which had weighed me down when the fever was at its height, had been lifted with the return of consciousness. I knew well that Paul was absent, but, somehow, the thought caused me no anxiety whatever. All details of the events of the past few months had slipped from my memory.

One day, as I awoke from my afternoon sleep, I caught sight of another figure standing in the light of the window, close by Mrs. Fenham who was sitting there. I had just time to recognize Eve Delaval when the figure swiftly glided from the room. As Mrs. Fenham made no allusion to Eve, I began to persuade myself that the circumstance was but a lingering trace of my fever, and mere illusion. Nevertheless, it aroused in my memory faint visions of a past in which Eve had been connected with some trouble.

Next morning, when I woke, it was with full consciousness of my over-

whelming loss. Paul had been taken from me, and my life stretched out before me drear and lonely. Tears flowed abundantly, as the bitterness of my grief made itself felt. Something like hatred for the girl who had been the cause of my bereavement rose up in my heart. But I prayed desperately against it, and grace conquered. I was still weeping quietly when a light foot-fall sounded outside, and I opened my eyes to see Eve standing by my bedside. My heart went out in a cry of pain.

"O Eve, how could you send him to meet his death, — my Paul, my only brother?"

Tears started to her eyes too, but a smile lighted her face.

"Dear Lady Sara," she exclaimed, "Paul is not dead! He is alive and well, and he is soon coming back to you and to me."

III.

The astounding news which Eve had so suddenly revealed, far from having any ill effect, proved a most efficacious tonic. True, the nurse, who had come upon us immediately after the disclosure, had been horrified to find us both in tears and pouring forth mutual apologies, and had banished Eve from the room with little ceremony; but, in the end, she found it more prudent to yield to my earnest entreaties for a thorough explanation. So Eve was recalled, and Mrs. Fenham came too, and all that they had to tell me gave joy to my grateful heart.

It appeared that a telegram had arrived from Paul on the very day I had been taken ill; it was intended to correct the error in the newspapers regarding his death. As soon as possible after this a letter followed, explaining how the mistake had occurred. Owing to my unconscious state at the time, it had been impossible to communicate any particulars to me; although our

lawyer, who had been appealed to, advised Mrs. Fenham, who had hurried from London at the first intimation of my illness, to open both telegram and letter.

"Let me see what Paul says!" I cried impatiently, as soon as all this had been explained to me. "I want to know all particulars. It will do me good, nurse,"—for that high authority began to look decidedly doubtful of the consequences.

My petition was granted, and the documents were immediately produced. Eagerly I opened the little brown envelope, and read:

"Not killed. Slightly wounded.

"PAUL."

Such was the reassuring message which had flashed across seas and continents for my relief.

The letter was still more precious to me. It ran thus:

DEAREST SALLY:—My wire will have set your mind at rest, I hope. Some stupid newspaper man, misled by a false rumor, which had originated in a certain resemblance in face and figure between me and another of our fellows, put my name on his list and telegraphed his message at once. He discovered his blunder very shortly after, and corrected it in the second edition of his paper. Had I got hold of him, he would have had a lively time; for I was in despair on your account when I heard what had happened.

I did not want to frighten you, but I was rather badly hit; and am still in hospital, though getting on famously. It is strange that I am thrown almost entirely among Catholics here. The fellow in the next bed is one. He knows heaps of our friends, and is a very jolly companion. The nurse is also a Catholic. The Catholic chaplain, who comes to visit my neighbor, is a great chum of mine, and we have had many a pleasant chat together. He was interested in

hearing that I had a "Roman" sister.

I suppose I am booked here for another month or so, but after that I expect to be sent home. So keep up your spirits, old dear, till we meet. I can almost hear you congratulating me upon my immunity from stray shots in the meantime.

Your ever loving

PAUL.

"What splendid news,—what heavenly news!" was all I could say, and I repeated it many times. So Paul was alive and well, and coming back to me. "Thank God,—thank God a thousand times!" sang my grateful heart.

"How grand it would be if he got the grace to become a Catholic himself!" I said later to Mrs. Fenham. "I have prayed for it daily."

She smiled mysteriously.

An hour or two after, she paid me another visit.

"You bore your good news so well," she said, "that nurse has given me leave to enlighten you still further. Your brother wrote to me, thanking me for coming to take care of you, and at the same time gave me news that astonished though it delighted me. Can you guess it?"

"Can it be that he has received the grace of faith?" I cried in amazement. "Tell me—do not keep me in suspense."

"He is a Catholic already," she gleefully answered.

Besides the explanations she was able to afford, she had been keeping, until I seemed well enough to be permitted to open it, another letter to me from Paul. Its contents are too sacred to divulge. One thing alone gave me cause for regret. Had Eve been less hasty, Paul's happiness would have been perfect. But, after all—as I summed up when talking over matters with my dear friend,—one can not expect life to be a path of roses.

Mrs. Fenham received my confidence

with less gravity than it deserved.

"My dear Sara," she answered, laughingly, "has it never puzzled you that Eve should venture to accompany me here, considering all that had happened?"

At that moment light began to break in upon me.

Eve's words recurred to my mind: "He is alive and well, and is coming back to you and to me."

"Is she reconciled with Paul? Can it be possible?"

"It is an accomplished fact," was Mrs. Fenham's prompt reply.

"But what about her marriage with Sir James Stanmer? It was publicly announced as already arranged."

"And just as truly as that your brother was dead."

Then she proceeded to tell me that there had never been any engagement between Eve and the gentleman in question. The girl's guardian—a distant cousin, with whom she had lived from childhood—had set his heart upon the match, as soon as the engagement with Paul had come to an end, having always disliked the prospect of a Protestant husband for Eve. He was suffering from a dangerous illness, which had since carried him off; and Eve, by the advice of his doctor, had never expressed openly to him her refusal to meet his wishes with regard to Sir James. The old man had therefore jumped at conclusions, and had made a public announcement of the expected marriage. But both Eve and Sir James at once took steps to contradict the rumor. Paul's angry disappointment at the news had made him taboo newspapers for the time being; thus the contradiction had never reached us through that channel, and our friends and acquaintances naturally kept silent on so delicate a subject.

"Your brother heard the real state of things from his new friend in the

hospital," she said in conclusion. "He lost no time in telling Eve of his approaching reception into the Church, as you might expect; and they are now in correspondence once more."

So my sacrifice had met, with an abundant reward. Not only had my brother been spared to me in spite of ever-present danger, but other blessings—seemingly unattainable—had been granted by means of that very renunciation.

No wonder that the days flew by with the speed of lightning, while, in company with Mrs. Fenham and Eve—both dear to me now as sisters could be,—I eagerly awaited tidings of my "warrior's return."

How Thomas More and the Bishop of Rochester Died.

(From the "Chronicle of King Henry VIII. of England." Being a contemporary record of some of the principal events of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Written in Spanish by an unknown hand. Translated, with Notes and Introduction, by Martin A. Sharp Hume.)

THE Pope sent a cardinal's hat to Bishop Fisher, whom he knew to be a very learned man. When the King knew it, he was in a great rage; and on the very day the Bishop was sentenced to death the cardinal's hat arrived. The King ordered the heads of the Bishop and Chancellor More to be cut off; so they brought them out of the Tower to the scaffold.

It was quite a sight to see the great number of people, for it was a good long while before the prisoners arrived; and when they came there were over five hundred halberdiers with them.

The first to ascend was the Bishop; and when he saw so many people he gave them his blessing, but he was not allowed to say anything. Then the good Bishop, seeing they would not let him talk, said these words: "Worthy people

who are here, I beg you to pray to God for my soul; and also pray that He will lead your King on a better road than at present." Then the guards retired, and the holy man knelt and said to the executioner: "Do thy duty." Then he placed his head upon the block, after having offered up a prayer in Latin; and the executioner struck off his head in three blows, and he rendered up to God the soul that was His already.

Then the good More ascended the scaffold. He had seen all that had passed; and any man may imagine the anguish he was enduring, above all, when he saw the Bishop headless. "Gentlemen," he said, "do what is to be done at once; for, although I would fain speak to the people, I know you will not allow me. So I only ask them that when they see the blow struck they will say three times the name of Jesus, so that my soul may take its flight with that sound." He said no more, but lay down at once.

And when the captain of the castle saw his determination, he said to him: "Sir Thomas More, see here; the King sends you a pardon; abandon this opinion for which you are dying." And he took out the King's great seal, and the people all hoped that the sainted More would be saved. But the Holy Ghost was within him, and he said these words: "Captain, in vain you strive; for the real pardon I hope for is that of my Lord Jesus Christ, who has the power; and before my eyes I see the real great seal, which is the Five Wounds of the Saviour. Let the headsman therefore do his duty."

Then the captain told the executioner to behead him, as he slighted the King's pardon. More asked for the headsman, and said to him, "Brother, give five strokes in honor of the Five Wounds," which he did. During the strokes the crowd said the name of Jesus, so his soul was thus accompanied.

The Real Luther.

THAT the World War prevented any great enthusiasm for the celebration of the fourth centenary of Martin Luther's revolt against the Church, is a mistaken notion. With the writings of Denifle and Grisar before them, it is impossible for the admirers of the so-called Reformer to regard him as either a hero or a saint. Whatever may be said against Father Denifle's great work, nobody can deny that, in the words of one critic, "it has made Luther's coffin." Acting on the proverb so common in Germany, "Rough tools for rough work," the learned Dominican has employed the sternest and harshest words in his vocabulary to expose the Reformer's immorality. Father Grisar is more gentle and impersonal: he is satisfied to represent Luther as he reveals himself in his words and actions. It is a revolting picture. How such a monster, of whose indecency, savage violence, wanton humor, and reckless speech so many examples might be given, could ever have been regarded as a holy man is past belief.

It is to the credit of Protestant scholars in Germany and elsewhere that they now frankly admit the fact that Luther was a very different character from what most historians have represented him as being. Reviewing at some length the third volume of Grisar's work, which deals rather with the moral, social, and personal side of the Reformer's career than with his theology, the London *Athenaeum*, after referring to his lack of zeal for souls, the looseness with which he regarded the marriage tie, the facilities for divorce which he allowed, etc., remarks: "There is not a trace of exaggeration: the *ipsissima verba* are appealed to as evidence.... There is no doubt that in some respects Father Grisar proves his case to the hilt."

How to Say the Rosary.

WHILE it is quite unnecessary to remind our readers that the month upon which we have just entered is dedicated in a special manner to the most common, the best-known, and best-loved of Marian devotions, it does not at all follow that there is nothing for them to learn, or at least to be reminded of, in connection with the reverent and profitable recitation of the Beads. We ought not to let the month pass by, or rather we really ought not to let it begin, without seriously asking ourselves how we say the Rosary. The inquiry will probably disclose some defects to be remedied. Is not everything which one does habitually, or as a part of one's daily duty, apt to become a formal, perfunctory act?

The examination to be made is a very simple matter. It consists in the query: Do I say the Rosary with recollection and devotion? A spiritual writer has said, "Haste kills devotion"; and this applies specially to the Rosary when recited in common and in public.

Distractions are the chief hindrances to devout prayer; they can render our recital of the Rosary almost, if not quite, worthless. What am I to do to avoid distractions? Theologians tell us that before engaging in prayer, especially if it is to last for some time, it is indispensable to recollect ourselves for a few moments, and resolutely banish from our minds all that may distract us during that holy exercise. This ought to be our invariable practice before saying the Rosary, whether we say it for ourselves alone or with others; for if we begin with distractions, what wonder if we go on with distractions and end with distractions?

To be recollected, and remain recollected, is a matter of chief importance in all prayer, and especially so in respect to the Rosary. For it can not be

denied that, as every tree has some kind of blight peculiar to itself, which gives not a little trouble to the cultivator, so the Rosary has its drawback, routine,—the repetition of the words from habit, while the thoughts wander far and wide. This is one of the objections frequently urged against this method of prayer; it is said to be a merely mechanical, aimless repetition of a form of words. Doubtless the Rosary is sometimes said in this manner; but it is an abuse, the result of human frailty, and must be struggled against if we desire our prayer to bear fruit and our wreath of roses to find favor with the Mother of God.

Whoever, therefore, is desirous to recite the Rosary with devout fervor, will do well to follow the following counsel; it is that of an experienced master of the spiritual life.

When saying the Rosary, it is a good plan, at the beginning of each decade, to place the mystery upon which you are about to meditate before your mental vision; to cast on it, as it were, an admiring glance. This will intensify your interest, and enable you to keep your attention fixed on the subject when you proceed with the vocal prayers. Finally, it is of no slight importance to keep watch on the senses, particularly on the eyes, whilst reciting the Rosary; and to assume a respectful posture, as reverence for prayer enjoins.

These are very useful hints. Undoubtedly a certain effort will be required if the Rosary is to be thus recited. Yet it will prove difficult only at first, and we know that what costs us nothing is generally nothing worth,—an axiom especially true of prayer. If the Rosary is to be "a wreath of roses to be laid at Our Lady's feet," our rose garden must be tended with assiduous, sometimes arduous care, or else weeds will spring up, and the blossoms will be scanty and poor.

Notes and Remarks.

Highly important counsels for Catholic teachers are contained in the recently published *Life of Mother Connelly*, foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Of the kind of religious instruction best suited to young children, she wrote: "The first lessons should be given in the form of simple tales, to excite their curiosity and arouse their imaginations, placing Almighty God before them in the light of a tender and loving Father, a kind and good Creator, who has made us all and created everything, who has bestowed upon us all we possess, thus leading their young hearts to a sincere love of His goodness. They should not yet be taught to look upon God in the exercise of His power as a judge or punisher of sin. After a tender love of God has taken possession of their hearts, through the stories of the life of Christ especially, they will be ready to hear of sin and its punishment; for they will then understand the evil of offending One who has done so much for them."

It is many years now since these wise words were penned, but the philosophy of education for children has not changed. Only recently Pope Pius XI. said to an instructor in religion: "In the lower classes, the lessons should be directed to the heart of the pupil; in the more advanced classes the lessons should be directed more to the head of the pupil." Authoritative counsel, made as plain as possible.

As an accurate characterization of the Catholic body, either in this country or in England, "priest-ridden" has become well-nigh obsolete. It never was a really descriptive epithet, although at times in the past misunderstanding of Catholic conditions occasionally seemed to give it some color of truth in the eyes of Protestants. Nowadays, how-

ever, none but the unintelligent or the malicious can assert that the adjective truthfully qualifies the relation between the clergy and laity of the Church. An excellent illustration of the inaccuracy of the epithet was afforded by the recent English National Congress. "Looking back upon it," remarks the *London Catholic Universe*, "one is struck by a remarkable feature—the number of lay speakers, their large proportion, and the importance of the occasions on which they were invited to speak. At the mass meetings, laymen and laywomen addressed the assemblies at large upon questions intimately affecting Catholic doctrine and practice, while archbishops and bishops sat and listened. In the sectional meetings they discussed with the utmost freedom matters of practical policy and method, while prelates again listened patiently and often approvingly. Our Anglican friends, driven from pillar to post to find some argumentative support for their position, are now, we see, making much of the alleged 'lack of liberty' under the 'Roman Obedience.' 'Priest-ridden' is hardly a word that will do in Anglo-Catholic mouths, so recourse is had to 'bureaucracy,' 'regimentation,' and other locutions."

It is with much regret that we have to record the death of two worthy and widely known priests—the Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith and Dom Columba Edmonds, O. S. B. They endured a long illness that had evoked the sympathy and prayers of innumerable friends and acquaintances. Both were distinguished for worth and work. Besides being the author of a number of important and useful books and pamphlets, Dr. Smith was a journalist of good judgment and high professional attainments. For many years and in various capacities, he rendered, cheerfully and self-sacrificingly, great service

to the cause of religion. His many Christian and sacerdotal virtues endeared him to those who knew him intimately, and won the deep respect of all with whom he was in any way associated. He will long be missed wherever he was known.

Father Edmonds was a convert to the Church, and numerous conversions were due to his strong faith, ardent zeal and fervent piety. Though his services were in constant demand for missions and retreats, he managed to find time for writing, and produced a large number of excellent tracts, etc., for the instruction of the faithful and the enlightenment of those outside the Church. His most scholarly work, "The Early Scottish Church, Her Doctrine and Discipline," is recognized as a standard one on the subject. He was beloved by his religious brethren and venerated by others. His example was at all times an incentive or a reproach. Few priests of our time have served the Church more self-sacrificingly than the Prior of Fort Augustus Abbey. A life so devoted must have drawn down a great many special blessings on his Order and his country.

Fr. Smith and Dom Columba were for many years valued contributors to THE AVE MARIA. We bespeak the prayers of its readers for the repose of their souls.

Notwithstanding the fact that a goodly number of years have passed since Pope Pius X. published his *Motu Proprio* on Gregorian Chant, it appears that there is still room for improvement in the practice of Catholic organists and singers in the matter of Church music. Mr. W. F. Markce has compiled a series of "Dont's for Catholic Choirs"; and a cursory glance at them suggests that both organists and singers need to

pay more attention to the laws which unequivocally bind them all. For instance, it seems that some choirs still repeat the first words of the *Gloria* and the *Credo*, instead of continuing from the point where the intoning celebrant has left off. The organist's accompanying the priest during the singing of the Preface and the *Pater Noster* used to be optional, but is now forbidden. There is no authority for singing *Deo gratias* at the end of the Epistle, or *Laus Tibi, Christe* at the end of the first Gospel. A general rule of extensive application is: "Don't keep the priest waiting at any part of the Mass, no matter how many *Amens*, *Alleluias*, or *Hosannas* a composer may have written." And the concluding item of the series is especially worth while: "Don't forget that the three great objects of Church music are: the glory of God, the edification of the faithful, and the sanctification of the singer's soul."

In reply to some plain remarks in the London *Tablet* on women's dress in church, a lady in France writes in a decidedly *tu quoque* spirit:

You talk about unbecoming and even immodest dress in church, but men are as bad as women. On the last Sunday in August, at the seaside place where I am staying, an Englishman strode late into church for the principal Mass, in tennis flannels with a soft shirt liberally unbuttoned at the throat. Under his left arm he had a rolled-up bathing towel, etc., and a newspaper. In his right hand he carried a folding camera. Judging by the way he crossed himself he was a Catholic.... The same evening, at our small but rather select casino, where *tenue de soirée est de rigueur* for after-dinner dances, this Englishman turned up punctually, and correctly attired. I think the *Tablet* ought to have something to say about this.

It had—something bright and very much to the point. We see no reason, however, for doubting that the offender in question was a Catholic. Irreverence in church on the part of men, young

and old, is alas! far from being uncommon among us. Had the lady—a close observer, by the way—been in doubt as to the religion of “that Englishman,” it would have been like her to find out about it when he “turned up” at the casino. She may not have been altogether pleased when she read these lines in the *Tablet*:

What we have to say is that we are ashamed of our compatriot, although it is not certain that he was a Catholic. Some English travellers are rather proud of their so-called broad-mindedness in doing at Rome what the Romans do. This particular person treated his fellow-worshippers with contempt, and his Maker with irreverence. We have nothing to retract from what we said about the dress of Catholic women in church; but we re-affirm it in respect of Catholic men also. As Catholics, we are rightly proud to think that a poor old market-woman, who hobbles into church with a heavy basket of turnips, just to say one *Ave*, is a delightful and seemly sight; but this does not mean that the Father's House is to be robbed of one shred of formal respect from those who have the time and opportunity to render it.

An ultra-Protestant polemic in England is quoted as saying: “Romish influence is undoubtedly on the increase everywhere. The Roman Catholics are bent on capturing England. Convents are springing up like mushrooms in all parts of the country. Schools are being opened and are supported by Nonconformists. Protestants ought to unite in resisting the evil influence of the Church of Rome.”

Something really ought to be done, or the people of England will eventually be reduced to the condition of the old lady who had no place to go. She was taking her usual drive one day, and seeing a church in course of erection, inquired of her coachman: “What church is that, Michael?” — “’Tis a Catholic church, ma’am, I’m thinking; I see a cross up upon it,” he answered. A little farther on she noticed a large new building, and asked what it was. “A

convent, ma’am,” replied Michael, who mischievously drove past an orphan asylum and a school soon afterward. The old lady relapsed into silence, whereupon Michael became loquacious, pointing out every new Catholic institution within sight. He had just indicated a third church and school, when his mistress lost her temper and exclaimed: “Drive on,—drive on, Michael! Very soon we Protestants will have no place to go. Catholics ought to be driven out of the Kingdom.” At which Michael, in turn, lost his temper, and said: “No place to go, is it? Faith, I know a place—I’ll not be naming it—where ye’re all like to go and not be leaving. You’ll find Catholics there, too,—not anny of the right kind, howsom-ever. God save us *all*!”

An English tourist, a non-Catholic, who has been spending his Summer holidays in eastern France, writes in a very appreciative vein of his experiences there. He was most struck by “the extraordinary love attached to the Person of Our Lord, coupled with devotion to His Blessed Mother.” It is good to read such testimony as this: “There is much I could write of the wonderful generosity and faith of the Catholic French peasant (too often accused of avarice by ignorant persons), who has subscribed and supported the Church schools so liberally that the State school-master has often had to leave through lack of pupils.”

Still more admirable than the people, however, does this tourist find the priests. Of them he writes: “The French clergy are the most wonderful in Europe. Despoiled of their goods by a grasping Government, and treated with contumely by many, they proved themselves France’s greatest servitors in her hour of need. All good works in France are led by them; they make the greatest sacrifices; they receive little

reward, except the satisfaction of work well done for the Master's sake. Truly, they deserve our sympathy and encouragement and prayers."

Another aspect of the French clergy is thus referred to in a recent issue of the *London Express*:

The award of a Carnegie Foundation silver medal to the Abbé Tauleigne, curé of Pontigny, near Auxerre, for devotion in X-ray experiments, in spite of serious injuries from the ray, is another instance of the scientific enthusiasm which crops up here and there among the French clergy. You never know that the apple-cheeked little country curé in his shabby soutane may not be a chemist or an archæologist; the product of his research may be anything from a patent medicine to the discovery of prehistoric remains. I once knew a curé in Touraine whose passion was mathematics; and yet he was a godly man who loved his parish, and lived on twopence a week and praised God.

French priests on the Foreign Missions have long been noted for the splendid services which they have rendered to ethnology, linguistics, and cognate sciences,—to say nothing of their literary activities.

Now that the formal recognition of Mexico by this country has taken place, the element of timeliness is added to the extremely interesting evidence given by the Superior-General of the Theatine Fathers, Very Rev. B. Caldentey, O. T., as to the feelings entertained for the priest by Mexicans and Spanish-Americans. The question being put to him, he thus replied:

"We must answer without hesitation that, after the Irish, whose respect for the priest is an exceptional blessing, probably there is no other people better disposed to the minister of God....

Spanish-Americans and Mexicans, who can't give to the priest comforts and money that they have not, give him what they have with a filial respect and affection that make one very fond of them and desire to live and die among them. The deprivation of comforts and commodities is well paid for by the satis-

faction that is experienced by a zealous priest who sees his efforts for the salvation of souls so thoroughly appreciated.

There exists in this country so much misinformation concerning Mexico, so many whole lies and half-truths have been told of the inhabitants of that sorely tried republic, that such authoritative statements as the foregoing are distinctly gratifying.

It is always interesting, and occasionally illuminating, to read of the impression made upon those "outside the fold" by the externals of our religion. A writer in the *Outlook*, quoted in the *Catholic Transcript*, speaks as follows of the impression made upon a non-Catholic American scientist some years ago by his first visit to the great Cathedral of Cologne:

The evening hour gave the Cathedral the dim, religious air a church interior needs. At last Baldwin found his voice, and broke into rapture which was prose only in words. "I am a scientist," he said, "a rationalist; but I never knew what religion was before. How those men must have believed in God, when they dreamed this thing into existence! There was something in this old faith which has passed out of our life. With all the advantages of steam and engineering skill we could not build a thing like this to-day. There was a great light shining in those days which has long since gone out. And yet we call them the Dark Ages!"

"The terrible times through which we are passing," writes a correspondent in Germany, "has one bright side—the ties between the sufferers have been strengthened in a wondrous way, almost obliterating the former sense of the word 'alms,' and giving it a new one—the spontaneous and natural helping of one another, without any sense of superiority or inferiority, only just according to the need on one side and the capacity to help on the other."

Thus does good come out of evil, and general misery enliven charity.



Autumn Rain.

BY PAUL CROWLEY.

THE rain's a busy drummer on the tin roof
of our shed;

He hammers slow, then faster, faster, right
above your head.

He plays a kind of spinning-song among the
rustling leaves,

And then goes crashing like a horn right down
the slanting eaves.

Besides, I love the solemn way he tiptoes on
the walk

When nearly done, like neighbors who will
stop a while and talk.

He makes the world seem very clean, and if
you're free from sin,

Your street will be the very place where
Sunshine's home is in.

Two Boys and a Dog. *

BY NEALE MANN.

XIV.—SNAPPY GOES TO MEET MADE- LEINE GIBBOUS.

"HAVE a smoke, Mr. Ichabod," sug-
gested Snappy, proffering a ciga-
rette to the secretary chauffeur.

The automobile was descending a
winding road, every turn of which dis-
closed a beautiful valley drawing nearer
and nearer. It was a superb landscape
presented to their view; but the young
actor had seen so many fine views in
the course of his tours here and there
that even the most picturesque site
failed to excite his admiration, or at

least his outspoken pleasure. Accord-
ingly, instead of expressing any grati-
fication at the beautiful scenery, he
assumed a comfortable pose on the
cushion of the car, and gave himself up
to one of those eccentric moods, careless
and impertinent, with which he had so
often delighted the younger spectators
of the movies in which he figured.

"Recite some of your poems for me,
Mr. Ichabod," he proposed. "I'll promise
you not to go to sleep, and I'll favor
you with my opinion of their merits."

Expose himself to the criticism of
Snappy! The very idea! Moreover,
Ichabod Poissonette wasn't exactly in
the proper vein. The rather sharp air
was striking his head somewhat too
coolly, now that he had no wig; in fact,
he began to sneeze before the journey
had well begun. There seemed to be a
strong probability of his contracting a
heavy cold. Add to this discomfort the
matter of the manuscript and his
anxiety as to the way in which Made-
leine would look upon the affair, and it
must be admitted that he had no very
good reason to be in good humor.
Snappy, however, continued to talk.

"Are we going far?" he inquired.

"To a point between Maguasque and
Bordatour."

"Ah! A seaside resort, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Are your accommodations all right?"

"Splendid."

"At a hotel?"

Madeleine's secretary cast an indig-
nant glance at his questioner.

* SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—The
will of M. Rolante, of Tellivot, Brittany,
leaves his young grandson, Artie, the ward of
two uncouth and cruel servants, Harnisette
and her son Nassimar. The boy is the son of

Georges Rolante who had incurred his father's
anger by marrying an American, Mary Con-
nor. On the death of Georges by an accident,
the old man had stolen the boy and moved to
a solitary domain in Brittany, telling his

"We are in a villa; or, rather, I should say in a chateau," he protested haughtily.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Snappy in a half-mocking tone. "A chateau by the seashore! She doesn't think small potatoes of herself, doesn't Madam Gibbous."

"Oh, we are not exactly at home," Ichabod explained; "we are staying with a friend."

"You don't say? Well, your friend must be pretty well supplied with cash."

"Extremely well off," said Ichabod positively. "She is an American, Mrs. Connor."

"With a whole lot of dollars? Yes, I understand. Let me compliment you on your high-toned acquaintance, Mr. Ichabod."

"It is we who honor her in coming to her residence for the purpose of composing our masterpieces," rejoined the poet.

"Of course, of course," said Snappy, still in his quizzing tone.

Ichabod, offended, lapsed into a dignified silence; and, for that matter, subjects for his meditation were not wanting. Road after road unfolded their ribbon-like courses. They drove through villages perched on the mountain-side; they coasted along the banks of torrents with silvered, tossing waters. Finally, the car left the valley and proceeded along the seashore. To the left was an apparent infinity of deep

blue waters, to the right a panorama of a charming little bay at the foot of encircling mountains whose sides were dotted here and there with white cubes and tufts of verdure,—the villas and gardens of Medilone.

"Here is the chateau of Villa Maria," suddenly announced Ichabod, as he turned the car through a stone gateway, and drove up a broad avenue bordered with stately palm-trees.

In some little excitement, he placed his hand on Snappy's shoulder, and, speaking in a voice trembling just a little, said: "Listen, my dear young artist, there's no need of my dissembling with *you*. You are quite able to encounter Madeleine Gibbous without having me at your side.... 'Tis understood, isn't it? You go to her and explain your whole business. During that time I shall repair the disorder of my toilet. You prepare the way, and I'll come to your support when...."

"When I have succeeded in convincing Madeleine," interrupted Snappy, with an ill-concealed sneer. "All right; suit yourself."

The automobile stopped at the turning of an alley. Snappy jumped out lightly, and, patting Ichabod's hand as if in sign of protection, declared:

"By-by, till later on! I'm off to hunt up Madam Gibbous. Don't mind accompanying me. I'll find my way about."

With that, he began making his way through the garden, filled with massive

daughter-in-law by letter that she would never see her child again. Artie runs away, but is recaptured by his guardians who beat him. This ill usage is witnessed by two members of a moving picture company, Snappy and Winder. Later on, they attempt his liberation, and, aided by Rex, Artie's dog, succeed. Following the release of Artie, Rex saves the life of Snappy, who has been attacked by a vicious bull. Nolatri, manager of the picture company, objects to having the runaway boy accompany Snappy, but the latter, a popular hero of the Movies, insists on bringing Artie and Rex to headquarters. The following day,

Artie and his dog interrupt the filming of a scenario, written by Madeleine Gibbous, in which the chief rôle is played by Snappy. This mischievous youth conceives the plan of having Artie take his rôle, and mystifies the boy who knows nothing whatever of the cinematograph. Ichabod Poissonette, secretary of Madam Gibbous, appears on the scene and objects to the changes in the scenario; but finally consents to taking Snappy on a trip to see Madam Gibbous about the matter. On arriving at her temporary residence, Villa Maria, Snappy is impressed with the grief of the owner of the villa, Mrs. Connor, and offers his sympathy.

flower-beds and tufted bushes scattered here and there over an immense lawn, the smooth greenness of which was a joy to the eye of the beholder.

"There's no doubt about it: 'tis marvellous!" exclaimed the boy now and then, as he glanced admiringly around him.

The compliment was not at all undeserved. This garden was a really ravishing bit of natural and artificial beauty combined. It looked so brilliant and joyous that one felt that none but happy lives could be passed in such surroundings. Surely tears would be altogether out of place in so fair a spot, and despair could never find a lodging therein.

"One ought to find life pleasant enough around here," reflected our young actor, as he went along path after path, his nostrils wide open to the delicious perfumes and his eyes dancing with delight. "'Tis too beautiful to be true," he ejaculated finally, as he came to the end of one alley.

He turned on his steps to do some exploring in another direction when, all at once he stopped short, uttering a slight cry of astonishment. A few yards from him, separated from the alley in which he stood by a curtain of graceful ferns, a shadow detached itself from the background of verdure, that of a blonde young woman, dressed in mourning, and raising to the blue vault of heaven eyes drowned in tears.

The lady was Mrs. Connor, owner of this splendid domain where the residents should have been so happy. Well, Mrs. Connor was the reverse of happy. Not to see it at a single glance; not to guess at once that there was locked in her heart some secret sorrow, some cruel memory which undermined her health and had robbed her cheeks of their roses, one must have been dowered with the blindness of Ichabod Poissonette steeped in admiration of himself,

or with the prodigious egotism of Madam Gibbous.

No, Mrs. Connor was not happy. Her sombre garments were quite in harmony with her mental attitude and her melancholy countenance. What a desire for solitude and recollection appeared to be written on that delicate face! It was doubtless to satisfy this desire that she had come to this retired spot, to be able to weep at her ease.

All this the clear-sighted Snappy took in at a glance. It was evident that the lady had enlisted the instantaneous sympathy of the young actor. Nor was it very surprising that such should be the case, for it would be difficult to imagine anything more touching than Mrs. Connor's expression.

Seated in a wicker chair, she had allowed the book, which she had brought as a pretext for being alone in case she was surprised, to drop to the ground by her side. A pair of beads dangled from her fingers, but she had apparently finished reciting them. Her eyes, glistening with unshed tears, were fixed on the palm-trees, yet it was clear that the unreal image which they contemplated did not belong to the visible world. Suddenly, she dropped her face into her hands, and her frame shook with violent sobs. Ceasing to struggle against her sorrow, she yielded to it; and now a cry escaped from her lips:

"O Mother Mary, it is too much! Beg your Son either to grant my prayer, or to let me die!"

Then, she felt a boy's fingers endeavoring to untwine her own clasped over her eyes, and heard a youthful voice trembling with emotion ask:

"Are you suffering, madam?"

Mrs. Connor started, dropped her hands, and saw before her a droll little figure who was looking at her with a most pitying expression.

Ah, how surprised the young admirers of Snappy would have been,

could they have seen him then! It was so unlike him, so far removed from the mocking Snappy to whom they were accustomed. The assumed, make-believe personality of the actor had vanished; there appeared in its stead the true boy, frank and generous, the boy who instinctively knows how to lessen the sorrows of mothers, and whose little fingers are alone tender enough to touch certain wounds.

Deeply moved and almost upset by the sight of the lady's tears, the lad had been unable to restrain himself. He had tiptoed towards her, and, anxious to show his sympathy for one in such distress, had put the question which had caused Mrs. Connor to start. She looked bewildered for a moment, then with a passionate gesture her trembling hands seized Snappy by the shoulders and drew him towards her. The light which flashed in her eyes lasted, however, only a moment. Her hands unloosed the boy, and with a motion as unconscious as had been her first one, she pushed him from her, while a deep sigh escaped from her bosom.

"Who are you, my little fellow, I should like to know?" she asked, a note of anxiety in her tone.

The boy regarded her, his intelligent eyes appearing to understand and express things far beyond the scope of a lad of his age.

"I am Snappy," he replied, politely. "And never have I regretted as I do now not to be some one else . . . another one who would know better than I do how to comfort you."

Beneath his clear glance which seemed to read her through and through, Mrs. Connor shivered.

"I think I understand," continued the little actor. "At first you wished to embrace me, and then you didn't wish it. Why? I have my opinion, and so am not offended. It is for me to ask your pardon. I am an awkward booby

to throw myself into the midst of your dreams. I awakened you."

There was such a mixture of anxiety and regret in the boy's tone that Mrs. Connor, touched in spite of herself, drew him to her again, and, this time, hugged him tenderly. But, immediately afterwards, another deep sigh escaped her.

"Let me depart, madam," murmured the boy, drawing away from her clasp. "If I were a magician, I know well enough into what I would transform myself. . . . But it is impossible! Too bad, too, that it is only in the movies that such things happen. . . . Queer business, as I have found out to-day. . . ."

Gently taking Mrs. Connor's hand he pressed it to his lips; then, withdrawing, he hurried down one of the alleys. As he went, however, he indulged in some reflections:

"Poor lady! But what in the name of common sense is Madeleine Gibbous doing in her company? Doesn't that great authoress suspect anything? Hasn't she guessed Mrs. Connor's secret? I didn't need to be taken into her confidence, to understand her trouble. Well, now I must see Madeleine herself."

(To be continued.)

Pictures of Holy Scripture.

Travelling in Palestine to-day, one is surprised to find how accurately the pictures of Holy Scripture are reproduced. Men and women reap and glean in the fields as did Ruth and Booz; women draw water from wells, as the young Rebecca filled her water jug in the days of Isaac; mandrakes grow between the rows of grain, as told in Genesis; and when the east wind scatters the sands of the desert, there are showers of quail, reminding one of how the children of Israel were fed on the way to Mount Sinai.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—To its growing list of important pamphlets, all suitable for church bookracks, the Central Bureau of the Central Verein has added "Liberalism, a Criticism of Its Basic Principles and Divers Forms," by his Eminence Cardinal Billot.

—A series of the spiritual classics of all ages, to be entitled the "Orchard" books, is announced by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne. The first volume will be "The Confessions of St. Augustine" in the translation of Sir Tobie Matthew, with an Introduction by Dom Roger Huddleston.

—The somewhat fragmentary literary remains of Father Charles Lewton Brain have been collected and published by a discreet admirer, Mabel Seaton. "Eucharistic and Other Verses" contains a number of good translations from the Latin hymnody, besides a quantity of original verse. The book is attractively printed. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, publishers.

—One of the most interesting of contemporary literary revivals is M. Jacques Boulenger's reconstruction of the "Stories of the Round Table." Fashioned according to modern narrative principles and told anew with spirit and beauty, this series has quite captivated French critics. Three volumes have appeared so far, and a fourth is under way. Plon-Nourrit, Paris, publishers.

—A selection from the poetry of the Rev. H. E. G. Rope, M. A., has been issued under the title, "The City of the Grail and Other Verses." The author's fervent, deeply religious temperament does him honor, and nowhere does it clog his verses. Readers will find them generally very sincere, rugged, and masculine. Occasionally there is a flashing phrase like this:

Gabriel's greeting to the Mother-May,
Who lit with Heaven the dark abyss of time.

Mr. Arnel O'Connor contributes a happy foreword. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—It is very desirable indeed that every Catholic should know the history of the Liturgical Year and imbue himself deeply with the spirit of the magnificent and manifold devotion that has been woven together by Mother Church, with the aid of so many saints and holy men of God, through the long centuries since her establishment. "The Church and the Christian Soul" is Alice Lady

Lovat's attempt to help the ordinary Christian to achieve these results. It is a beautiful book, clearly and charmingly written, with a wealth of information that shows the author's intellectual, as well as her sympathetic, interest in the subject. We hope that many people will buy this work and read it carefully. Benziger Brothers; price, \$2.25.

—Under the title, "The Twin Evils of Society," the Australian Catholic Truth Society publishes a lecture by the Most Rev. Patrick Phelan, D. D., Bishop of Sale. The evils mentioned are divorce and race-suicide, and the learned prelate goes into a thorough discussion of both, emphasizing the ravages they have made in France, England, America, and Australia. Needless to say, he denounces birth-control as murder, pure and simple, and describes it as "a cancer eating away the heart of the nation."

—We quote from the *Westminster Gazette*, a comparatively conservative journal, a bit of criticism which may astonish some people: "The surprising thing about Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's writings is that many intelligent people enjoy them. This was true of 'If Winter Comes' and even of 'This Freedom.'... Why is it that a writer of his calibre, and one, moreover, who can write a story of forty pages about 'a rough little girl, who always calls her mother "Cherishable," has achieved, and maintains, so enormous a popularity? Is it that, by omitting verbs and confounding the natural order of words in a sentence, he arrests the attention of those who are incapable of being disgusted with any barbarism of style? Whatever the explanation, Mr. Hutchinson's amazing vogue is the most remarkable symptom of England's post-war mentality."

—Bird-lovers everywhere will welcome a little book by Mr. Rapael Semmes Payne, entitled "The Baltimore Oriole and a Biographical Sketch of Audubon," just published by the Norman, Remington Co., Baltimore. The beauty, versatility and utility of this favorite lawn bird are briefly but adequately described; and there are two pictures, one colored, of "the little songster of Southern skies." It will interest others besides bird-lovers to learn that the oriole has a voracious appetite, and that his diet is largely made up of insects that injure or destroy fruit. The nest of the little weaver, the materials of which are of numer-

ous kinds, all carefully worked together, are a marvel of sagacity. The information which Mr. Payne presents in this attractive book, and his biographical sketch of Audubon are well calculated to create or deepen interest in ornithology. Price, \$1.

—Mr. Chesterton's latest—if not in many ways his newest, freshest—book is entitled "Fancies Versus Fads." A series of rather fugitive magazine articles is here gathered together for the purpose of regaling those who are content to let Mr. Chesterton be his own Boswell. Of sanity and fun and courageous pummeling of new sensational gimcracks, there is plenty, together with the familiar verbal incandescence that lights up so arrestingly his metaphors and caricature. We are glad to see free verse soundly trounced—for the sake of freedom; it is delightful to speculate upon the "Boredom of Butterflies" and the "Terror of a Toy"—in order to reach pleasant conclusions upon the value of fairy tales. But like freedom and fairy tales, this book is more or less raggedly dressed, as if it had forgotten to brush its hat and adjust its cravat. Of the final essay, however—"Milton and Merry England,"—one can merely say that it must be included among the ultimate selection from Mr. Chesterton's innumerable literary papers. It is better than splendid: it is convincingly true, a comment that seems to go immortally side by side with its immortal subject. Published by Dodd, Mead and Co.; price, \$2.00.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal."

Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers.) \$6.

"God or Gorilla." Alfred Watterson McCann. (Devin-Adair Co.) \$3.50.

"Christian Spirituality." Rev. P. Pourrat. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$4.20.

"The Conversion of the Pagan World." Paolo Manna, M. Ap. (Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.) \$1.50.

"The Life of Cornelia Connelly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." A Member of the Society. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart." Maud Monahan. (Longmans.) \$5.

"From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon." Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. (D. Appleton & Co.) \$5.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.

"Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.

"The Life and Times of John Carroll." Peter Guilday. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$5.

"Liturgical Prayer: Its History and Spirit." Dom Fernand Cabrol, O. S. B. \$4.65.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis Goeke, of the archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. John Talbot Smith, archdiocese of New York; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Henry O'Kelly, diocese of Peoria; Rev. Patrick Hannigan, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. J. F. Haney, diocese of Providence; and Dom Columba Edmonds, O. S. B.

Sister M. Denise, of the Sisters of the B. V. M.; and Sister M. Vincent, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. George Stockwell, Mr. J. Wallace, Mrs. Ella Galvin, Mr. W. E. Ball, Mr. Joseph Mercurio, Dr. Thomas F. Quinlan, Mr. W. G. Schmitt, Mrs. Michael O'Keefe, Mr. George Develier, Mr. John McDonald, Dr. Basil Koster, Mr. William Grant, Mrs. Jane McCann, Mr. Robert Anderson, Mr. John Goldie, Mr. Edward Connolly, Mrs. M. Benz, Mr. Frank Doucette, Miss Anne Bowers, and Mr. Edward Langevin.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

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of the National Shorthand Reporters' Association,
Mr. Nathan Behrin, an ISAAC PITMAN writer, and
without any preparation, won the WORLD'S SHORT-
HAND TROPHY CHAMPIONSHIP at 280 words per
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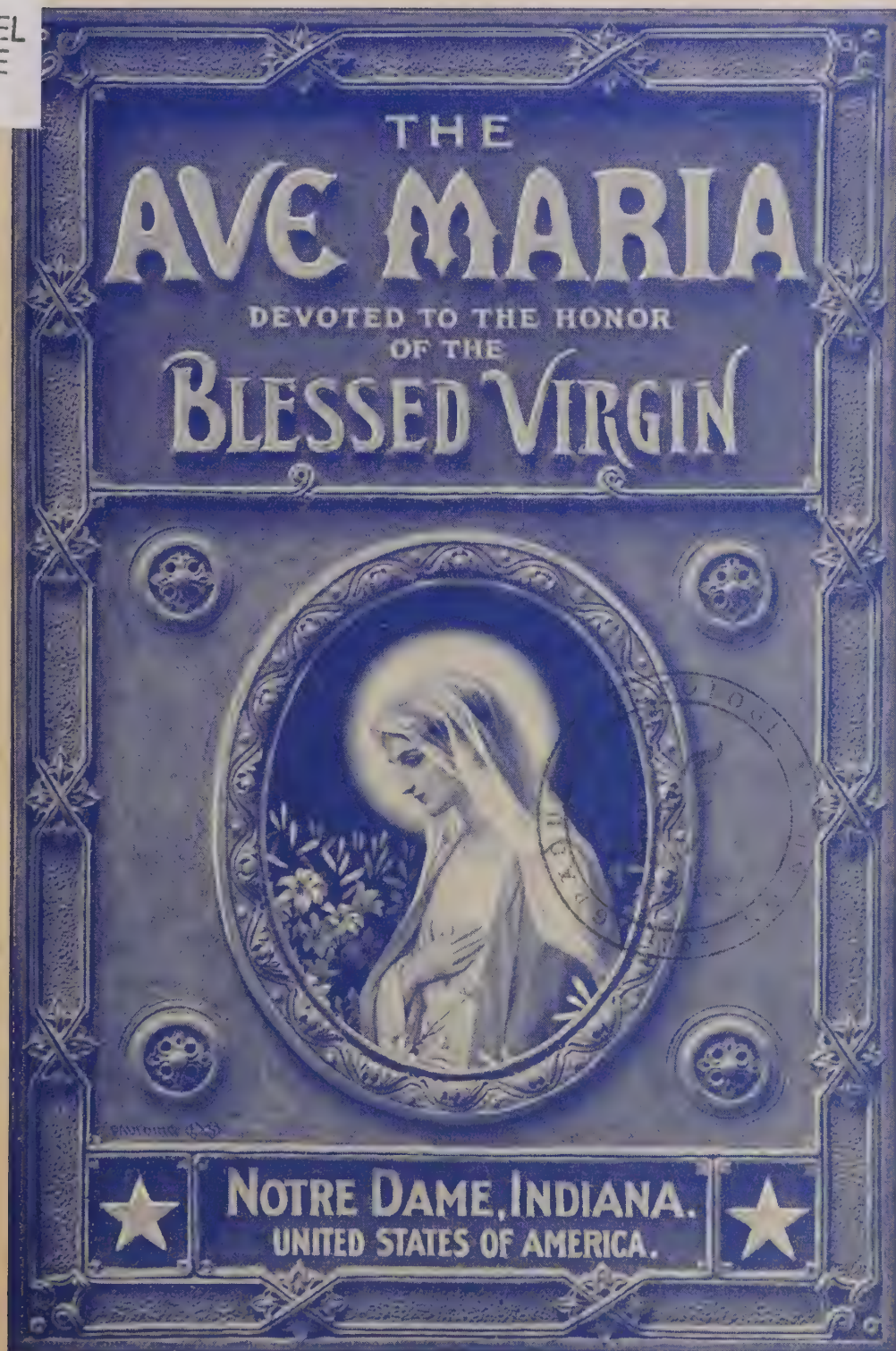
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 13.—St. Edward, C.	WEDNESDAY, 17.—St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, V. St. Hedwiges, W.
SUNDAY, 14.—TWENTY-FIRST AFTER PENTECOST. St. Callistus, P. M.	THURSDAY, 18.—St. Luke, Evg.
MONDAY, 15.—St. Teresa, V.	FRIDAY, 19.—St. Peter of Alcantara, C. St. Frideswide, V.
TUESDAY, 16.—St. Gall, Ab. St. Gerard, C.	SATURDAY, 20.—St. John Cantius, C.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1., 48

VOL. XVIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 13, 1923.

No. 15

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Rosary Trimmings.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON:

SHURE, Ireland is a blessed land, for, search
it everywhere,
When falls October's misty night, there comes
the Hour o' Prayer;
An' himself an' herself an' all the carefree
family,
They kneel them in a circle round, an' say the
Rosary.

Ay, Ireland is a blessed land, for, search it
anywhere,

You'll find the marks o' suffering that make
her features fair;

But when October's night comes down, then
by a magic power,

The light o' heaven warms the earth at radiant
Rosary Hour.

A *Pater* and an *Ave* for the colleen bride o'
Him,

An' one for slender Owny climbin' Calvary's
pathway grim.

A *Pater* and an *Ave* for the souls that have
no friend—

Dear God, the lonely souls in bands, to them
in pity bend!

WHAT a life! We serve God by fits
and starts; we have cold fits and hot
fits, like those that are struck by fever;
sometimes we are in earnest, sometimes
we give up; we are carried away by
gusts of temptation; a frown of the
world will kill off all our good resolu-
tions. Such is our life—perpetually
tossed to and fro like waves of the sea.

—Cardinal Manning.

Legends of America's Discovery.

BY A. J. REILLY.

THE schoolbooks mention but
one voyage to America pre-
vious to its discovery by
Columbus. And consequently
we get the impression that the exist-
ence of an island or continent beyond
the Western Ocean was absolutely un-
known either through tradition or
history until the Fifteenth Century.
Yet a close study of the life of Chris-
topher Columbus reveals the fact that
the idea of setting forth on his west-
ward voyage was strengthened, if not
first conceived, by a visit to Ireland,
and the tales of a western land he heard
in that island. It is a well-known fact
that two of his company were Irishmen
to whom traditions of a wondrous land
beyond the sea were as familiar as the
traditions of their own Gaelic past.
That this was so is due, doubtless, to
the fact that, even from remotest times,
the Gael seems to have been inextricably
bound up in American traditions.

These legends go back to pagan days
in Ireland. In such ancient manuscripts
as are still extant tales of a wondrous
western land are very frequent, and it
is given many appellations; among
these Tir-na-N'oge, Land of Perpetual
Youth, is perhaps the most frequent.
And no doubt it was some knowledge of
these ancient tales that inspired Ponce
de Leon to seek that highly-prized

fountain at a much later date. That this land was merely a figment of the imagination, and that the Gaels had no conception of its actual existence, may be true. But there is a consistency, a similarity of detail and of description in all these legends that force the belief that the pagan Gaels knew of the actual existence of a western land to which they gave such fanciful names.

And, after all, their tales of the West are scarcely less imaginative and fanciful than the stories told of the East in the Middle Ages by what were thought to be reputable travellers. Nor is it to be wondered at that men of the adventurous spirit and roving disposition as the ancient Gaels are known to have been, should travel westward as well as eastward. If their stout curraghs could carry them to the Mediterranean and Red Sea, it would not be at all surprising to learn that they carried them westward across the great sea on the edge of which their island was located, as strategic a position in those ancient days as to-day. So it needs little or no stretch of the imagination to believe these fantastic tales are at least based on fact.

One of the earliest of these tales tells of the Prince Condla who was enticed by a beautiful maiden to leave his native land and follow her to her western Eden whose beauties and pleasures she described to him most alluringly. Not least among its many charms were its dark-skinned maidens whose "beautiful eyes and vermilion cheeks were a constant delight," and where neither they nor he (for he was known as Condla, the Beautiful) would lose any of their youth or beauty. Condla sailed away, and was never known to return to his native land.

But unlike Condla, Cuchullain, the hero of that most glorious page in the story of pagan Ireland—half legend, half history—returned from his sojourn

in the Land of Perpetual Youth. He relates the most marvellous tales of the "Valley of Delicacies" and the "Fairy Plain" where grew the most delicious fruits man had ever tasted. Yet another tale describes the voyage of Laogaire, son of the King of Connaught, who crossed the Western Sea to bring aid to his friend, Fiacha. Nor could he be induced to quit the fair land he had discovered, though he returned to Ireland for a short time.

The heroes of the last great cycle of pagan Irish literature, the Fianna, are also said to have visited the western land on various occasions and for different purposes. Both the great champions, Finn and Ossian, visited the West. Indeed, the fame of this western Eden seems to have been well known throughout Ireland early in the Second Century of the Christian Era. Ossian's descriptions, which have charmed each succeeding generation, whether entirely the result of the poet's imagination, or of actual experience colored by the poet, may be considered the foundation of the western urge that led to the discoveries of later centuries.

But when we leave pagan days, we come to stories of the far-flung voyages of the Gael of the Christian Era, which are far more authentic, but scarcely less fanciful than the earlier tales. Brendan, the Voyager, is an historical character. About the year 556 he, already famed for sanctity, established a school at Clonfert which was destined to become one of the most famous schools of Ireland. But he took literally the words of his Master: "Everyone that hath forsaken father and mother, sister and land for My Name's sake shall possess everlasting life." Brendan prayed that the Lord would lead him to a land secret and hidden, so that he might leave behind him all that was dear. In answer to his persistent prayer, an angel of the Lord directed him to

set out upon his voyage. This voyage, according to the account, claimed to have been written by Brendan himself, lasted seven years.

His first attempt, however, was a failure. But Brendan was undaunted, and set forth again. We are told that for fifteen days the winds drove the monks steadily to the west, and then suddenly it ceased, and they were forced to use their oars. Their provisions were giving out, and it took all Brendan's tact and patience to keep his crew in order, which recalls the dangers that beset Columbus on his voyage. At length land was sighted, and the monks, reaching what seemed to be a great island, went ashore. They describe the traces of Eastern civilization which they found on this island, though they seem to have seen no inhabitants. They visited many other islands, describing all with a wealth of detail characteristic of the Gael. On one, the Isle of Albæus, they were met by their own countrymen. Here was a community of monks under Ailbe of Emly. The old chronicler has described in detail the surroundings of his countrymen, telling that "even the lights sprang up spontaneously."

Another island they called the Paradise of the Birds; and their descriptions of the wild birds and wild animals are almost identical with the descriptions given by the Spanish explorers of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. It would appear that they were in the vicinity of the American tropics. In this vicinity, they were driven by a tempest to what the monks believed was the very entrance to hell. Brendan's description of that awful time bears such close resemblance to Dante's *Inferno* that one readily believes that the Italian poet was familiar with Brendan's account of his seven years' voyage.

At length the monks surmounted the

terrors of these infernal regions, and came to an immense continent. They spent forty days trying to find the boundaries of this land, coming, at length, to the mouth of a great river, probably the Orinoco. Here they were met by an angel with a flaming sword who directed them to return to their native land. Brendan died soon after his return, having attained the great age of ninety-six years.

The best of historians believe that these marvellous adventures but conceal the true discoveries of the Western Continent by the ancient Irish monks under a veil of fiction. And yet much that seems utterly fictitious and unbelievable to us to-day may have been sincerely believed by the monks of the Fifth and Sixth Centuries, when all that seemed inexplicable was ascribed to supernatural powers. So it seems safe to think that Brendan and his monks covered the course followed much later by Columbus, landing on the Azores, the Canaries, and the Madeira Islands; then holding their course westward until they came to a land whose great rivers convinced them it must be another continent—and what other continent but America?

Many of Brendan's followers and pupils set out upon similar voyages. One of the most interesting accounts is the story of the white-robed Culdees. Tradition seems to indicate that these monks left Iona during the Easter controversy, and returned to their native Ireland; but when the echoes of the controversy reached them there they refused to remain, and set out upon a westward voyage. One account tells that these pious and learned men discovered "many islands not known before." They are said to have met with fellow-countrymen who received them with true Irish hospitality.

Eventually, they returned to Iona, bringing with them many souvenirs of

the wonderful places they had visited, among which was an enormous leaf, "as large as an oxhide," aver the old chroniclers. This leaf was preserved for many years in Iona, and later brought to Kells, where it was discovered in an excellent state of preservation in the year 1390. This leaf, in all probability, was found in tropical America, and may have been some sort of palm.

And it is not only in the legends of the Gael that we find testimony of their explorations of the Western Continent. The Scandinavian sagas, including the legends of the voyages from Greenland and Iceland, bear testimony to the presence on the western islands of Gaelic-speaking communities. Three Icelandic works speak of *Irland It Mikla*, Greater Ireland, in the west. It is also referred to in some of the sagas as the Land where Man Dressed in White, which would seem to refer to a community of Culdees. Italian adventurers, like the brothers Zeno and Edrisi, mention Europeans who had colonized a far western land, and who were far advanced in civilization. One thing especially noted was a library of strange books neither the language nor the alphabet of which the Italians could understand.

But where was this land located? On this point the authorities differ, though the weight of evidence seems to be with those who claim *Irland It Mikla* to have been near the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The inhabitants are said to have had trade relations with Greenland. There is even stronger proof. The early French explorers and missionaries testify to the fact that the inhabitants of this region held the Cross, the symbol of Christianity, in greatest reverence. These missionaries believed that the inhabitants must have once received a knowledge of Christianity from Europeans many centuries before, and lost it through the negli-

gence of their ancestors. The Indian legend as to the origin of this veneration of the Cross was that, at a time when their ancestors were dying of hunger, a white-robed youth came among them bearing a cross. He rescued them from their plight, and then taught them about the sacred emblem. Both Cartier and Champlain noted this veneration of the Cross among some of the tribes they visited.

An Icelandic tale, of about the year 1030, relates how Gudhliof, on a return voyage from Dublin, was driven out of his course by a mighty gale which forced him westward for many days, until he knew not in what direction to seek land. After drifting about until almost in despair, he at length came in sight of land. He hastened to go ashore. The inhabitants were going to make him prisoner when one approached who seemed to be their chief, and spoke to him in Gaelic. Gudhliof and his crew spent the Winter with the community, and in the Spring left for home bearing many gifts. It would be easy to multiply such examples from the old sagas.

Thus it is evident that there were traditions of a western world in Europe long before the discoveries of Columbus. These traditions, which undoubtedly emanated from Ireland, may have been his incentive in starting upon his perilous voyage. And it is still more interesting to learn that the imprint of Gaelic civilization upon this western world could still be discerned at the time of the American Revolution. Lefebvre recounts, among many other similar instances, the story of one Beatty who was captured by a tribe of Carolina Indians and about to be put to death. In his extremity he cried out to the Lord for mercy and pardon in Gaelic—the language of his captors. His life was spared, and he spent some time among them teaching them the ways of

civilization. But they were not entirely ignorant, for they showed him a manuscript of the Scriptures in their own tongue, Gaelic.

There is still further evidence of buildings. The ruins of the round towers found in New England, and especially on the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, are thought by many to be the work of the Scandinavian voyager, Lief the Lucky. In the light of the fact that nowhere, except in Ireland, are there any evidences of these unusual structures, however, it may be concluded that it was the early Irish, perhaps Brendan himself, who built these mysterious towers. And this belief is strengthened by the evidence of the old sagas which recount the meeting of Scandinavian and Gael on the shores of the far western land.

A Tool of Fortune.

XXIV.



TEN years had passed by. At Wola, the little house of Sigismond shone white in its fresh coat of paint. The portico had been replaced by a broad veranda, shaded by an awning; blossoming vines twined around the four columns supporting its corners. The velvety lawn was adorned by urns and boxes of geraniums, and the interlaced branches of the gigantic trees forming the enclosure made a grateful shade.

It was a beautiful evening near the close of August. The country fairly rang with the sounds of labor, as the harvest was being gathered in. A young girl came out of the door of the Prus home and sat down on the top step of the veranda. She wore a white dress and a red apron which fell to the bottom of her skirt. A large straw-hat covered her forehead and shaded her eyes. By the brilliancy of her complexion and the rose-pink of her cheeks,

one would have thought that the hair concealed by the broad-brimmed hat must, when unbound, have rolled in waves of gold over shoulders worthy of Diana. The color of her eyes was uncertain under the play of lights and shadows cast on her cheeks by her long silken lashes. Sitting in a frame of verdure—a half-open, inverted umbrella in one hand, the other armed with a pair of pruning-shears that flashed in the slanting rays of the setting sun,—the white and red figure seemed the embodiment of youth and grace.

The girl sat for some moments looking over the peaceful landscape, to which the approaching evening gave more luminous contours and more distant horizons. She rose at last and was about to descend the steps, when a voice behind her caused her to pause. In the doorway stood old Magda, who still exercised the despotic functions of cook and housekeeper. The aggressive manner in which she addressed the girl furnished proof of this fact.

"And where might you be going now?" she asked, curtly. "As if there could be any sense in starting out for a tramp just when honest folks are going to supper!"

The person addressed—who was no other than Françoise Prus, Sigismond's little sister, grown-up now,—answered pleasantly:

"I wasn't going out for a walk at all, Magda. I was only going to cut a few roses."

"Roses, roses!" grumbled the old woman, half-appeased. "Wouldn't it be better to let them grow and flourish where they are? What are you going to do with them, *moja panienka*?* Are you expecting some handsome cavalier to-night?"

"Who knows, Magda dear?—who knows?" rejoined the young girl, with a mischievous smile.

* My young lady.

The servant, however, was not to be deceived.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, shrugging her shoulders. "You refuse them all. I don't mean to reproach you, but at your age I was a widow."

"Thank you, Magda!" replied her companion, bursting into a merry peal of laughter. "I must confess that I do not envy you."

"Well, never mind," continued the old woman. "Let the roses bloom as long as the Lord wants them to, and come in to supper."

"But I want to wait for my brother," insisted Françoise.

"That means the same as if you had said you were going to bed with an empty stomach. Your brother, indeed! He has never known how to regulate himself by the hours of the sun. Long ago, before he had charge of Wola, it was the same thing. He wandered to the right and the left—no one knew where. And I often said to Master Jean, 'Take his coffee,' or 'Eat his dinner: it will teach him to be more prompt.' Ah, yes! but the poor, dear man never heeded me; for he had other cares on his mind."

At the mention of Jean Raz's name, Françoise went back up the steps. A curiosity she could not control caused her to listen to all the stories Magda told about the young man. When she spoke of him, the old woman always sighed with an air of mystery that appealed strongly to the girl's imagination. In the active monotony of her life, it was like a romance, in which her fancy supplied stirring and original chapters. One day she questioned her brother as to the absent man; but he had given her no satisfaction.

She knew that he had been unfortunate; that he had lost his father and sister at a single stroke; and that he had left his country, as letters had come to her brother dated from dif-

ferent cities in America. She knew, too, that he must have earned a great deal of money, since he had charged Sigismond to cancel the mortgages on Wola and to get control of it at any price; and that then everybody had looked for his return. She herself had dreamed of it; she had pictured him as a nabob wearing a long robe sparkling with jewels. Finally all hope of his coming had been abandoned, and for the past two years the nabob had given no sign whatever of life. Sigismond's letters had remained unanswered; and this mystery had further excited the lively imagination of the young girl, adding a new aureole to the head of the unknown.

She did not question Magda, being prevented by a feeling of modesty, which she could not explain to herself; but the old servant was not deceived by this silence. Now again, she knew that it was not the announcement of supper, but the allusion to the young man, that had induced Françoise to come up to her. So, blinking her little grey eyes, she continued:

"Shall I tell you something, *panienka*? If you are waiting for Master Jean, if it is on his account that you have refused your three suitors, if it is for him that you gather roses, well, upon my faith, you are right. You don't know how handsome he is. How old were you—six or seven, no more—when you saw him last?"

She paused for a reply. Françoise remained silent, however. She dimly remembered the tall young man who had smiled down upon her, and who in nowise resembled a nabob; but she kept that image jealously guarded in the depths of her heart, with her dreams and undefined hopes. Magda went on, interpreting the girl's silence in her own fashion:

"No, I don't think you could remember him. Well, he was more beau-

tiful than the son of a king, and so good and generous! A Jewess cast a spell over him; great misfortunes fell upon him, and that is what made him cross the seas and go on a pilgrimage to a foreign land. There he found hidden treasures. If you burn a candle every Sunday before the altar of Saint Joseph, I am sure that he will come back some day and marry you. Ah, my little dear! on that day I would go myself to gather roses to scatter over your pathway."

"How foolish you are, Magda!" said Françoise, running down the steps; but when she reached the lawn the color of the roses themselves was on her cheeks and a wave of joy flooded her heart.

"What if he were really to return?" she said to herself in a low tone.

For a time she clipped roses from the bushes, dropping them one by one into her umbrella. Then, hearing voices out on the road and distinguishing that of her brother, she walked down to the low hedge enclosing the grounds. A short distance away, under the statue of St. Martin, were two men, one of them a stranger, whom the setting sun surrounded by a nimbus of gold. She could see his features plainly. He had a broad brow and soft eyes, in which was an expression of melancholy; while his hair and beard were streaked with grey.

He raised his arm toward the statue, as if he were greeting an old acquaintance; and, moved doubtless by some past memory, the two men clasped each other's hands. Now she could no longer doubt, and a subdued excitement filled her breast. She would have liked to run back and announce the good news to Magda, but she seemed to be rooted to the spot. She leaned against the trunk of a tree, thinking she was hidden from view. They saw her, however, and Sigismond called out joyously:

"Frانيا! Frانيا!* I am bringing

you a guest for supper. Come and invite him yourself."

She left her hiding-place and walked over to the two men. On reaching them, she removed her hat and offered her brow to her brother to kiss. Her hair was not golden, but of an ash-blond color, which took greyish reflections in the sunlight; while in her eyes were the green hues of the waves of the ocean.

"Do you recognize this gentleman, little one?" asked Sigismond.

"I do not think that I should have recognized him, but I know very well who he is."

Then she held out her hand, forgetting the sentimental ideas of her childhood, feeling now only a sisterly sympathy for the friend so long and so patiently waited for.

"Ah! on seeing you so grown up, Miss Françoise," said Jean, gravely, "I begin to feel the weight of the ten years that have passed over my head since I went away."

Françoise smiled, and Prus began to talk with unwonted volubility.

"He literally fell down from the clouds upon us. On reaching Wola, I saw a carriage standing before the gateway. Upon inquiry, the driver told me that he had brought a traveller from the station. Then Danielak came running toward me as fast as his old limbs could carry him, crying: 'Sir, sir! he has come back!—he has come back!' The truth flashing over me, I began to run too; a moment later and we were in each other's arms."

As they came near the house, Françoise ran ahead, and soon returned leading Magda. Fresh effusions followed, after which all sat down to supper, served on the veranda. When the repast was ended, they still sat outside, talking of the past.

"Do you know what decided me to return?" inquired Jean, while Françoise

* Diminutive for Françoise.

seemed occupied in reading her horoscope in the multitude of stars shining in the heavens. "It was the news of the death of Leopold Lewin. It was wrong, I must confess, but it seemed to me that there was not room for both of us in the same land."

"And such a sudden death as it was!" said Sigismond. "A flash of lightning struck him dead just as he was alighting from his carriage at the door of the palace he had built in Varsovia."

"Is Jacob his heir?"

"Yes, and he is now on the way to becoming a power in the country. His wife has been able to inspire him with some of her ambition. She has had him elected to the Senate; and she has still higher aspirations, I am told."

"He married Rachel, did he not?" asked Jean, sending a cloud of smoke into the air.

"Yes," replied Prus. "But why speak of those people?"

"It does not affect me in the least," said the young man, with a gesture of indifference.

Françoise had placed two shaded lamps on the table around which they sat; moths hovered about the flames, and the warm breeze, laden with the perfume of roses, gently fanned the brows of the group.

"Ah, how delightful it is to feel the air fresh from our harvest fields!" said Jean. "How many times I thirsted for it when I was far away!"

Then, in a grave voice, he told of his adventures, his labor and final success. First, there was the rude existence of the squatter; then the discovery of mines of precious metal, and the spread of the gold-fever, until even he was seized with it. Following his profession of engineer, wealth was soon his. Then homesickness had fallen upon him. In spite of the incomparable grandeur of the scenery, the plains of untold fertility, the mountains with their precious

ores, the gigantic forests thousands of years old, cities of stone and marble, he thought day and night of the banks of the Vistula, where blossomed the buckwheat and ripened the rape-seed; of the babbling brooks, bordered by bare hills; of the pine woods; of the miserable hamlets, and the ragged children playing in the dust of the road,—of all that constitutes the inexplicable charm of one's native land. If he had not come back he would have died of longing. But his trials and years of exile had developed and educated him. He no longer cherished hatred and class prejudices. He recognized "Union and Labor" as the secret of social renovation.

"Once," he went on, "I despised Jews; but there was much of pride, folly, and vanity in my contempt. As for those leeches, the usurers, by our toil we must render them useless. We might even learn a lesson from them. Solidarity, a practical spirit, continuous, indefatigable labor, which never despairs and in the end conquers everything,—these are what should henceforth bind us to the lands we possess."

He ceased speaking. Prus smoked and made no reply. Then the clear voice of Françoise was heard from the shadow where she was sitting:

"Yes, you are right, but on condition that we are ever present,—we, your mothers and sisters, to point out the way to heaven."

She did not add "your sweethearts and wives," but she thought it, and what woman wills God wills.

(The End.)

ONE necessity of primary education is to follow the order of the child's mind. The mistake of all systems of education is that they follow the order of the mind of the grown-up person, between which and the mind of the child there is a great difference.

—Creighton.

The California Mission Play.

BY BERTHA E. McLAUGHLIN.

SOME ten miles from the city of Los Angeles, California, stands the Mission San Gabriel, which, owing to its fortunate location and great prosperity, was called, in years gone by, the Queen of the Missions. Just across the village street is the little theatre, built and used solely for the staging of the Mission Play.

In 1768, while California was still a Spanish province, Fra Junipero Serra and a small band of Franciscan Fathers, with a few soldiers and Indian converts, set out from Lower California by boat for Alta California. The soldiers were to explore the rivers and bays, and establish forts for their sovereign; while Fra Junipero's one great desire was to plant the standard of the Cross, and convert the Indians.

On this foundation is based the Mission Play of California, which is called the Oberammergau of America, although it tells an entirely different story from the famous Passion Play of Europe. It has the same wonderful faith and lofty sentiment, but is full of local color and song and laughter, of the dances of old Spain and the romance of California. It is a pageant drama of the founding of Christianity on our western coast, and the planting of the wonderful chain of twenty-one missions which extend from San Diego to San Francisco, linked together by El Camino Real—The King's Highway.

Mr. Frank Miller of Riverside's noted hostelry, the Mission Inn, first conceived the idea of the story, and Mr. John Steven McGroarty, a journalist of such faith and keen perception as to enable him to feel the beauty and pathos of the history, wrote the drama, so sweetly and so simply that even a child can understand it.

Mr. Frederick Warde, the great Shakespearean actor, heads the cast as Fra Junipero Serra, supported by Mrs. Tyrone Power and over one hundred musicians and dancers. Some of the Spanish and Indian actors are descendants of the characters whom they depict in the play.

The theatre itself is a broad, low building enclosed by a tall fence. Inside the yard and surrounding the playhouse are small models of all the missions, set in miniature landscapes of green hill and dale, and so arranged that, when the windows are open, one can look out and catch glimpses, as if far away, of the old churches and long colonnades. The building will seat about 1500 people, and, with its dark, rough-hewn beams and high rafters (no galleries or box seats), and its plain benches, reminds one of some old monastic refectory. The stage is nearly 100 feet across, and large enough to accommodate 300 people at once. Natural trees are used in the sets also full-sized tulé huts, such as the early pioneers used.

One of the old original mission bells has been hung near the entrance to the theatre, and is rung to announce when the play is about to begin. Then three figures pass slowly before the curtain in silent symbolism—an Indian, crouching and listening as if fearing the coming of the white man; then an armed soldier, richly dressed, representing the Spanish conquerors; lastly, a brown-robed Padre carrying an uplifted crucifix as a sign of his peaceful errand.

As the bell ceases to ring, the curtain rises on the first act of the play, showing the Bay of San Diego in 1770, with the little ship, "San Carlos," rocking upon the waters, and the dark bulk of Point Loma looming in the background. At the forefront is a camp of soldiers and priests. Nearly a year has elapsed since they landed, and over eight months have passed since Portola, their

military leader, had departed to the North with a small band of armed men in search of the port of Monterey. Their other ship, long since dispatched for food and help, had not been heard from; so we see a thoroughly demoralized camp, invaded by sickness, hunger and contention. The very Indians they have longed to help are suspicious and unfriendly, and not a single convert has been made—why keep on?

Here enters Fra Junipero Serra, the chief character of the play, who does all he can to hearten and encourage the unhappy little band; but now Portola and his followers return, bedraggled and footsore and miserable, having failed to find Monterey Port, and he, too, urges that they all turn homeward again. Father Serra, however, pleads for one day more of grace to hear from the relief ship, "San Antonio"; and even while he prays, there comes a cry of wonder and joy, as the soldiers from a hilltop shout the good news that his prayers are answered—the staunch little ship is rounding the point.

Fourteen years are supposed to have elapsed between the events of the first and second acts. Eight missions have now been established, and the Indian converts number into the thousands; they love and venerate Fra Junipero, whom we find in the court of the beautiful mission, San Carlos, near the military post at Monterey, the present centre of all social and military activities. The missions are at the high tide of prosperity; the buildings are new and substantial; the Indians have been taught gardening and handicrafts, and are prosperous and happy.

This scene we find by far the most colorful and picturesque of the whole pageant. There is a meeting of the brown-cowled, rope-girdled Brothers of Saint Francis to report to their president, Fra Junipero, and receive his counsel; bands of Indians from all the

different missions have gathered to exhibit samples of their crafts and arts; beautiful *senoritas*, with their parents and brothers and sweethearts, and the soldiers from the fort, hold a *fiesta*; and there is both Spanish and Indian dancing and much music and rejoicing.

The third and last scene is forty years later. Pio Pico, the last Spanish Governor of Alta California, has turned the missions over to speculators; the Indians have dispersed, and the once beautiful buildings and grounds have fallen into decay. Here we see the crumbled little chapel at San Juan Capistrano, guarded by an old Indian, who was the first child baptized by Fra Junipero at San Diego. A beautiful and devout Spanish lady comes to pray and dream, as is her custom, beside the forlorn altar; and while she kneels, a band of ragged, half-starved Indians approaches, bearing the body of their faithful Padre, the last of the Franciscan Fathers who had come with Fra Junipero. He had gone into exile with them, and had ministered to them until the very end; and now they bring back his body that it may rest in consecrated ground.

The curtain descends, and the pageant is over; and as we leave, we recall the words of praise uttered by the famous humorist and lecturer, Robert J. Burdette: "It was good for the soul to see and hear the Mission Play—a gladness for the eye and a joy to the heart."

LIFE is a building. It rises slowly, day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book that we read, every conversation we hold, every act of our commonest days, adds something to the invisible building.

—J. R. Miller.

The Writing on the Wall.

IF I should see a ghostly hand
 Against the wall this night,
 What message would it bring to me,
 What sentence would it write?
 If *Mane* were the first word traced
 Before my awe-filled gaze,
 Should I find comfort in a past
 Of countless squandered days?
 If *Thecel* on the wall appeared,
 Should I not be afraid
 Lest justice full be meted out
 When my poor deeds are weighed?
 And if that hand should write once more,
 What would the message be?
 Should I a sentence of dread doom,
 Or pledge of mercy see?
 Not until night the hand appears,—
 Life's sun is shining still:
 I yet have power to guide the hand,
 To write whate'er I will. C.

Harry the Conqueror.

BY MARY CROSS.

THE sun was sinking behind the hills that surround Rothesay Bay; white sails glided across the shimmering splendor of the waves; and above the trees that rise beyond roofs and spires, birds soared and swayed in the golden sky.

A steamer swept round the point into the bay, and from her deck a man, whose features had the angularity which tells of intellectual work, surveyed the scene with a sigh of content, looking from the lonely hills to the esplanade with its union of gay dresses, happy faces, music, laughter, and bustle. The mingled suggestion of busy life and utter repose charmed him. Here he could enjoy his well-earned holiday. Behind him lay a year of conscientious work, represented by a book on the verge of publication, and fairly certain

to achieve success; so that he could afford to relax his mental muscles and taste a while of idleness.

He was roused from reverie by a smart tap on the shoulder, and the owner of a dark, audacious, handsome face, and lithe, irreproachably clad figure further saluted him with:

"Penny for your thoughts, Percy; or perhaps to the literary man I should offer a penny a line. I've had my eye on you for some time, but I couldn't get away sooner from those girls."

"Inability to get away sooner from girls is your chronic condition," declared Percy; and Harry Kirk smiled acknowledgment of what he regarded as a compliment, twirled his mustache, and adjusted the rose in his coat.

"I shall soon be unable to get away at all—from one girl, that is," said he. "I've made up my mind to marry. No, not any one you know; a Miss Abby Jukes, who is said to be as unattractive as her name."

"Said to be? Don't you know?"

"I have never seen the lady, my dear boy, nor has she seen me, nor does she know that my hand, if not my heart, is to be hers. My mother has arranged the matter. Somehow I have had no luck in any of the professions I've tried, so she has decided that I must lift up our fallen fortunes by marriage. She met Miss Jukes at Moffat last month, and, having ascertained that she was wealthy and solitary, made herself agreeable, for my dear sake, of course. She found that Miss Jukes was coming to the Hydropathic here, and so informed her that she had a son, the flower and glory of his sex, who purposed spending his holidays at the same place, and would be happy to do anything for her that she wished. So, according to maternal commands, I patiently await the lady's arrival and the opportunity of smiling on her. After that, the wedding cake!"

"You take her consent for granted, it appears."

"Well, my dear fellow, I ask you if a plain woman a long way out of her teens is likely to say 'No' to me? Doubtless I shall have to do some love-making. Women with neither youth nor beauty always expect to be loved for themselves alone."

Percy eyed the younger man, who had sponged on his brains at college and on his purse in later years, with a touch of disdain.

"You don't think that you will be acting—dishonorably? Miss Jukes may believe in your love-making, and accept you because of it?"

"So long as she *does* accept me, I don't mind about the why or wherefore," returned Harry. "I say, where are you going to stay?"

"I am sure I don't know. Where Providence guides me."

"Humph! Look me up at the Hydro soon, anyhow."

"Not I. Miss Jukes might imagine that I was a bird of your feather," said Percy, coolly; whereat Harry laughed, tossed a careless farewell over his shoulder, and mingled with the crowd surging shorewards.

Percy followed more slowly. Given cleanliness and a reasonable amount of comfort, he did not mind where he lodged; he would find a corner somewhere. A young lady who preceded him contrived as she landed to alight on, not at, the feet of a porter, to whom she murmured an apology.

"Och, don't apologize, Miss! Is it hurt me indeed? Sure me toes is tingling wid delight!" declared he,—a gallant speech that induced Percy to glance at its cause, and his destiny was thereby settled. A life with new hopes and aims began in the moment he beheld that bewitching face, 'made of the lily and rose,' with dewy-bright brown eyes smiling under arching eyebrows.

Half unconsciously he followed her graceful figure, and soon discerned that, like himself, she was in quest of shelter. Whither she went he would go,—a decision that ultimately led him to a pretty white cottage facing the bay, a fuchsia hedge surrounding it, honeysuckle and sweetbrier framing its doorway. Yes, he could have rooms, the landlady told him; yes, it was a quiet house—only two boarders beside himself: the lady who'd just gone out, and had taken rooms for herself and a friend, and would arrive to-morrow or next day.

To-morrow or next day seemed ages off. His imagination pictured up scenes, idyls, sweet happenings in which the brown-eyed girl was the principal figure. As he walked away from the crowded town along the shady road, she bore him company; kind Fancy set her at his side throughout that Summer eve.

So passed the hours until he again beheld her in the flesh, accompanying a mountain of luggage; and another lady, much older, spare, sallow, with suggestions of caustic humor in her beady black eyes. Later, cushions, needlework, and a couple of basket chairs on the lawn emphasized the feminine presence.

"They were meaning to go to the Hydro," the landlady informed Mr. Dunbar; "but changed their minds and came here instead. Miss Jukes is not very strong, I'm thinking."

The name acted like a pistol-shot on Percy, and he echoed it sharply.

"Ay, Miss Jukes, sir. The thin lady is her. Yon bonnie girl is her companion, Miss Rose Radnor."

He drew a breath of relief, thankful that she was not a rich woman also. Wealth on her side would rob him of his proud privilege of providing for her every want, if only his dearest dream came true.

Meanwhile she was not aware of his

existence. Fortune was kind to him, however, and by means of a trifling accident remedied that state of matters. Presently a third basket chair appeared, to be occupied frequently by Mr. Dunbar, who was prevailed upon to read aloud for the benefit of the ladies, they speedily identifying him with one of their favorite authors. He was an authority on drives and sails, etc., and so the course of true if untold love and agreeable companionship went smoothly on until a certain forenoon.

Rose—he called her Rose in his thoughts—and Miss Jukes were in their favorite corner of the garden, and he had just returned from a stroll along "The Front," when a familiar voice hailed him, and a couple of strides brought Harry Kirk alongside him.

"So this is where you're buried, Percy! I say, Miss Jukes never appeared. Cancelled her arrangements, it seems. Bore, isn't it?"

Percy stood still in his embarrassment. He had neither the intention nor the desire of being responsible for introducing Harry to Miss Jukes; but the lady took the matter into her own hands. She rose and advanced, smiling.

"I heard you mention my name. I can easily guess who you are," she said; and Harry bowed like a cavalier, recognizing her at once from his mother's description.

He murmured reminiscences of the maternal appreciation of Miss Jukes, to which she responded by tributes to Mrs. Kirk's kindness. There was an interlude of strawberries and cream; and at the end of it Harry was perfectly at home, with one of the party at least, and the one with whom he was chiefly concerned. Miss Jukes surrendered herself to full enjoyment of his gay, irresponsible chatter, which was in no way affected by the frostiness of Miss Radnor.

"Mean beggar you are, Percy!"

Harry seized the first opportunity of saying. "I think you might have let me know Miss Jukes' whereabouts before this. Of course I see your game. I was a 'flat' to tell you anything about her; but, all the same, I don't think you'll succeed in cutting me out."

Percy did not think a reply necessary. He was puzzling over Rose's attitude toward "Harry the Conqueror," and striving to account for the scarcely veiled scorn which had entered her contemplation of his handsome personality. He was the sort of man to captivate girlish fancy, and his physical perfections had never been more obvious. Nevertheless, Miss Radnor in no way responded to his charm.

Percy realized the difficulty and delicacy of his own position. It would be presumption and impertinence to warn that shrewd, sensible woman, who appeared pre-eminently capable of taking care of herself, against Harry's designs. Yet he felt as if by silence he was being accessory to them. Harry became a frequent visitor, and Miss Jukes always received him with graciousness.

There came a succession of rainy days, when mist veiled the hills, and the sea looked cruel and cold; black clouds hung above Loch Striven, and the esplanade was a vista of dripping umbrellas and disappointed holiday-makers. Harry did all in his power to enliven the consequent imprisonment of the inmates of Myrtle Bank.

"Your friend is very devoted," Miss Jukes remarked to Percy.

"He is not an intimate friend," answered Percy. "I can not accept any responsibility for his visits."

"Do you know that you convey a rather unpleasant suggestion to me, Mr. Dunbar?"

"We will leave it at that," he said grimly; and there was a brief pause.

"Well, on the first fine day, we are

going to Mount Stuart," said Miss Jukes. "I hope you won't refuse to join the party because I have invited Mr. Kirk. That would be carrying prejudice too far, would it not? You may find yourself able to endure his presence, don't you know?"

She laughed a little as she spoke, with a glance at Rose, whose swift increase of color enabled Percy to bear the accusation of prejudice. As if to hide that blush, the girl went to the porch, where grey sky, grey sea, grey hills met her view; the yellow and bronze drops of the calceolarias were scattered over the path, and the fallen bells of fuchsia lay deep and thick.

"Desolate, isn't it?" she said; for, as a matter of course, Percy had followed her,—not to discuss the weather, though.

"Miss Radnor," he began, without preface or preamble, "you have known me so short a time that I am almost afraid to speak lest you should condemn me as a presumptuous puppy. But I have loved you from the first minute I saw you. Is there any hope for me that I may win your love, and gain you for my wife?"

The words, simple, straightforward, manly as the speaker's self, brought a glow into the girl's face.

"Mr. Dunbar, I am very poor—"

"What has that to do with my question?"

"Something, surely. You have genius, fame; I am a little obscurity,—just a 'penniless lass,' without even 'the long pedigree' to compensate."

"Does that mean that my hopes are vain? Are you, as kindly as possible, refusing me? Do you—"

"Percy!" It was her turn to interrupt; and, though she uttered only his name, he found that it sufficed to open the gates of Eden for him.

In a day or two the wet weather ended; the clouds cleared, the sun made

a lovely play on the sparkling water. As agreed, the little party set forth for Mount Stuart, driving along the road that curves by sea and wood to lonely Ascog, to the hamlet of Kerrycroy, nestling under the wing of the great mansion.

The gates were open; the avenue was one long flush of rhododendron; glimmering through tremulous leaves, the sea waved a thousand white-handed salutes; light and shadow chased each other over the velvet slopes, where peacocks displayed their splendid plumage; yellow roses tossed their fragrant clusters high against the shining windows.

Inevitably, Rose and Percy wandered away together into woodland cloisters, where squirrels played and wild birds called. Harry felt that his hour had come. He opened the campaign by surveying his surroundings with a sigh, and said:

"I wish this place were mine, Miss Jukes, so that I could bestow it on you!"

"It would be too spacious, Mr. Kirk, and over-accentuate my solitary condition. I haven't a relative in the world, you see."

"That must be your own fault," he asserted.

"Do you mean that I have slaughtered my kith and kin?" she asked with a smile.

"I mean that if you had liked you might have had the dearest relative of all—a husband—long ere this. I am glad you haven't, though. I am expressing myself very awkwardly, I know; but it is not easy to put into appropriate words what I feel and have felt since I knew of your existence. Miss Jukes—Abigail! May I call you by your sweet, old-fashioned name?"

"Abigail isn't my name," she answered quickly. "Before you go any further, I feel obliged to tell you that

my name is Rose Radnor. A misfit, isn't it?"

Harry stared speechlessly, and she continued:

"I am only Miss Jukes' companion. Whilst on holiday we changed names and conditions, so that she might have a rest from the pursuit of fortune-hunters."

It was a blow; but Harry had been in tight corners before, and it was not long ere he rallied his forces, blessing his stars that Percy was "the sort of freak" who would not betray even an enemy.

"I was pretty sure of it the whole time," he calmly asserted. "The device is rather stale. My mother did not see through it, to be sure, but I did."

"Then you do love me, after all? You are sincere? If that is so, I have done you a great injustice."

"You have indeed, if you thought I dared aspire to your love. I am too conscious of my deficiencies. I am not profound enough for such a woman as you. But, as I have said, I admire your mental strength, and I desire to enlist your good offices on my behalf with Rose—I mean Miss Jukes. Why don't you protect her from a designing fellow like Dunbar, who has nothing but his pen between himself and poverty?"

"I can't interfere, and I simply can't help you."

"But you will not oppose me?"

"Not more than I have done," she smiled.

Her graciousness did not abate, and he felicitated himself on the adroitness with which he had got out of an awkward position. How fortunate that he had not committed himself to a formal proposal! He would lose no time in getting right with the real Miss Jukes, who, doubtless, would be feeling tired of Percy, with his solemn face and prosy talk.

A day or two after the visit to Mount Stuart the ladies were enjoying a cup of tea behind the fuchsia hedge, and under the shade of a big Japanese umbrella. From a passing steamer came the sound of a melody, and her pennon waved against a background of sunlit slopes.

"Here comes Mr. Kirk, looking as if he expected ten thousand cups to fly from their saucers to offer him a sip," observed the girl.

"Then I shall seek covert," said the other; "I am not equal to an overdose of honey to-day."

Harry, witnessing her retreat, decided that it was the action of an ally,—a deliberate providing of an opportunity for him, a signal to make hay while the sun shone.

"What a charming old lady she is!" he observed, as he dropped into the vacant chair. "I feel almost like a son to her. I find her most entertaining."

"So it appears," returned the girl, icily; and Harry assumed a wounded expression.

"Is it possible that you have misunderstood me? That you don't know why I avoided you? I am more diffident than Dunbar, less certain of my merits; but I can no longer control my feelings. It costs me a struggle, it takes all my courage, to cross the barrier of gold between us; but for love of you I can bear even the suspicion of self-interest—"

The girl opened her eyes wide.

"Aren't you mistaking me for Miss Jukes?" she interrupted.

"What is the use of prolonging that deception?" he asked. "Even before your companion told me that you had changed names and identities, some instinct made me aware of it. Had I believed you to be Rose Radnor, I should have offered you my heart's best love ere this. But—"

"Oh, please don't say any more!"

she exclaimed. "Miss Jukes has been hoaxing you. I really am Rose Radnor, her paid attendant. I suppose she has been testing your good faith. You have brought this on yourself, Mr. Kirk. It is unfortunate for you that you chose the deck of a steamer for the declaration of your plans regarding 'the plain woman a long way out of her teens,' who you were so certain would marry you;—or that you did not whisper your plans. I was near you when you were arranging her future, and I resolved that she should not be insulted by your pursuit. As she had set her heart on coming to Rothesay, I took these quiet rooms, hoping to escape you. As in duty bound, I told her what I had heard. So that when, despite my efforts, you did appear, she was prepared for you. Your assumed devotion amused her, though I could not be so lenient."

But Harry did not wait to hear more. His humiliation was complete, and, in a storm of anger and shame and mortification, he walked out of the garden.

Rose ran to the house, and to Miss Jukes' presence.

"Miss Jukes, what fables have you been telling that confiding youth? My brain is in a tangle. Who are you and who am I? What is what and which is which?"

"Oh, I took the only way of getting rid of him!" said Miss Jukes. "It was in self-defence, my child. His facile change of front when I told him I wasn't myself was simply delicious. Let us hope he will profit by the lesson, and cultivate honor instead of fortune-hunting. The true knight is yours, you lucky girl, and the true and only wealth that brings real happiness."

—♦—
EACH individual man and woman is called on to be Christ's co-worker in the great fight against evil,—the great struggle for righteousness, peace, and happiness.—*Edna Lyall.*

The Light of Faith in Norwich.

BY K. C. MACDONALD.

OF all fascinating Norfolk towns, none, I think, can boast such a wealth of interest and ancient beauty as Norwich itself. It is now, of course, much built over with modern brick, yet so closely do the Medieval churches cluster there, that, standing on the height of the city, by the Norman Keep, one may count a dozen grey flint towers without turning away from the direction of the cathedral. And these are but a third of what are to be seen, while in pre-Reformation days, when the population was but a few thousand strong, there were, perhaps, sixty churches and chapels in Norwich, besides the great cathedral, the foundation stone of which was laid in 1096. The glorious nave was roofed some three hundred years later.

When I lately visited Norwich, I had some vague idea of all this; I was prepared for the exquisite beauty of the old cathedral, and for the magnificence of the new one of St. John Baptist. I knew there were interesting old buildings, and that the anchorhold of Dame Juliana might still be seen, built up against her little church. But there was another phase of religious history in Norwich, the clue to which I stumbled on quite by accident. In the course of my wanderings, I came upon a grey stone building, part of which seemed to date from the Eighteenth Century, or earlier. It was apparently a municipal building; but there was a door standing open, and, moved by a sudden impulse, I went in.

I found myself almost immediately in an unoccupied room, which, in furnishing and general appearance, baffled me completely. I stood on a gallery—an Eighteenth Century gallery,—and the room itself, which was not large, was

just below me. It contained some dark old benches, a plain round table and a large stove; and a great wooden cupboard of uncertain age blocked one side; the ceiling was Eighteenth Century too, and there were coronets embossed on it. It suggested a Methodist meeting-house, yet I had entered with the unexplainable feeling that this was, or had been, a Catholic church; and I could not shake off the impression. An appeal to a priest and antiquarian solved the mystery, and opened up a new historical field.

"You have seen what was the Dukes' Palace in the Eighteenth Century," he said. "More than that, you have walked straight into the room which, in those still troubled and difficult days, was given up to the use of the Catholics in Norwich. Mass was said regularly in that room until 1794, when a piece of ground was purchased for the priest, and a chapel built there. Now the little chapel is used as a waiting room by the Poor-Law Guardians."

With that, we began a new tour of Norwich, from a new starting-point. The old city was built chiefly on the left bank of the Wensum, and the castle, of which only the massive keep remains, stood on the highest point, nearly in the centre. On the right bank of the river is what is now the suburb of Thorpe. And here, in 1623, lived Mr. Edward Paston of the family of the famous Paston Letters. To him the Jesuits came disguised, and said Mass secretly in hidden rooms. Until 1633, the people of Norwich depended on such uncertain and dangerous visits for a chance to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments.

In 1633, the second Lord Petre founded the "College of the Holy Apostles," to supply Jesuit missionaries for East Anglia. Several of these "colleges" were in existence in Penal Days. They were merely organizations, how-

ever, for collecting funds and maintaining the missionaries. In Norwich, there was a house to harbor a priest and a room to use in secret as a chapel. The secret was so well kept that it is now impossible to name its position, though some indicate a backwater street with the imposing name of "Shoulder of Mutton Yard."

Meanwhile, the Dukes of Norfolk had contrived to maintain a very irregular service of chaplains in the great old palace, now destroyed, and afterwards in their "new" palace on St. Andrew's Street, the remaining fragment of which is the Guardians' office. The first name regularly entered on their register, however, is that of the Rev. Ferdinand Silver, who came to Norwich only in 1722. After that there are some gaps. Dr. Alban Butler, famous for his "Lives of the Saints," visited Norwich in 1754, and offered the Holy Sacrifice, perhaps in the room referred to.

It will be seen that Catholics in Norwich were growing venturesome. Before 1750, Father Galloway, S. J., had built himself a little chapel in "Ten-Bell Yard," hidden, it is true, behind his own school, but still accessible, to all who knew, through a narrow passage from St. Benedict Street. The chapel no longer exists, but the school building is there, converted into a printing establishment.

In 1791 came the Catholic Relief Act, and it was then possible to build in the open. Not far from the pre-Reformation church of St. John Baptist, in Maddermarket, is a remarkable Tudor mansion, now kept as a show-place and museum. This house, with its fine old carved wooden canopy over the door, its graceful oak stair and deep oriel windows at the back, delighted me, even before I had any idea how closely it was bound up with our story.

The house is known as "Strangers' Hall," and has been so called for cen-

turies. It appears to have been used originally as a hostel for "strangers," that is, for foreign refugees and immigrants. After that it was a private residence, until at the end of the Eighteenth Century, the house became once more a "Strangers' Hall," a place of refuge, a place for Mass and a shelter for priests. Behind this beautiful building may still be seen an unpretentious hut, which is at present in the possession of the Salvation Army. This was St. John Baptist's Catholic church, built in the shadow of the ancient church of that name, and the humble precursor of the modern Gothic church, St. John Baptist's too, which is now the pride of Catholic Norwich. The little church was built in 1794, and in 1797 the Hall itself passed into the hands of the priests, who were to use it for a full century longer.

The next event to be recorded is the Catholic Emancipation Act, which, in 1829, set English Catholics free to practise their religion without legal restrictions. Coincident with this new freedom in Norwich was the building of a Catholic church in Willow Lane, for the Jesuit church of St. Swithun's was no longer able to house the growing congregation. This new church was, in comparison with the previous ones, a really fine building, though it was only a little stone chapel, about forty feet long, in classic style, as most of the Catholic churches built just after the Emancipation Act were, the severe pediment surmounted by a plain stone cross. The Willow Lane church is now the Catholic Infants' school; but this simple stone church and the little brick church of St. John Baptist served the people of Norwich as places of worship until the end of the Nineteenth Century.

Then came another Duke of Norfolk with a great thank-offering, and on a fine site on St. Giles' Hill he raised a new church, cruciform, in massive early

Gothic style, carved and decorated within and without, and furnished with the best. But it can not vie with the exquisite beauty of the ancient cathedral, a few streets away; never again may we hope to raise such glories in stone as did Medieval Catholics. In 1910, the new St. John Baptist's was solemnly consecrated, and prosperity had returned to the Catholics of Norwich. But the visitor to Norwich, before he kneels before the cathedral altar, might well, as I did, take the route from St. Andrew's Street to Maddermarket, from Maddermarket to Willow Lane, and from thence, but a few paces, to the cathedral itself. There is the history of the Faith in Norwich through the sad Penal Days,—the history of its struggle and its triumph.

Helen Hunt Jackson, Friend of the Indians.

BY MAUDE GARDNER.

THE house in which Helen Hunt Jackson was born in Amherst, Mass., on October 18, 1831, is now owned by Amherst College, that famous educational institution which had Noah Webster as one of its founders. Helen's father, N. W. Fiske, was a professor at Amherst, and it was in the old college town that the childhood of Helen Fiske was passed.

At twenty-one she was happily married to Major Edward B. Hunt of the United States Engineers. The marriage proved to be an ideal one, and for eleven years, Helen Hunt, as a happy wife and mother, asked nothing else from the wealth of the universe. Naturally of a happy, buoyant nature, which she had inherited from her mother, she scattered sunshine wherever she went, and her bright, happy face was an inspiration to all who saw it. But there came a sorrowful day in 1863, when Major

Hunt, experimenting with a submarine gun of his own invention, was instantly killed. The young wife then faced the first great sorrow of her life. However, two sons with their childish prattle and sweet companionship brought deep happiness to the broken heart; but before two years had gone by, she began to realize that sorrows never come singly, for the two little lads also died, and instead of the full, happy life she had hitherto enjoyed, there was now a vast emptiness, shattered hopes and broken dreams.

All her life, Helen Hunt had loved literature as a study and a pastime; but it was not until she had been beaten and buffeted by life's sorrows that she turned to it as a consolation and a diversion. Three months after the death of the last of her children, she wrote "Lifted Over," the beautiful poem which brought comfort to hundreds of other sorrowing mothers; and the letters of appreciation which the author received made her realize that she still had work to do in the world.

And so out of her great sorrows, Helen Hunt began to make little songs to cheer and brighten the world, and her sympathetic heart became filled with a beautiful love for all humanity. Her most widely read poem, perhaps, is "Spinning," which describes her own days at this rueful period of her life:

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

And so out of her yearning for something that would not only make her forget herself, but would also do good to others, she now turned to creative literature. Soon the poems which she sent out, signed "H. H.," began to attract general attention.

She also wrote some lovely prose tales

for children, among them being "Nellie's Silver Mine" and "The Naughtiest Day of My Life." But the books by which Helen Hunt Jackson is best known to the world of literature are "Ramona" and "A Century of Dishonor." Several years after Major Hunt's tragic death, while on a trip to Colorado Springs for her health, she met and married Mr. William S. Jackson; and in a beautiful home, sheltered under the great Manitou and looking off toward the Garden of the Gods, Helen Hunt Jackson again knew happiness.

It was soon after her second marriage, that Mrs. Jackson became intensely interested in the Indians and the wrongs they had suffered from our Government, and, in a fight for justice for them, instead of a poet she became a crusader. To the Indian villages she went, listening to the story of their wrongs, attending their camp-fire meetings, and gaining the confidence of the simple red-skinned race. In order to study the matter fully, she left her happy home at Colorado Springs and spent three months at the Astor Library in New York City, toiling day after day at the stupendous task of looking up records and getting sufficient data for her book "A Century of Dishonor." When this story was published, a copy was given to each Member of Congress, and as a result, Mrs. Jackson was appointed as a special commissioner to investigate Indian affairs.

At San Diego, in Southern California, she was told by the kindly old pastor the story of Ramona and Alessandro, the young Indian couple, at whose marriage he had officiated, and how, after the young husband's death, he had stood by Ramona through all her sufferings at the hands of the white oppressor.

And into the book "Ramona," Helen Hunt Jackson wove the old priest's story, and, as she said: "I put it into my heart and soul." It is a sad story,

sometimes even tragic, but it is filled with romance and adventurous interest. Nowhere among the members of our own race is to be found a loyalty more faithful than that of the Redmen to Alessandro nor the love of the half-breeds for Ramona, the Indian maid. It is a book which can not fail to inspire its readers with a love for justice, honesty and fair dealing.

"Ramona" was a great success, and had much to do with the change in public feeling on the Indian question. From her deathbed in 1885, Mrs. Jackson wrote to a friend: "I am heartily, honestly, and cheerfully ready to go. My 'Century of Dishonor' and 'Ramona' are the only things I have done of which I am now glad. They will live and bear fruit."

Helen Hunt Jackson died on August 5, 1885. In a place of her own choosing, her grave was made near the top of Cheyenne Mountain, four miles from Colorado Springs. There in a spot as lonely as the haunts of the red race whose cause she served so well, Helen Hunt Jackson, the friend of the Indians, awaits the Last Day.

Dunning Quotations.

DUNNING letters, as a rule, are an annoyance to their writers as well as to their recipients. No creditor likes the penning of reiterated demands for the payment of a debt long overdue; and the more numerous the demands, the more difficult becomes the task of preserving a moderate tone in asking for that to which one has an undoubted right. The creditor may, of course, take legal measures to secure payment, but the average person is averse to the process of suing even the most recalcitrant debtor. It is troublesome, also expensive. As a last resort one does, indeed, have recourse to the law, but all other available means are likely to

be tried before that measure is taken.

One means that may well prove effective is to substitute for the usual dunning letter a series of dunning quotations,—statements of approved writers on manners, customs, and morals. Such quotations will at least confer on the delinquent debtor the gift longed for by the poet:

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!

Here are a few quotations that may prove serviceable:

Q.—What is demanded by the Seventh Commandment?

A.—To pay our lawful debts and give every one his due.—*Butler's Catechism*.

Do not accustom yourself to consider debt as only an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity.—*Dr. Johnson*.

Let a man who is in debt pay his creditors, instead of giving alms to the poor.—*"The Catechism Explained."*

The paying of debts is, next to the grace of God, the best means of delivering you from a thousand temptations to vanity and sin.—*Delaney*.

Wilfully injuring another man's property, keeping back what one has found, or what has been lent to one, or refusing to pay one's debts, is equivalent to stealing.—*Spirago-Clarke*.

Restitution must be made to the owner. He who does not make it when he is able remains in mortal sin, and can not receive absolution. The same is to be said of the man who culpably defers paying his debts when the creditor demands payment.

—"Pulpit Themes."

Those who are on the verge of bankruptcy should not give preference to any of their creditors merely with the intention of favoring them at the expense of other creditors. If they can not pay their debts in full, the claims of justice are the same for all, and all should share alike.

Slater's "Moral Theology."

Protest That Should be Heeded.

JUDICIOUS Catholics everywhere will be gratified to learn of renewed protests, from various authoritative sources, against the publication in our weekly papers and pious magazines of reports of "miraculous" cures and favors purporting to have been obtained at shrines of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, or in answer to devotions performed publicly or privately elsewhere. In many cases these claims to miraculous intervention are unwarranted. An eminent theologian to whom a long list of "favors" was submitted, declared that there was not one which seemed unusual enough or sufficiently well authenticated to deserve serious notice, much less print.

The publication without definite medical evidence of extraordinary cures at Lourdes and other popular shrines, or of wondrous favors attributed to prayer that have no official testimony, does harm to religion, and throws discredit on proven miracles. The late Bishop Bonomelli, of Cremona, Italy, in a pastoral letter dealing at length with the subject here merely touched upon, expressed the wish that a list of favors published in a religious periodical of his diocese were suppressed. Only one of the reasons assigned for this need be stated: "It is always, or nearly always, some *temporal* favor which has been asked for—of *spiritual* there is hardly a trace. . . . The object of these persons' devotion almost always appears to be a worldly human one, and therein differs little from that of the heathen. . . . How little the words of Jesus Christ are remembered: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you!' On the contrary, they seek first other things—temporal benefits, deliverance from bodily ills, and *afterwards*, if at all, spiritual things."

Those on whom rests the responsibility of pronouncing on alleged supernatural occurrences should not forget that innumerable persons are always looking for signs and wonders, and are disposed to believe anything that is not absolutely preposterous; and it should be remembered that, as a recent writer well says, the workings of the will-to-believe are often most disconcerting. A great many people accepted the war story of the Angels of Mons as an authentic happening, and denounced as infidels or scoffers those who expressed doubt concerning it. The story is still believed by not a few, though the author himself has declared that it was an invention. Under the stress of emotion many soldiers of the allied armies claimed to have been witnesses of this alleged apparition.

There can be no doubt that miracles are still wrought, that prayer sometimes effects supernatural cures, that apparitions of the dead take place, that cases of demoniacal possession and obsession, etc., occur; and it is honorable, as the Scripture says, to reveal the works of God. But this should be done with prudence, after thorough investigation, under competent authority. Not everything which is out of the ordinary course of things is supernatural. A witness who is quite sincere is not necessarily trustworthy. Anything that is really supernatural is privileged, in a way, in being more generally discussed than other matters. Let us be the first to discountenance exaggeration, to discard reports that are not evidential, to question what is doubtful, to denounce what is false. Otherwise we shall sometimes have the humiliation of seeing ignorance, imposture and superstition on the part of our coreligionists exposed by our enemies, and the pain of having the cause of religion defamed by those who are in duty bound to honor and defend it.

Notes and Remarks.

Preaching recently on the subject of education, Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, gave utterance to a thought that must have often occurred to most Americans who are genuinely concerned about the present condition and future prospects of our civilization. "There is a strange inconsistency," he said, "in the public mind in regard to religious teaching and training in the schools. It is this: that while most thinking people who have at heart the welfare of the home, of society, and of national conscience see the need of religious education, after admitting the necessity they oppose putting the theory into practice, as in the application made of it in our Catholic schools."

It is all very well for Catholics who deem it inexpedient to criticise our public schools to express their satisfaction with such schools "as far as they go"; but it remains permanently true that, in depriving the children of religious training, these schools are virtually depriving them of genuine morality, for so-called morality that is not based on religion, is "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

Missionary work is too often regarded as a sort of business proposition: there is the work being done, there are the results, and there are the workers. We admire them, of course, and send alms to assist them. But the human heart in them—how much does that figure in our co-operation? Hidden for a lifetime, perhaps, in a pagan land for the sake of winning to Christ the souls of those physically and socially repellent, the missionaries need sympathy and encouragement as well as alms. For praise they care nothing. They have consecrated themselves to the Master, but even He, on the high

pedestal of the Cross, gave His Mother a second son. And if she, set apart from all the world eternally, needed the affection of an earthly creature, how much greater may be the necessity in the case of common mortals!

How good it would be if more attention were given to this side of missionary life! Imagine the hearting joy in a rude and remote mission, whose laborers have been exiles for a lifetime from home and country, if contributions to further their undertakings were accompanied with personal messages—words of cordial cheer, expressing the sympathy of distant friends and well-wishers!

The actual, as contrasted with the desirable, attitude of "born Catholics" towards converts forms the subject-matter of a notable paper contributed to the *London Catholic Gazette* by D. E. Brennell, M. A. Although American converts to the Church scarcely encounter the same conditions as do those in England, there is sufficient similarity between them to make Mr. Brennell's considerations of practical worth on this side of the Atlantic. Many of our readers have had, no doubt, dealings, or at least acquaintanceship, with converts whose experiences conformed to the pictures drawn in this paragraph:

Even in these latter post-war days, when men's minds have undergone such a change with respect to the Church, it usually costs something to come in, at least as much as to stay where one has had the supreme good fortune to be born. The convert who has gained the Faith has just as much right to pride himself upon it as the "born Catholic" who has kept it—neither more nor less. That phrase, *only a convert*—what pictures it calls up! Perhaps one of a man of middle age, whose golden years have been given to God's service as far as he knew it, who has believed himself numbered among the Levites, and who one day awoke and saw, and made some great refusal of position and worldly goods; and, when his character and tastes had ceased to be plastic

and adaptable, began a hard novitiate amid youths young enough to be his sons. Perhaps a solitary member of a household heard a ceaseless, compelling, "This is the way; walk in it," and, in obeying the call, found the fulfilment of a prophecy, that the Faith would bring, not peace, but a sword. And in the happiest and easiest of cases, there is oftentimes the feeling of sadness which so many experience, but which it takes an Augustine to put into words: "Too late have I known Thee, oh thou ancient truth! Too late have I loved Thee, oh first and only Fair!"

The foregoing considerations may well be submitted to many a "born Catholic" whose condescension towards new members of the Fold is as devoid of justice as it is wanting in kindness and charity. The man who received the Faith as a birthright, without any effort whatever on his part, should be mindful of certain things in the presence of one who has secured the priceless blessing only at the cost of suffering and sacrifice.

We have already commented in these columns on the report of the American Bar Association's committee, appointed a year ago to investigate primarily the administration and enforcement of our criminal laws. Several of the findings of the committee have evoked not a little surprise in foreign countries; and the foreign press is quoting, especially, this statement found in the report: "The criminal situation in the United States, so far as crimes of violence are concerned, is worse than in any other civilized country." The London *Catholic Times* reads in the report a lesson which the committee, wittingly or unwittingly, failed to point out. Quoting the reasons given by the committee for the deplorable state of things in criminal-law matters: ("The system in the United States lacks in the three grave essentials for law enforcement: celerity, certainty, and finality"), the London paper adds: "The apathy and indifference of the American public is also

blamed for this grievous state of affairs. If this is correct, then the Bar will have to seek more deeply for a cure. There is something wrong with the training of the young."

Some time during the present century, American legislators, and those who elect them, may discover that there is really some connection between religionless education and abnormal criminal activities.

Mr. Lloyd George, former Premier of Great Britain, is quoted as saying in a recent plea for world peace: "The authority of the Creator is defied. The nations are plotting to hurl more defiance at His throne. It is time for the Churches of Christ throughout Christendom to stand by their Prince." High time indeed; and it was high time for the eminent Welshman to begin offsetting the jingoism and bluffing, of which, on his own confession, he was guilty during the World War. The Christian sects—excepting the Quakers and Shakers, be it said to their honor—did not then, as all the world knows, "stand by their Prince"; but The Church did. This can not be denied. When, at the outbreak of hostilities, Pius X. was requested to bless a flag of one of the nations, he refused, saying: "I bless peace, not war."

Discussing, in a Vienna newspaper, the mental background of Europe, Dr. Friedrich W. Foerster has this to say of a principle so widely adopted in our time: "Every group, class, and nation that seeks to liberate itself talks only of its own rights, as if there were only individuals and no society. This one-sidedness, as expressed in the principle of self-determination, is responsible for much of our present misery. It was no accident that the doctrine of self-determination came to us in its present

form from America. It is the doctrine of immigrants, who have carved out their fortunes in a land without a history. For Europe this doctrine is dynamite. It has blinded people to the necessity of sacrifice, compromise, and conciliation. Self-determination alone is not enough; we must respect the same right in others....

"I distinctly remember an incident at a labor meeting in New York. A group of men gathered together to discuss the condition of the clothing workers in that city. One speaker after another described their hopeless situation; every vessel brought new competitors, and increased the rivalry and hatred between different groups and nationalities.... Then it chanced that some one opened a door, and from the dark recesses of a distant room in the same building came the clear note of a cello. A breathless silence fell on the meeting, and each felt as if this were a symbol. What was needed was a different harmony; something other than mere grasping after material things. We must seek a chord that evokes a responsive chord in the hearts of others. That indeed is the fundamental lesson that Christianity must teach our civilization."

The directors of amateur Catholic dramatic performances in the diocese of Brooklyn have drawn up a set of standards or rules which, with the approval of Bishop Molloy, become effective at once. Here are some of them:

We are opposed to all plays, or sketches, that call for bedroom scenes and against those which depend for their success on the sex question. We favor the elimination of vulgarity in dialogue, especially the uncalled for and unnecessary use of the words "hell" and "damn." We are against all plays or parts that call for indecent exposure of the person of male or female characters. The general rule for the feminine parts is that all characters shall wear dresses, and they will extend

below the knee. We will eliminate all songs that have double meaning lines, or that are expressive of passionate emotions. Jokes, humor, and puns that are suggestive, that reflect on the Deity, the Church, the Sacraments of Marriage or of Penance, we will bar. We are opposed to all stage dancing, or contortions, sometimes called dancing, of an immodest nature. We will eliminate the ridiculing of the beliefs of any religious denomination. All advertising or publicity of a sensational description we will try to prevent.

To some of our readers it may appear strange that there should exist any necessity for compiling such regulations as the foregoing, the violation of which would appear, on the face of it, more or less impossible to Catholic young men and women. In actual practice, however, it is quite probable that in other dioceses than Brooklyn similar rules may well be adopted. The line between the decent and the vulgar in plays is sometimes overstepped by even so-called "nice" persons; and directors can scarcely be too circumspect in vetoing whatever may cause offence to the normal Catholic conscience, however innocuous the matter may appear to the sophisticated frequenter of the average public theatre.

Such of our readers as were familiar, before the war, with the personalities of the most famous anti-Catholic French socialists and polemicists will recall that M. Gustave Hervé was especially noted for the vehemence of his attacks on the Church and her adherents. It is interesting to note that, at present, he agrees with the dictum of Gladstone, that, in acknowledging that he made a mistake, a man is simply showing that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. That he made a lamentable mistake in opposing Catholicism, M. Hervé very frankly acknowledges. "We sowed the wind," he writes, "and we have reaped the whirlwind."

Commenting on the patently revolutionary spirit manifested in some of

the speeches and resolutions of a recent congress of public school teachers, M. Hervé, in a signed editorial article in his influential journal, writes: "Let patriots of every philosophical or religious creed see that we have taken the wrong road. Let them stand shoulder to shoulder, and organize to guard political power, and let them reconcile the republic and the Church, since it is more than apparent to all eyes that the sole great force for national and social preservation capable of checking the evil is this Church which we have made every effort to demolish."

France needs more converts of this kind from the ranks of its anti-Catholic public men; and the indications are that she will get a considerable number of them during the next few years.

In an interesting contribution to the *London Catholic Times*, Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge, whose name has long been familiar to our readers, discusses the "Impressions of South America," just published by Gen. Mangin. This distinguished officer was the representative of the French Government at the centenary celebration of the independence of Peru, and spent six months in the various countries of the continent south of Panama. Mr. Atteridge remarks that, as South America is mostly Spanish in its traditions and its language, the quarrelsome little Spanish republics of Central America and that long-afflicted land of revolutions, Mexico, are mixed up, in the minds of English, French (and he might have added, Americans) with the great, peaceful, and orderly republics of the Southern Continent. "Gen. Mangin's narrative," he writes, "will be a revelation to many readers who have suffered from this traditional ignorance about South America. In Peru, Chili, Bolivia, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, he sees everywhere

the evidence of order, progress, enterprise, and the security that has come of long years of unbroken peace such as Europe might envy. Again and again he refers to the good work that is being done by religious Orders of men and women in charge of schools, hospitals, refuges for the poor, etc."

Not the least interesting paragraph in Mr. Atteridge's admirable digest of Gen. Mangin's interesting impressions, is the following:

In the final chapter, in which he discusses the means of creating and maintaining friendly relations between France and South America, he pays incidentally a tribute to the moral standard of these Catholic republics. He refers to the occasional visits made to South American capitals by French dramatic companies, and he gives a warning to those who organize these enterprises. He tells them that they should understand that plays "which in Paris might be described as merely a little risky," would be regarded as scandalous in the South American cities, and would turn away from the doors of theatres all the best of the educated class!

One of the most vexed and most important questions in practical government is that of the rights of minorities. As it is a matter of perennial interest, it is of importance to know how the matter is regarded by the present chief executive of our republic. In his inaugural address to the Senate, on March 4, 1921, Vice-President Coolidge said of that august body:

But its greatest function of all, too little mentioned and too little understood, whether exercised in legislating or reviewing, is the preservation of liberty; not merely the rights of the majority—they little need protection—but the rights of the minority, from whatever source they may be assailed. The great object for us to seek here—for the Constitution identifies the Vice-Presidency with the Senate,—is to continue to make this Chamber, as it was intended by the fathers, the citadel of liberty. An enormous power is here conferred, capable of much good or ill, open it may be to abuse, but necessary, wholly and absolutely necessary, to secure the required result.



Let's Keep Him There.

BY EDITH TATUM.

HE was just a little boy,
And it was long ago;
But we must not forget it,
Because He loved us so.
'Twas to a manger that He came
On that far Christmas Day;
But now we take Him in our hearts,—
Let's keep Him there alway.

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

XV.—ICHABOD IN DISGRACE. AN ENCOUNTER.

WHILE Snappy was promenading in the beautiful garden of Villa Maria, Ichabod Poissonette was shut up in his room, indulging in reflections more sorrowful than pleasing. Just as soon as he got out of the car, he had hurried up a servants' staircase to his chamber, the door of which he both locked and bolted. Then his first thought was of his looking-glass, before which he seated himself.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed as he caught sight of his figure, "what a scarecrow I look!"

As a simple matter of fact, with his bald head and his pale face, the unfortunate Ichabod did not present an especially attractive appearance. His pitiable countenance was certainly provocative of laughter, and would have been a treasure for a comedian; but that was not the kind of success that the poet craved for.

He dropped into an armchair, and gave himself up to thought.

"How shall I repair this disaster?" he asked himself. "Plague take that little rascal! He has played me a trick for which he should be hanged. It's all up with my situation!"

Listening in imagination to the sarcasms and anathemas with which the irritable poetess would overwhelm him, he began to think of drowning himself. But that was a painful solution of the difficulty. No; he would, before going to that extreme, at least look for some other means of escaping censure and ridicule.

Taking his courage in both hands, he began to rummage through the drawers of his bedroom bureau in which were deposited a whole collection of perukes, not one of which, however, was at all worthy to succeed the splendid wig whose loss he deplored. After trying on half a dozen of them and rejecting each with contempt, he emitted a sigh of discouragement. Not one of them would do. To wear any of them would be inevitably to call attention to the skull whose baldness they could not completely conceal. The trickery would be proclaimed at a glance. The cure would be a great deal worse than the disease.

Just as he reached this conclusion, a slight tickling sensation in his nose reminded the secretary of the beginning of a cold in the head which he had contracted in the automobile. Ah! There was his salvation! All he had to do was to cultivate this blessed cold, to aggravate it, to get it to assume such seriousness that he would appear excusable for wrapping up his head and neck in protective comforters.

Heroically, he ran to a window, opened it, and sat down before it with

bare head and neck, exposing himself to the sharp wind.

The effect was not long in being produced, for in a very few minutes he began to sneeze with enthusiasm. About the time that Snappy had concluded his interview with Mrs. Connor, Ichabod Poissonette had developed an unmistakably bad cold in the head.

As for Snappy, on his return from the garden he presented himself in the main hallway of the chateau.

"Is Madeleine Gibbous to be seen?" he inquired.

The question was addressed to a big lackey wearing a thick, powdered wig, and dressed in a striking livery of red and blue. Glancing down at the relatively diminutive Snappy, this domestic giant looked disdainfully at his questioner without condescending to reply.

"I wish to see Madam Gibbous," repeated Snappy, not at all disconcerted by the lackey's size. "Announce my arrival right away, will you? I'm in a hurry."

"See Madam Gibbous!" said the mocking menial. "And what have you got to say to her, my little bantam?"

Bantam! Our young artist drew himself up, considerably vexed. Dropping the ceremonious attitude and tone which he had thought it well to adopt in presenting himself, he apostrophized his insulter with vehemence.

"Look here, you overgrown baboon, don't become familiar with your betters. Introduce me to Madam Gibbous, and quickly at that, if you please. If not, I'll let you know my baptismal appellation."

It was the lackey's turn to open his eyes in wonderment and to feel his dignity assailed. He looked the impertinent youngster over leisurely.

"Well, that's a good one!" he exclaimed, affecting a tone of gayety. "So it is babes in arms who are to order us around nowadays."

Snappy looked at him crossly; he wasn't in a patient mood.

"Yes or no, will you do what you're hired for?" he asked dryly.

"But, how am I to do it?" demanded the servant in a still more bantering mood. "Who am I to announce? His Highness, the Prince of Microbes, no doubt. Your Highness must excuse me; I didn't recognize you at first. I say, Urban, Dominic, Gregoire! Come here and help lay the carpet for the entrance of his Excellency. It isn't every day one has the opportunity to receive so great a personage."

In response to these ironical calls mingled with bursts of laughter, the hallway was soon filled with half a dozen servants who, with mocking looks and words, circled around Snappy.

Not at all intimidated, the latter looked at them coolly, up and down; and then exclaimed:

"Once! ... Twice! ... Three times! ... So you're not going to show me up? All right; I'll go up alone!"

With that, he darted like an arrow between the legs of the biggest of the lackeys, upsetting that astounded giant, and hurried up the staircase.

"Here, stop; or look out for your ears!" shouted the foremost of the servants, several of whom hastened up the stairs in pursuit. The threat didn't impress Snappy who had already gained the second floor. Before him was a whole series of apartments, and at the end of the corridor, the boudoir in which the poetical Madeleine had installed herself. Fortunately, the boudoir door stood open, and our young hero recognized Madam Gibbous seated within.

He just managed to cross the threshold when he was at last seized by the swiftest of the lackeys. Aroused by this tumultuous arrival, Madeleine raised her head.

"What is the matter?" she asked in-

dignantly; "are not my meditations to be respected?"

With a vigorous kick at the shins of the fellow who had seized him, Snappy broke from his hold, and the next instant was bowing profoundly to Madeleine.

"Madam and respected authoress, I proffer you my homage!" he exclaimed, with a note of triumph in his voice.

The woman of letters looked at him for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Why, good Lord! one is tempted to say that it is our dear young actor, Snappy."

"Exactly, madam," was the reply.

And the lackeys had the mortification of seeing him bending gracefully over the hand which was extended to him, and of touching that hand with his lips. Swift to recognize the significance of this reception, they began discreetly to engineer a movement of retreat. Snappy was watching them, however, out of the corner of his eye, and, just as Madeleine asked him:

"What favorable breeze has wafted you hither?" he rejoined: "Breeze! It was more like a hurricane. Excuse the manner of my entrance, dear madam. I was obliged to fight these rascals who forbade me access to you."

Beneath the indignant glances of the poetess the discomfited servants winced, cursing the imprudent zeal which had led them to attack a personage who enjoyed such a favor.

"What's this I hear?" said Madeleine with anger. "How odious and insolent are these lackeys? Wanting in respect to the famous Snappy, the glory of the cinema! Pardon them, my dear artist, they didn't know what they were doing. For the sake of an example, I'll have Mrs. Connor discharge two or three of them, and that will be the end of the matter."

The disastrous route of the lackeys completed Snappy's satisfaction. He

waited till the last had disappeared, and then pronounced his words of pardon:

"Overlook this incident, my dear Madam Gibbous. We have weightier matters to discuss."

"And what are they?" inquired the woman of letters, feigning ignorance of his meaning.

"The scenario, for instance," he replied, quite seriously.

"Oh, I don't attach such great importance to it," she affectedly rejoined. "It has been merely a pastime."

"It is art, my dear lady; and great art, at that."

"Then, you are pleased with it?" demanded the credulous Madeleine, blushing with delight.

"Enraptured," boldly replied the little king of the movies.

"Then I am more than pleased. I depended a good deal on your approbation, and that is why I sent my secretary to see you. By the way, what has become of that stupid Ichabod? Has he, with his usual empty-headedness, been looking for you in some other place than where you were?"

"Reassure yourself, madam. He found me all right, and we have discussed matters."

"Then, why didn't he accompany you to my apartment?"

"I believe he is arranging his toilet."

"His vanity will be his destruction. Truly, I am at times tempted to doubt the reality of his vocation as poet."

Snappy shrugged his shoulders, as if he shared the temptation.

"In the meantime," he suggested, "suppose we speak of the scenario."

"Very well."

"In the first place, your scenario is a real jewel. Hardly anything needs to be changed in order to make it a masterpiece."

The susceptible poetess drew herself up. Hardly anything, she told herself, meant at least something.

"But a moment ago, you declared it perfect," she exclaimed.

"And I repeat it."

"Then why wish to change it?"

"Because success depends on our doing so."

"Well, after all, what is to be done about it?"

"Almost nothing," audaciously replied Snappy. "Ah, if we had paid attention to Mr. Ichabod, your scenario would have received an overhauling worth talking about."

Madeleine sat up, her eyes sparkling.

"Mr. Ichabod," she snapped; "what has he to do with it?"

"He appeared to have a great deal to do with it."

"I shall have something to say to the impertinent fellow at once," said the angry author. And she rang viciously a hand bell at her elbow.

"Go immediately to Mr. Poisonette's room," she commanded the servant who appeared in response to her ringing, "and bid him come here instantly."

Briefly, on Ichabod's appearance, he was abused by his mistress, was threatened with the loss of his position, and was told that Snappy was to modify the scenario as he wished with none of his (Ichabod's) interference.

(To be continued.)

IN the manufacture of cloth there is used a machine or frame for stretching out the pieces of stuff, so that they may set or dry evenly. Along the upper and lower crosspieces, which can be fixed apart from each other at any required distance, there are numerous sharp hooks, to which the selvages of the cloth are fastened. The frame is called a "tenter," from the Latin *tendere*, to stretch, and the hooks are styled "tenter-hooks." And so when a person is painfully strained, or is in suspense or uneasiness, he is often said to be "on tenter-hooks."

The Pot of Gold.

A COBBLER in Somersetshire, England, who lived on a little farm, in the middle of which was an old apple tree, dreamed that a person told him that if he would go to London Bridge he should meet with something to his advantage. He dreamed the same the next night, and again the night after. He then resolved to go to London Bridge on the first opportunity. When he arrived there, he walked about the whole of the first day without anything occurring. The next day was passed in a similar manner. He resumed his place the third day, and walked about till evening; then he determined to return home.

At that moment a stranger came up and said to him: "I have seen you for the last three days walking up and down this bridge. May I ask if you are waiting for any one?" The answer was "No."—"Then what object can you have in staying here?" The cobbler frankly told his reason. The stranger then advised him to go home to his work, and never again pay any attention to dreams. "They are as foolish as old women's tales," he said. "My grandmother, who died not long ago, often told me that, if I would go into Somersetshire, in a small field with a lone apple tree in the very centre, I should find a pot of gold; but I paid no attention to her."

It immediately occurred to the cobbler that the stranger described his own orchard and his own apple tree, but he said nothing. He hastened to return home, dug under his apple tree, and, sure enough, found a pot of gold. After this increase of fortune he was enabled to send his son George to school, where he learned Latin.

When the boy came home for the holidays, he one day examined the pot which had contained the gold, and

noticed some writing. Greatly excited, he said: "Father, what I have already learned at school may be of real use to us." He then translated the Latin inscription on the pot thus: "Look under, and you will find better." They did look under the tree again, and a larger quantity of gold was found, at least, so the story goes.

Mother Carey's Chicken.

The petrel, a sea bird, of which there are several varieties, is closely associated with storms, and is considered a bird of ill omen by superstitious sailors. It loves to play hide-and-seek among the waves, and is never tired of following in the wake of a ship tossed by an angry sea. At the fall of night it settles down upon the waves, tucks its head snugly under its wing, and is rocked to sleep "in the cradle of the deep."

Sailors will tell you that the petrel never touches land even to nest, but that, wherever it goes, it carries its solitary egg under its wing until hatched. Wilson, in his great work on "The Birds of North America," says of it: "The most singular peculiarity of this bird is its faculty of standing or even running upon the water." It appears to do both with great facility. It is this walking upon the water, like the Apostle Peter, that has caused it to be called little Peter, or Petrel.

The petrel is also, and perhaps more generally, known as Mother Carey's Chicken, which is a corruption of the name first given to this bird by Portuguese sailors — *Madre Cara* (dear mother), — signifying, of course, the Blessed Virgin. The petrel is regarded by them as a sign of Heaven's protection instead of an ill omen. They will tell you that the Mother Most Loving gives notice to mariners of approaching storms by sending flocks of the stormy petrel to warn them.

A Little Hero.

ONE of the bravest and most unselfish boys that ever drew breath was a little fellow, thirteen years old, who lived in England. A church which he and a younger brother had to pass on their way to school was being frescoed, and they were greatly interested in the work. But it took a long time to complete, and nothing could be seen from below until the scaffolding was removed. Entering the church one day at the noon hour when no one was around, and seeing a ladder leading to the floor of loose planks where the painters stood while at work, they decided to climb up and see for themselves how the decoration was progressing. It seemed an easy matter.

In a few moments they had reached the top and were admiring the paintings. As they started toward the ladder to go down, one of the boards gave way and both went through it. The younger boy managed to catch hold of the beam which supported it, and his brother in falling seized him by the leg. There they both hung, waiting for the return of the workmen, who would be back in five minutes. But the strength of the younger boy began to fail, and he said to his brother: "Dick, I'm afraid I can't hold on any longer."—"Could you hold on a little while if I were to let go your leg?" Richard asked eagerly.—"I think maybe I could," the other answered, not dreaming of what his brother intended to do.

Richard let go, and in a moment lay dead upon the pavement, where the workmen found his body after rescuing his brother, whose feeble cries for help had reached them as soon as they entered the church. He could not have kept his hold a moment longer.

What a brave, unselfish boy that was thus to sacrifice his life for his little brother!

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Hodder & Stoughton announce the publication of another of Jean Henri Fabre's delightful books, "The Scorpion." It was Charles Darwin who referred to the great French naturalist as "a *savant* who thinks like a philosopher and writes like a poet."

—"Don't use too long words," F. Hopkinson-Smith once said in an address to would-be authors. "I was once on the way to Chicago by train, and at one of the stopping places, I came out on the platform and drew deep breaths of the Autumn air. 'Isn't this invigorating,' I remarked to a passing trainman. 'No, sir,' said he; 'this is Elkhart.'"

—In "Birth Control," a brochure published by the National Catholic Welfare Council, the author, John M. Cooper, Ph. D., succinctly and lucidly discusses the whole question from the Catholic standpoint. For such readers as desire a more lengthy exposition of the various topics involved in the subject, he has appended a fairly exhaustive bibliography. The addition of several pages of notes and references completes what must be considered a satisfactory, if relatively brief, discussion of a highly important question.

—From the Paulist Press comes an exceptionally interesting and important pamphlet by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis C. Kelley, D. D., "A Sociologist in Mexico." It is a review—or refutation—of "The Social Revolution in Mexico," by Professor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin. Msgr. Kelley knows his Mexico much more thoroughly than does the Wisconsin sociologist, and he does not hesitate to expose the professor's avoidance or ignorance of very important historical facts regarding both Mexico and Spain.

—There may be some question as to the identity of the greatest American novelist, but there can be no question that Joseph C. Lincoln appeals to a very large audience as the best American story-teller. His latest book, "Doctor Nye," is safe to add to his already notable reputation as a distinctively American humorist and philosopher, one who knows his Cape Cod district as thoroughly as Dickens knew his London, and whose characters are as indigenous to that part of the United States as were Bret Harte's to the California of the middle Nineteenth Century. Novel-readers who like their fiction to be amusing as well as thoroughly interesting, and who are satiated with so-called problem novels and treatises on

psycho-analysis masquerading as fictitious narratives, will make no mistake in selecting Mr. Lincoln as one of their favorite authors. D. Appleton & Co. are his publishers.

—"Social Catholicism in England," by Dr. Karl Wanniger, is an exceptionally interesting and instructive little book on the development of Catholic influence in English social life from the Oxford Movement to the present time. Catholic students of social problems in our own country would do well to read it carefully. For Catholic leadership in these matters is by no means so prominent or so effective as our relatively greater numbers give us a right to expect. Familiarity with the methods, and an insight into the enlightened zeal of our English co-religionists can not but stimulate and encourage our own workers to greater effort. This brief, though scholarly work has been ably translated from the German by the Rev. Charles Plater, S. J. Herder Book Co.

—Catholic scientists and apologetic writers have of recent years so thoroughly discredited much of the work of Ernst Haeckel that habitual readers of THE AVE MARIA will naturally be but little interested in the youthful letters of that German worthy. Assuming that the demand from any quarter for an English translation of these letters is something more than negligible, and that accordingly G. Barry Gifford, the translator, and Harper & Brother, the publishers, are well advised in offering to the public "The Story of the Development of a Youth," by Ernst Haeckel, the story being "Letters to His Parents: 1852-1856," it is still a question whether both parties concerned are not to blame for leaving the volume, an octavo of 420 pages, without either index or table of contents.

—"Charles de Foucauld, Hermit and Explorer," is a title certain to attract those who have heard of his extraordinary career and of the remarkable success of M. René Bazin's account of it. (Readers of THE AVE MARIA will not have forgotten a most interesting sketch by the Countess de Courson.) To have been a wild and irreligious soldier, an intrepid explorer, a Trappist, a priest, and the most unique of all foreign missionaries, is certainly an interesting career for any man. But Charles de Foucauld was even more. He gained the simplicity of heart that distinguishes great saints; and, by the very pathos

of his humility, became, even after his death, a missionary to his own countrymen. They might see from his life how great is the value of spiritual sincerity in personal matters, and how enormous is the task of governing properly the territories of Africa. Père Foucauld knew the desert as a scientist of valor can understand it after years of study; but he saw it as well against the light of its faith. The Mohammedan can be won to the Church only if the virtues of its Founder are clearly exemplified in His apostles; and here is a missionary of whom one can only say that he could not have known how beautiful his soul had become. The vision of that soul, as M. Bazin presents it, has haunted many a reader for days; crowds have been won to a clearer comprehension of missionary endeavor and of sterling Catholic faith. We can do no more than wish for the present English edition a similar success. Mr. Peter Keelan has done the task of translation—an extraordinarily difficult one—with discriminating care. The English version naturally lacks some of the French glow, the voice of a gifted author talking to his sympathetic fellow-countrymen; and perhaps it would have been better to exchange idiom freely rather than adhere rigidly to the letter of the original. But, on the whole, the present volume is fascinating and impressive. Published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London, and for sale in this country by Benziger Brothers.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal." Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers.) \$6.
- "God or Gorilla." Alfred Watterson McCann. (Devin-Adair Co.) \$3.50.
- "Christian Spirituality." Rev. P. Pourrat. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$4.20.
- "The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart." Maud Monahan. (Longmans.) \$5.
- "The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

- "The Conversion of the Pagan World." Paolo Manna, M. Ap. (Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.) \$1.50.
- "The Life of Cornelia Connelly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." A Member of the Society. (Longmans.) \$5.
- "The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.
- "Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.
- "The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.
- "The Life of Cardinal Gibbons." Allen Sinclair Will, Litt. D. Two volumes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$10.
- "From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon." Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. (D. Appleton & Co.) \$5.
- "The Life and Times of John Carroll." Peter Guilday. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$5.
- "Liturgical Prayer: Its History and Spirit." Dom Fernand Cabrol, O. S. B. \$4.65.
- "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature." George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) \$2.
- "What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.
- "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
- "The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
- "Marie Chadelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
- "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

Obituary.

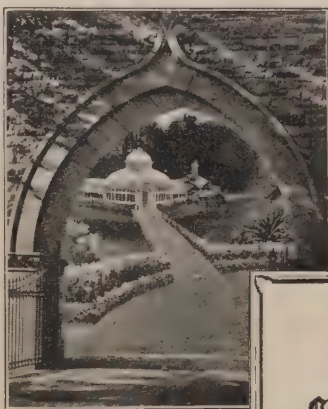
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii. 3.

Rev. John Jurasko, D. D., and Rev. George Endres, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Jean B. Guillaume, M. S. C.; and Rev. John Guinet, M. S.

Sister M. Rose Viterbo, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

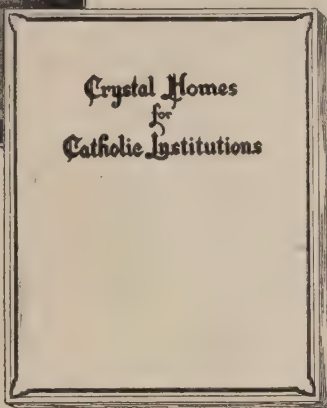
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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND MONTHLY

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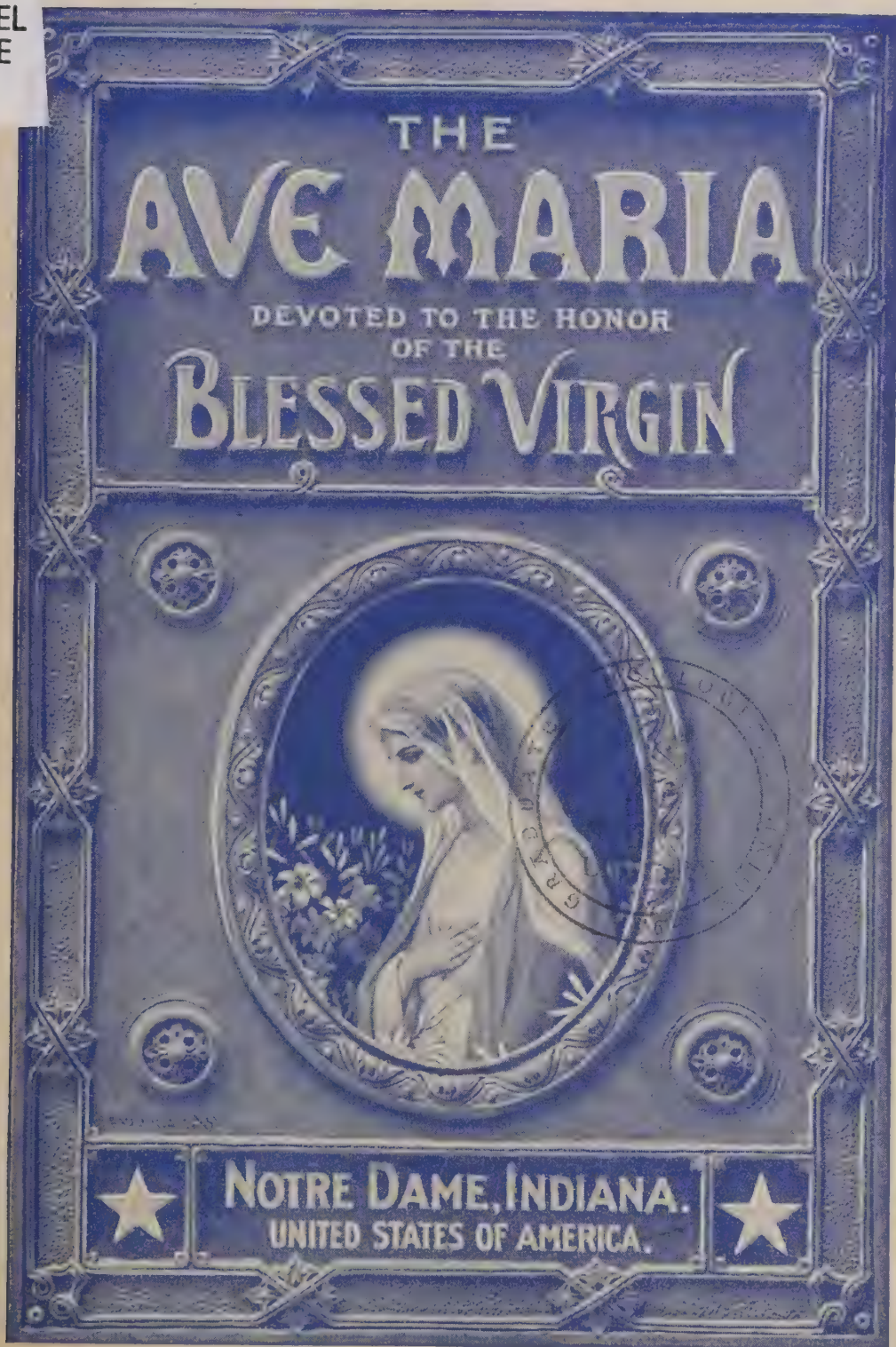
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 20.—St. John Cantius, C.
 SUNDAY, 21.—TWENTY-SECOND AFTER PENTECOST. St. Hilarion, Ab. SS. Ursula and Comp's, VV., MM.
 MONDAY, 22.—St. Mary Salome.
 TUESDAY, 23.—St. Peter Paschasius, C. St. Elfreda, V.

WEDNESDAY, 24.—St. Evergistus, B. M. St. Raphael. St. Maglorius, B.
 THURSDAY, 25.—SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, MM. SS. Crispin and Crispinian, MM.
 FRIDAY, 26.—St. Evaristus, P. M.
 SATURDAY, 27.—St. Florentius, M.

Some Bound Volumes of "The Ave Maria"

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By Rev. J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P., Ph. D.

Lecturer in Ethics to the Newman Club, University of Texas

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 20, 1923.

No. 16

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The Little Flower.

BY P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY.

ONE visions her before a shrine,
Fair face, white, clasped hands lifted up;
Then bowed before the Power Divine
That consecrates the Eucharist Cup.

One visions angels at her side,
Who lead her, in that holy hour,
To be the Lover's mystic bride—
And evermore His Little Flower.

Our Lady of the Alms.

BY THEODORA TEELING.

HERE is hardly a town in France of any importance which has not its Madonna-shrine, renowned within its own neighborhood, and sometimes far and wide, for pilgrimage or miracle, legend or wonder-working power. Thousands of English and American travellers have visited Notre Dame de Boulogne, or la Délivrante near Caen; or the wondrous Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris, or Notre Dame de la Garde, truly "guarding" the sea-coast beside Marseilles; and many, many others.

How beautiful they are, these ever-varying titles, like one great litany in stone and mortar; or a Rosary whose beads are dropped here and there over the land! First and foremost our beloved Lourdes, the Mother Immaculate,

calling on all her children with the three-fold cry of "*Pénitence! pénitence! pénitence!*" Then Our Lady of Good Help, or of Deliverance; or that beautiful name of one of her favored shrines on the far-off Mediterranean coast, high up on a hill overlooking the plains of Hyères and the "golden isles"—Our Lady of Consolation.

Here, in the quiet little town from which we write, in old historic Savoy, is a tiny, graceful chapel perched high above the rushing river, and half hidden by clustering trees and flowering boughs on the cliff-side; a chapel hung with ex-votos and simple petitions, and bearing the quaint name of Notre Dame de l'Aumone (Our Lady of the Alms). So strange a name must surely have some history, we think; and so we search, and find its origin—a double one, so to speak: half legendary, half historic. The legend is as follows:

Some time within the Thirteenth Century one of the noble *seigneurs* of this place—a debatable ground betwixt Geneva and Chambéry, which proved the field of many a skirmish in the days when prince-bishops, French kings, counts of Savoy, and German emperors, struggled, schemed, plotted, fought up and down every inch of ground hereabouts—was a wild and irreligious baron, who, in the intervals of frequent battles, beguiled the time by hunting wolves and wild boars in the extensive forests which clothed these still well-wooded hills. As every schoolchild would

tell us, therein lay no sin; but—and here was the crucial point—not only did the noble baron Amadeus, or Humbert, or Aymon, or Thibaud, or whatever was his high-sounding name, hunt on all the days of the week, but also on Sundays, instead of assisting at Mass and the offices of the Church.

One day—we fancy the original legend must have run “one Sunday”—while traversing a wooded grove in pursuit of his prey, he beheld a statue of the Blessed Virgin standing upright in the thickest of the bushes; and, bow in hand as he ran, he turned and shot an arrow full at the image. The arrow rebounded, struck him on the eyes and blinded him; and pale, trembling, and penitent, he sought absolution and the Church’s pardon. To appease the divine anger, he then founded a chapel and monastery on the spot in which the miraculous statue was enshrined. It soon became a pilgrim-shrine.

History now takes up its tale and tells us that many centuries ago, when roads were not, nor conveyances, nor recognized means of voyage, an Augustinian priory—an offshoot of the great St. Bernard Monastery—was built upon this pleasant but then forest-hidden site, which served, as so many monasteries did in those days, as hostelry for the wayfarers who might journey that way and ask shelter for the night ere crossing the oft-times swollen river Cheran, which rushes down the valley. All travellers without exception were made welcome, lodged and fed; and those among them who seemed needy were presented with some pieces of money on their departure; whence came the name *Notre Dame de l’Aumone* (Our Lady of the Alms).

Later on the “alms” which had become a special feature of the monastic hospitality changed its character, as such practices too often do; for the ford at that place being no longer used, and

travellers no more passing that way, the almsgiving, which had doubtless become embodied in the rules of the house, resolved itself into a loaf of bread given by the prior to every poor person in the town and its suburbs on the second Tuesday in Lent, after having rung the priory bell for an hour. And this practice in course of time grew so abused that not the needy only, but rich and poor, noble and peasant alike, flocked at the sound of the Lenten bell to claim and receive the alms of Our Lady. As late as 1759 we find the practice continued, although the priory had passed into other hands; and in that year as many as twelve surrounding parishes sent to the poor the distribution of loaves (which were to be made part of flour, part of barley, and part of rye, and to weigh a pound and a quarter each), amounting to 7100.

All this ceased at the Revolution. The chapel was sold; the processions to the shrine—which we are told had taken place, “from time immemorial,” every Saturday in Summer time—no longer wound their solemn length down the elm-shaded avenue to petition for rain or other blessings upon their little town,—that once favored spot, visited by the gentle St. Francis de Sales again and again, and where he finished writing his celebrated “*Introduction à la Vie Dévote*.”

When the storm of Revolution passed, a pious resident of Rumilly restored the shrine, and presented it to his native town, which enlarged the chapel and embellished it; so that it stands out fair and gracious to-day, amid its fields of waving corn, and lime and chestnut boughs, and sweet-scented flower-beds; a beloved, well-cared-for spot, never without its little cluster of worshippers or groups of quiet matrons or graceful girls, passing recollectedly along the steep cliff-side, to kneel for a while before the quaint, gilded blackened

figure, glass-sheltered above the flower-decked altar, with its twinkling lamp.

Many ex-votos—for the most part simple ones—cover the grey old walls. We notice especially (having examined many such shrines) that most of these bear tokens of having been not only presented but wrought by the donors; for the *Marie m'a exaucé*, or *Reconnaissance a Notre Dame de l'Aumone*, are in many instances worked in simple cross-stitch upon ordinary canvas; and one black-framed paper turns out, upon examination, to be a simple pen-and-ink sentence written in big, round hand.

But we may not linger longer before this shrine of Mary in old Savoy. As Adelaide Procter sings:

There are many shrines of Our Lady
In different lands and climes,
Where I can remember kneeling
In old and beloved times.

Some are fair marble statues, and some quaint, ugly, blackened figures; others are rude early paintings; and others again, beautiful in themselves and full of gracefulness. But all are emblems of Our Lady's loving, maternal heart,—her tender, watchful care. And as we kneel before any one of these images, those other familiar lines rise to our lips and heart:

I will ask for one grace, O Mother!
And will leave the rest to thy will:
From one shrine of thine to another
Let my life be a pilgrimage still.
At each one, O Mother of Mercy!
Let still more of thy love be given,
Till I kneel at the last and the brightest—
The throne of the Queen of Heaven.

THERE is a curious illuminated page in an ancient manuscript preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, which represents a suppliant on his knees with bow in hand, and up the page are the rising arrows, which he has shot, each one having a little scroll, bearing on it a petition, and thus illustrating the idea of ejaculatory prayers.

Linked Lives.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

I.

JEAN DESCHAMPS, host of the Hôtel de l'Ours in the small town of Ste.-Marie-des-Rochers, stood beside his front door to enjoy for a few moments the light breeze that had sprung up towards the end of the hot July day. The white-shuttered front faced southwest towards the vine-clad hills; a broad awning on either side of the door sheltered a number of small marble-topped tables, three or four of which were occupied by the élite of the population taking their appetizer before passing into the dining room for dinner, which would be served in another ten minutes. Père Deschamps, as he was commonly called throughout the little commune, knew that all was ready in the capable hands of his eighteen-year-old daughter, Justine, and her devoted slave, Aristide, the elderly waiter.

The worthy innkeeper looked up and down the broad white road that stretched eastwards towards the Alsatian frontier, that now for over twenty years had been held in the grip of the Teuton invader, and westwards towards the great capital many miles away. Along the highway, from the direction of Paris, came a stranger, a man of about thirty, of middle height and strongly built frame, his sun-burned face, clean-shaven, and showing a firm somewhat full-lipped mouth and pleasant grey eyes. His light, thick hair clustered in waves on his uncovered head. He carried a knapsack on his back, and in his hand a stout stick and light straw hat. He strode up to the door of the hotel, Père Deschamps welcoming him with a profound bow and an enticing smile under his grizzled mustache. In quite idiomatic French the stranger

asked if he could be accommodated for a few nights.

"But yes, monsieur, an apartment and entertainment of the best. Come then into my poor house. Justine! Aristide! Haste you, here is an English gentleman who needs the best bedroom and will dine when all is served."

A young girl, above the average height of her nation, with dark hair that still hung in a long, thick plait, large dark eyes, and a strikingly beautiful mouth, came forward into the little entrance hall. She was dressed in a plain but well-cut grey frock, mostly covered with a spotless white apron. Her smartly shod feet were characteristic of the *bien chaussée* French damsel, and her slender brown hands, while evidently those of a working girl, showed inherited refinement. This was not wonderful, as the mother, whom she but dimly remembered, came of an old family that had lost its all in the crash of revolution a hundred years before.

Behind Justine came Aristide, the symbolic white napkin on his arm. He was an old soldier of the Second Empire who had lain in the trenches before Sebastopol nearly forty years before, and had fought as sergeant-major of his regiment on the disastrous field of Sedan in later life. Returned now to his native town, he preferred to serve his old friend and patron, Père Deschamps, to living idly on a small pension. He had never married.

The stranger bowed with a smile to Justine, who graciously returned the salutation. She showed him a comfortable room, promising to send up hot water—of which he was glad enough, after the dust of a twenty mile tramp. In ten minutes he was in the *salle-à-manger*, and the excellent meal had begun. Père Deschamps kept up the old traditions of his father and grandfather, and himself presided at a long table.

This was far back in 1891, when even young men could remember the meretricious dazzle of the Second Empire and its tragic collapse. The young Englishman found himself at the right of his landlord, who explained to his regular patrons that it was not often that an English milord honored the Hotel of the Bear, and the occasion must be celebrated—was it not so, *hein?* The fact that the visitor ordered three bottles of M. Deschamps' best Moselle, which he insisted on his host and his other immediate neighbors sharing, at once brought conviction that he was a person of consequence, and secured him unquestioned popularity. Justine and Aristide saw to it that there was nothing to interfere with the comfort and enjoyment of the guests, who numbered about thirty, and included four or five young infantry officers, a number of professional and commercial inhabitants of the little town, and a few travelling salesmen bound for Paris or large cities along the German frontier. The Englishman's ready French and his pleasant and friendly bearing made constraint impossible, and he was very quickly "at home" in the cheerful gathering.

As he sat afterwards in the cool evening air with a cup of coffee and a cigar, he told M. Deschamps how delighted he was with his surroundings, and that he proposed to stay with him some little time, making Ste.-Marie-des-Rochers a centre from which to explore a part of the Vosges country, by which he declared he was charmed.

"The fact is, M. Deschamps, I am taking a long, lazy holiday after a spell of heavy work. I am an engineer by profession; though my father is a wealthy man, I prefer to work for my own living; and I should be miserable if I had not a settled employment. My name will not tell you anything, but here is my card."

Bowing politely, Père Deschamps took the card and read these lines:

FRANCIS RAVENSDALE
RAVENSMERE, WESTMORELAND
150 HALF-MOON STREET, S. W.

"And monsieur is all alone, and travels without a valet?"

"*Mon ami!* to possess a valet would be the end of all enjoyment. No; what I love is to be independent of everyone; also to avoid trains and diligences and crowded cities. The small towns, the villages, and the countryside of France are what make me happy."

"It is good to hear how monsieur loves my country."

"To-morrow I mean to begin exploring. You and Mademoiselle Justine must tell me all about the neighborhood."

II.

The following morning Ravensdale, going out for a stroll before taking his coffee and rolls, met Justine coming in at the door. He lifted his hat, and said with a smile: "You are out early, Mademoiselle Justine."

"I have been up these two hours, monsieur. But when my early work is finished I go to the seven o'clock Mass, and Aristide looks after my father and the house for half an hour."

"You put me to shame. I am going to ask a favor of you. Advise me where to go to-day."

"I shall return with your coffee speedily, monsieur, and shall then give you a little book, — '*Ste.-Marie-aux-Rochers et ses Environs*'—and explain which are the best walks or rides."

It is to be presumed that the conversation was satisfactory on both sides. Certainly, it was the first of many; and it was greatly owing to Justine that Ravensdale spent a most enjoyable fortnight at the Hotel of the Bear.

The day before that which he had reluctantly fixed for his departure, Francis begged the excellent innkeeper and his daughter to accompany him to

a place in the hills noted for its beauty, La Cascade d'Argent, so named, of course, from the silver sheen of the water as it broke on the rocks in a fall of sixty feet. He had discovered a charming little inn close by, where they would have luncheon.

Just as they were setting out, Père Deschamps was summoned to the courthouse on business. He insisted, however, that Justine should not lose her full holiday. "For myself, I shall be back for luncheon, and the good Suzanne Erlon will come to cook it"—naming a neighbor who was always ready to help,—“therefore, M. Ravensdale and you, my daughter, go without delay, and I will follow you the moment I am free.”

It would not be strictly truthful to say that Ravensdale felt bitter disappointment at the prospect of three or four hours with his young friend Justine. The girl was an excellent companion; she had been well educated at a convent school at Nancy, and was full of natural gayety, while totally without a shadow of pertness or frivolity. Almost unconsciously the young Englishman's respect and friendship had deepened into a warmer feeling, but Justine had never shown that she reciprocated his evident affection. As they walked the four miles to the Cascade, she asked many eager questions about English life and especially English schools. On arriving at the hospitable Auberge de la Cascade, they ordered luncheon of a smiling damsel, the daughter and general factotum of the very small farmer who supplemented his slender gains from the land by running the little tavern. Few visitors came on ordinary days, but on Sundays and holidays quite a number of family parties might be seen enjoying themselves at numerous little tables under the wide veranda in the trellised arbor, and on a broad lawn between the house and the river.

When this important matter was arranged Francis and Justine walked to the beautiful bend in the stream where the mountain torrent precipitates itself over a dark ledge of tumbled rocks into a wide, deep pool many feet below, where it swirls and eddies in wild confusion before settling down again to its accustomed course. The whole scene, with the sunshine glancing at innumerable points through the wealth of forest trees on either bank and turning the rushing water into a mass of sparkling glory, wore this morning its most entrancing guise. The two young people sat on a moss-grown mound, talking of many things. Justine's hand was lying on a rough, outcropping stone, when suddenly her companion took it in his, and looking into the depths of her dark eyes, said: "Justine, could you care enough for me to be my wife? You are the only girl I have ever loved."

The girl's flushed cheeks and shining eyes gave the answer—yet she paused. "But you are not of my Faith, monsieur,—does not that come between us? And you are a rich English milord, while I am only a poor girl."

"The second objection, dearest, is not worth even a thought. I am not exactly a milord, and you are fit to take your place anywhere. As to the first, I have the greatest reverence for the Catholic religion, and little enough for any other. I shall gladly fulfil all the conditions that the Church imposes—and somehow I do not think I shall die outside her shelter. But you would not have me become her child without complete conviction?"

Justine Deschamps hesitated no longer, but surrendered at discretion to the claims of her innocent and loving heart. It was a happy couple that wandered slowly back, hand in hand, to the inn, where a tempting meal had been prepared, and laid in the arbor by pretty Françoise. The new

joy somehow did not spoil the appetites of these two healthy young people. They were just served with coffee, when they heard a well-known, cheerful voice; and the next moment the good Père Deschamps appeared at the entrance of the arbor.

A very few words put him in possession of the state of affairs. His pious Catholic soul at once turned to the religious difficulty, but Francis was able to reassure him, sufficiently at least to allow him to rejoice in his child's happiness. He gaily summoned the willing Françoise, bidding her bring a bottle of the best Moselle the Auberge could provide, with a *petit verre* for Francis and himself. "As for this foolish child, she will never take one with her coffee"; so he said, patting her dark curls,—and he loved her all the more for it.

"But it is a great honor, Monsieur, that you do our poor family. We have never been but simple farmers or the like; yet Justine's mother—" He could scarcely continue speaking of the wife he had lost fifteen years before.

"I know," said Ravensdale. "She was the great-granddaughter of M. le Marquis d'Amancey, who died on the scaffold in the Terror."

"That is true, Monsieur. Madame la Marquise escaped from Paris in the costume of a peasant, carrying her infant son. They were sheltered by a kind farmer, a patriot, but one who abhorred the reckless cruelties of the later years of the Revolution, and who was stung to burning indignation by the murder of the King and Queen. The Marquise survived only a few months—the child grew up as one of the family of his foster parents. Nothing of the D'Amancey property remained; it was heavily mortgaged long before the troublous times began, and the *de jure* Marquis, instead of claiming an empty title and an estate that was no longer existing, married Denise Sablon, the

farmer's daughter—ah, she was *bien jolie*, was my grandmother, even in her old age!

"The family Sablon, you see, were our neighbors, so what more natural than that I should learn to love the maiden, Justine d'Amencey, with whom I played every day? We were at school together until she went for a year to the good Sisters of the Visitation at Châlons, and I went to the army. Two years after the terrible disaster of 1870 we married. My elder brother took our father's place at our farm, and I, with his help, became host of the Hôtel de l'Ours. A year later our child was born, and the same day baptized by her mother's name. And in '76 the little one and I were left to be all in all to each other. She is very like her poor, dear mother—almost as pretty and charming."

And Père Deschamps wiped away a furtive tear as he spoke of the great sorrow of his life.

"Pardon, monsieur, that I should have spoken so long of our family affairs."

Francis, who had been listening attentively, grasped the worthy man's hand in a warm clasp of sympathy.

"M. Deschamps," he said earnestly, "my one aim will be to be worthy of your good Justine and her excellent parents. To-night let us call on your curé—he certainly has a right to the confidence of us all."

It may be guessed that three very happy people wended their way back in the late Summer afternoon to Ste.-Marie-aux-Rochers, and that a very proud Père Deschamps presided that evening at his *table d'hôte*. He could not be restrained from announcing the great news to the assembled guests, or from treating them all to his best champagne. "Shall we not lift our glasses to my Justine and her promised husband, *hein?*" It is only justice to

add that any material advantage which the marriage might bring was quite overshadowed in his honest mind by the happiness of his beloved daughter.

And when she gave him his good-night kiss his voice quivered as he lifted her rounded chin and looked into her face with a good father's love. "My Justine, *ma petite*, how can I ever let you go?"

(To be continued.)

A Visit to Assisi.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

ASSISI! Who shall attempt to describe, either with tongue or pen, that favored spot, where once stood the little woodland chapel near which St. Francis dwelt and prayed with his first companions. To-day we find there a great basilica, raised by the faithful of Catholic Christendom to honor him who was among the humblest and most loving of men, and is now the Saint whom that love and that humility have placed "beside the Seraphim."

Perhaps, the fact most strikingly brought home to one is that this town in Umbria is not the shrine of a *dead* saint, but the home of a living personality; for in Assisi, as in the case of Padua, on the Feast of St. Anthony, "*Il Santo*" seems actually present to the immense crowds who began to arrive in vast multitudes. In order to prevent a crush, Pope Pius XI. had given permission to begin the celebrations accompanying the Feast of Porziuncola on July 31. It was arranged that the proceedings should commence on that day at 5 p. m. with a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament in San Francesco; going thence through the town to the church built over the site of the house where St. Francis was born. However, any one who is familiar with the utter disregard of punctuality, when it is question of an Italian func-

tion, will not be surprised to learn that the ceremony began at 4 o'clock. When I arrived at the basilica, I could hear the chanting, now fainter, now clearer, swelling to louder cadence, as the procession wended its way through the steep, narrow streets.

The crowd was extraordinarily dense in the Piazza; indeed, so great were the numbers that I found the venerable church prepared as if for a siege. All the heavy carved wood seats and the rails round the high altar had been placed lengthways down the nave, so as to form a barrier; the pilgrims were expected to enter by the door on the left, and, going down the further side of the church, to leave it by the right-hand door. Half way down the nave there is an immensely strong iron grating with two gates, which were closed, but the priest in charge let me through, though he looked doubtful when he saw I was alone; and admonished me to keep near the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. I asked him at what time they would have Benediction, and he replied: "Who knows?"

The moments passed, and always the crowd grew and grew, and the chant with its ceaseless refrain of "*Il Santo! Il Santo!*" rose and fell, while many women, and even men, sobbed, wailed, and prayed aloud, beating against the iron bars of the gates so that I glanced rather nervously at the frail-looking friar standing in front of the altar, and the four younger men stationed at each corner, wondering how they could possibly control the excited multitude if it got out of hand. Almost as the thought crossed my mind, a great cry, startling in its volume went up, and a priest bearing the Blessed Sacrament moved onwards to the sacristy. The gates were thrown wide; and the people like a tempest-tossed torrent, poured through, casting themselves down in a perfect abandonment of devotion at the immi-

nent risk of being trampled underfoot, kissing the stones and striking their foreheads against them.

The waves of prayer rose higher, ever dashing against the ancient walls and up to the painted roof where pictured saints and angels seemed to gaze down in compassion. I turned from the tumult below to where the lamps burned steadily before the tabernacle, shining like stars around that Presence in the "darkness which is light, and in the silence which is a voice," feeling that though this moaning, emotional crowd, which to colder northern temperaments might well have appeared unrestrained, if not wholly wanting in the reserve suitable to the House of God, was pleasing to Him who made us and who reads the secrets of all hearts, who knows that, calm as some of us appear outwardly, our wordless plaints and silent pleadings against the inevitable ascend not less fervently to the mercy seat; because it is so very difficult to say with any semblance of true sincerity—that virtue so beloved of the beloved St. Francis:

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow sent
Unto our chastisement,—
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude!

It was fully three hours before the crowds began to lessen, and the friar who let me in, unlocked a side chapel to allow me pass. I could not wait for Benediction, and all those hours the stream of men and women, and some children, poured through and round the altar, and out again.

On the 2d of August, I drove down to the Porziuncola, hoping that I might be able to make my Communion in St. Francis' own little church. But the crowds were so great that one could not get near an altar, and it was really too disturbing. The scene was wonderful. Such a mixed throng! An American

bishop and four monsignori left the hôtel when I did, his Lordship looking very quaint with a panama hat over his little skull cap,—the hat being a necessary precaution on account of the intense heat of the sun.

I must confess that of all the dear spots I visited in and around Assisi, I think that I can not help loving San Damiano best of all. It is small and simple and poor just as St. Francis left it. I was at Exposition there one day, and the Blessed Sacrament was in the very same monstrance which St. Clare held up at the window when the Saracens were straightway driven back. Then we sat—I and a friend who comes to Assisi every year in June,—in the beautiful calm peace of the evening, on the stone seat running round the little piazza in front of the chapel, and talked of it all.

Presently old Brother Francis tottered out, and my companion at once greeted him as an old friend. She asked him to tell how more than sixty years ago he passed through Assisi on his way to Rome to apprentice himself to a tailor; and how "*Il Santo*" had captivated him; and he, like many another, had left all and followed. "But surely," he went on, talking simply like a child, "my time is at hand, and I must render an account. And our Father, the Saint, will meet me one day, and say: 'Little brown Brother of mine, called by my name, who has worn the habit for sixty years, how hast thou borne thyself?' Then shall I make answer: 'Most Blessed one, unworthily; for sometimes have I slept when I should have watched; and sometimes, when it was *very* hot I have not finished the Office; and sometimes I have taken the alms and not said the prayer.' Then shall he lead me unto Our Lord for judgment." Here the tired old face broke into such a smile of radiant joy that it grew young and strong again, and the sweet

voice sank into prayer, murmuring: "*Domine, non sum dignus, non sum dignus...*"

It was delightful to go to this chapel of San Damiano in the cool of the evening and see the sunset amongst the olive groves whilst the voices saying Office in the tiny choir floated out into the calm air. I spent another lovely day at the Carceri—the hermitage which the Benedictines gave to St. Francis, and where he used so often to spend his Lents. The road winds up the hill through an indescribable glory of color and fragrance, for flowers bloom in the greatest profusion every step of the way: golden, sweet-scented broom, delicate little Alpine roses, wild anchusa and delphiniums, poppies, and white and yellow stonecrop border the path until one comes to the stone cross marking the convent grounds. There are only two friars stationed there, and both are called by the sweet name of Raffael.

Said tall, stout Father Raffael, jerking an introductory thumb in the direction of little, thin Fr. Raffael: "This one that you see here is the Father Superior."

"Not at all, not at all," expostulated little Fr. Raffael. "The white cat has been here much longer than I; he is Father Superior." At which the white cat, Bellino, with one blue eye and one yellow, fell into ecstasies of mirth, racing excitedly round and round after its own tail.

We had lunch under the trees. They brought us strong black coffee in big cups, and stood near and with the truest Franciscan courtesy and friendliness, telling us stories of the saints—how under this tree "*Il Santo*" preached his sermon to the birds, and how under that one, the devil once appeared to Brother Masseo in the form of an angel; and about the torrent which disturbed the Seraphic Father's prayers by its roar,

so that he prayed that it might pass another way, how it sank into the ground just above the Carceri, and reappeared again lower down the valley; and how whenever it reappears in its original bed, the superior is obliged to report the fact at once to the Government, for it is ever a forerunner of terrible disaster. It came before the earthquake at Messina, and twice in 1914 before the war. Then we were shown the caves where Brother Ruffino and Brother Masseo used to live and fast and pray, and the one in which St. Francis himself lived. Hallowed spots to the Franciscans are they!

But, in truth, one might fill almost a volume with the poetic tales of these charming sons of the *Poverello*, who in their simplicity and picturesqueness of language rival the fascinating freshness of the *Fioretti*, and the "Mirror of Perfection."

It is next to impossible, too, to give even the faintest idea of the magic spell which Assisi itself and its surroundings cast over a pilgrim who visits them, and who feels for the first time, perchance, what an overmastering power is the influence of personality. St. Francis has been in heaven for centuries.

Hope.

BY M. A.

POOR and deprived of all the world esteems,
 I dwell in palaces of golden dreams.
 There, odors of incense unceasingly flow,
 There, angel forms flit ever to and fro,
 There, held in the embrace of Love Divine,
 My heart reposes; and this soul of mine
 Pours forth incessant songs of happiness,
 Whole-hearted praise of love;
 Though still in great duress
 It lives on earth,
 By Hope it flies,
 And takes its place with radiant saints
 Beyond the skies.

Nora McDonnell's Story.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

"THERE is one thing sure: I must find work by this day week, or else the first of the month will see me without a dollar or a notion where to get it."

Nora McDonnell, having counted over her small store of money, replaced all but a few silver coins in the little netted purse she wore around her neck, and thrust the purse into her blouse.

As she sat on her trunk in the attic of a cheap New York boarding-house, she looked indeed forlorn and discouraged. It was too early in the season for her to hope to obtain steady employment. The families who had patronized her in the past were still away in the Adirondacks or Catskills, or at their country homes. They would not require the services of a seamstress for some time yet, and meanwhile what should she do?

Although Nora had for years earned her bread by "going out sewing," the monotonous stitching of the days away had not broken down her health, or stolen all the color from a face that had been glowing as a rose of the Irish hedgerows when, for love of the dear ones at home, she became a voluntary exile from Erin and landed in New York in the Spring of 1886.

Ella, the American wife of her brother Tom, now called her an old maid; and even Jim, the younger brother, often joked her, saying she was "getting too old to think of taking up with a husband." Yet Nora was only thirty-three, and better-looking than either Ella or Jim's wife had ever been.

But Nora's part in life had been to making pretty frocks and furbelows for others and to be satisfied with the plainest attire for herself; and, since "fine feathers make fine birds" the

world over, few people looked twice at the modest seamstress as she hurried through the streets; while to the majority of her customers she was merely the automaton who worked the sewing-machine.

Was she much more to her own family, she sometimes wondered, a trifle bitterly, of late? For to Nora had come the moment of the turn of affection's tide, when, beneath the surface of life's sea, many sacrifices are found to have been but tributes to the depths of selfishness in others. Would the tide ebb to its most distant margin, leaving her nature hard and dry for all the future? Or would it roll in again in a great wave of generosity and affection, and renewed faith in humankind?

On coming to America, Nora had obtained a situation in a wealthy family. By her earnings she had "brought out" Tom, then Jim, and last of all Nannie, who, poor girl, lived only a year. The dear mother was still at home with Neil, the oldest of the brothers and sisters, who held the bit of a farm. Many a time had Nora wanted her to come to America, but the good soul could not make up her mind to leave her firstborn and his children.

"Perhaps it was for the best that she did not come," Nora acknowledged to herself this afternoon; and yet now her heart went out to the old mother with more intensity of longing than for many a day. "Eighteen years have passed since I laid eyes on her face or felt her loving arms around me," she said aloud, with a sob. "And how many times have I saved up the price of my passage home, only to see it melt away, and my hopes with it? Indeed I have hardly enough to pay for a lodging here. I'll never see mother nor Ireland again; I may as well resign myself to the thought."

The story of Nora's life during those eighteen years may be told in a few

words. Tom was no sooner earning good wages with a contractor than he married a pretty shopgirl. She made a shiftless wife, but was blessed with "four as fine children as you would find in all America," Tom was wont to declare, with a father's pride.

Because Ella loved Tom and the children, Nora forgave her much, including her ambitions, which were not of the practical sort; for she never rested until Tom got a place as porter in a wholesale house. As he was much more interested, however, in horses and gravel, than in his new occupation, he did not succeed, but lost his position, and was idle for many weeks. The family was saved from absolute want by the generous gift of his sister's savings.

Then, again, Ella was ashamed to have a sister-in-law "living out"; so Tom persuaded Nora to make her home with them and take sewing by the day. It did not pay so well, but was a sacrifice to family pride. When Nannie pined away, it was Nora who paid the hospital bill and the undertaker's. Tom, with his family to support, could spare nothing toward defraying these expenses.

Jim had fallen in love with a "slip of a colleen" on the ship coming over, and their wedding followed at the next Christmas; so he never had a chance to make much of Nora. She was looked upon as the "best off" of them all, having no one depending upon her, they said; and thus when she gave with a free hand during various sieges of illness among Tom's children, and helped Jim when he was in need of ready cash, they regarded her generosity as a matter of course.

But now, Tom having gone back to the employment of the contractor, was a foreman; his two boys and older girl had positions in stores; the family were prosperous. Thus it happened that, a

few weeks before Nora sat pondering what she should do, Ella had signified to her sister-in-law that their home was overcrowded, "the young people wanted more space to entertain their friends of an evening," and so forth.

Nora, not realizing that this move of Tom's wife would prove her own emancipation, indignantly took her departure; but her liberality had left little for herself, and she must find work without delay.

"Well, I did the best I could for all of them, mother alanna, just as I promised you I would when I bade you good-bye," she soliloquized, addressing the little old woman far away. "And, though God has tried me, He has never deserted me; so, asking His blessing, I'll go and put an advertisement in the newspaper."

With renewed courage, she put on her jacket and hat, and, passing down the three flights of stairs, opened the house-door and went into the street. Nearly a mile northward she had to go; but Nora walked cheerily enough now; and thus before long came to *Herald Square*, where, Broadway and Sixth Avenue cross each other, and the trains of the Elevated Railroad thunder by overhead. The clock on the *Herald* building pointed to three p. m. as she made her way over the network of trolley tracks to the newspaper office, where a clerk wrote out her advertisement, for which she paid with the silver she had set aside for the purpose.

After she came out and crossed the street again she looked back at this uptown office of the great daily. As she turned away, she found herself inadvertently on Broadway. She must get back to the avenue, or else go far out of her route toward her attic room. It was while she paused, looking for an opportunity to thread her way through the vortex of noise and traffic that marks the Square, that the great moment of

her life came to her,—the moment that was also near to being her last.

As she waited for a break in the apparently endless line of surface cars, wagons, automobiles and carriages rattling, whirring or clanging past, a lady, who led by the hand a little five-year-old boy, separated herself from the ever-changing, rainbow-hued throng on the pavement before a great department store, on the western side of the Square, and started across toward Broadway. Nora's eyes were attracted to them at once. The lady was young and pretty; the child, a manly little fellow with sunny curls.

In safety the two reached the centre of the Square and the shelter of one of the posts of the Elevated Road. Then the mother hesitated; but, as a clear space opened before them, the little boy dashed onward. Before he could reach the sidewalk, however, a hansom cab, driven rapidly, swung around the corner of Thirty-Fifth Street—the child stumbled and fell, a mother's agonized scream rose above the din of traffic; and at the same moment a woman standing on the curbstone sprang forward, snatched the child literally from under the horse's hoofs, and sank backward on the pavement with him clasped in her arms.

For a minute the great stream of traffic ceased to flow. The driver of the hansom had driven off, without slackening his speed; but several among the people on the sidewalk ran out to raise the victim of the accident. Some one telephoned for an ambulance, and the choice of two or three luxurious equipages was offered to convey the lady and her boy to their home.

The distracted mother could not at first believe that her darling was unharmed. She caught him to her breast, looked into his frightened face and felt of every bone in his lithe little body. Then, as a prayer of passionate thank-

fulness welled up in her heart, she turned in gratitude and tender anxiety to the unknown woman who had saved his life. Was it at the price of her own?

Without waiting for the ambulance, kind hands had lifted Nora into a splendid autobrougham; but she lay back against its soft cushions, apparently lifeless.

"She is dead!" sobbed the child's mother, distractedly.

"No, madam, I think not; but she was undoubtedly struck by the horse's hoofs," answered a surgeon who had appeared out of the crowd.

In a cheerful room of the New York hospital Nora awakened. It was night, and she had a terrible pain in her side. She did not know where she was. A white-capped nurse held a drink of something cool and pleasant to her lips; and again she lost consciousness, but this time it was in the sleep wooed by an anodyne.

Not until the next morning did the memory of that awful moment in the Square come back to her. She could hardly move on her narrow cot, and did not know whether she was seriously injured or not; yet, as she plucked the nurse by the sleeve, her thought was not for herself.

"Tell me," she pleaded eagerly,—*"tell me about the little lad!"*

The attendant understood.

"Oh, he is all right!" she said. "He got off without a scratch. And you are not badly hurt: only stiff and bruised. You will be out in a few days."

Nora breathed a sigh of happiness and her lips moved in prayer. Since God had spared her life, there must be something left for her to do in the world. Yet, as she lay there helpless, she acknowledged to herself that the future promised her less even than on the previous day; for then she had at least her health and strength.

She grimly wondered if any answers

to the advertisement were waiting for her at the *Herald* Office; and if so, what the writers would think when the seamstress they condescended to engage did not appear at the specified time. And from thinking of this she began to worry about the bill at the hospital. When should she be able to pay it?

Such a train of thought was not very good for a patient who was told that she must not trouble herself about anything. But Nora was spared the feverish state the nurse dreaded by a happy diversion. While her eyes roved restlessly around the white wails, suddenly the door of the room flew open and it seemed to her that a sunbeam danced in. Instinctively she stretched out her arms: a little golden-haired lad ran into them, and the next moment she was caressing the soft curls and the delicate face of the child she had saved.

"I don't know your name, but I love you!" he cried, as he kissed her of his own accord.

"My name is Nora," she answered, raising herself upon the pillow.

"Mine is Harold Van Ruyter," he volunteered, as he stood off and looked at her with animated interest.

Her glance, following him, fell upon his mother, who had paused in the doorway,—as pretty a picture as one would wish to look upon.

The lady hastened forward almost as impulsively as the child had done.

"Nora," she exclaimed—for she had heard the conversation,—*"how can I ever show my gratitude for your heroism? You rescued my little son from almost certain death. Only a mother's prayers can thank you."*

Taking Nora's hands between her own, she pressed them to her heart, and, bending down, kissed her also. Then, accepting the chair the nurse offered, she drew it nearer to the cot, beside which Harold stood as if on guard. He had taken possession of Nora, and evi-

dently considered that she belonged to his circle of "dear ones."

The young mother smiled, though her eyes grew dim, as the moment of peril in the street arose again before her mental vision. "You will be able to leave here in a week, Nora, the surgeon says; and I have made sure that you shall have the best of care," continued the lady, with earnestness. "It is certainly the least I can do for one to whom I am so greatly indebted."

Nora could scarcely speak.

"You are kind to make so much of—what I did, ma'am," she faltered at last. "But, indeed, any one would have done the same. The child was under the horse's feet, and I just snatched him up. I hardly knew what I was doing; and there was nothing so brave about it, because I did not think of danger to myself at all. It was God who saved your sweet child."

"Yes, through you. Ah, Nora, it is the habit of sacrifice, of unselfishness, that in a sudden emergency makes the hero or heroine!" said Mrs. Van Ruyter, in a voice that trembled with emotion. "But now tell me, is there not some special way in which I can requite your service to me?"

Nora was silent. Presently an idea occurred to her.

"Perhaps, ma'am, when I am out again you will give me some sewing to do," she stammered, as her gaze travelled over her visitor's dainty gown. "I am a seamstress, and had just put in the *Herald* an advertisement for work when—when I saw you and—the little boy."

Mrs. Van Ruyter laughed merrily.

"Perhaps we can find something better for you than that—" she began.

But the little lad broke in:

"Why, you are coming to live with us, Nora! Father says you are to have a home with us as long as you live—or until you get married,—and you are to do nothing at all. Oh, mother and

I have made all the plans for you!"

Nora turned her wondering eyes to the lady.

"My friend, you shall have every comfort in life that my husband or I can assure to you," said Mrs. Van Ruyter, feelingly. "What would all we have in the world be to us if our only child had been taken away by so dreadful an accident! But you must have some wish that you long to see realized? If you could have your heart's desire, what would it be?"

Nora turned away her head and burst into tears.

"Madam, you are very good," she sobbed; "yet all you have offered me would not make me so happy as to see my mother,—to go back to Ireland to the cabin where I was born."

The pretty, young mother beamed with delight.

"Then, dear woman, hurry and get well; for your passage to Ireland shall be engaged to-day," she said. "Stay as long as you choose with your mother, but when you return we want you to come to us. You need take no thought for the future: we have arranged that you shall be independent."

Before Nora could find words to express her thanks, mother and child were gone.

She had other visitors, however. During the afternoon Tom found her. When he came into the room and saw her lying on the little cot and looking almost as white as the counterpane, he turned abruptly; but, straightway wheeling round again, said huskily, as he drew his arm across his eyes:

"Sure, Nora, we saw in the newspaper last night about the accident, and how you saved the little lad. I've been trying to find you ever since. And our hearts were like to break for the danger you were in, unknown to us,—though its proud of you we are, indeed. Ella and the children and Jim and his wife

are downstairs; but I alone was allowed up, for fear of disturbing you. The boys and girls say the home is not the same at all since you left us, and Ella asks your pardon for any hard words that ever escaped her. You'll forgive us all, and come home to us when you get out of this place?"

Nora laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder, for he had sunk upon his knees beside her.

"Tell Ella I have no ill feeling against her," she said. "But I'll not be going back, because, Tom dear—and isn't God good to send me the chance?—before long I am to sail on a trip to Ireland."

Nora soon recovered from the shock of her fall and the blow from the hoofs of the horse. One small incident still puzzled her. Every morning during her stay in the hospital there had been sent to her a bouquet of gorgeous flowers. At first she thought they came from her "little lad"; but one day she discovered, hidden beneath a scarlet geranium blossom, a card that bore an unknown name.

Tom, who came frequently to see her, solved the enigma. The owner of the name was a well-to-do Irish widower. Before Nora went away she received a letter from the sender of the flowers, who said frankly that he had read of her brave act, and it was for such a woman he had long sought. He concluded by offering her his hand and his fortune, and asked where and when he might call upon her.

Tom, to whom she showed the letter, was for taking it seriously; but Nora laughed, though her face flushed rosy as when she was a girl.

"I'll write and thank the good man for the honor he would pay me," she said. "But I love my liberty too well to take a husband at this late day; and the greatest happiness in life to me will be to go home to see our dear old mother."

One of the Buried Cities.

BY THE RT. REV. A. E. BURKE, P. A.

WHEN I wrote something about the excavations of Pompeii last year, I had no idea that in the category of "buried cities" there was one, at the very doors of Rome, which gives us the true Roman concept of community life in primitive times—something illuminating and informative of the progress of human ideas. I allude to the discoveries of ancient Ostia.

People coming to Italy who know something about archæology are never satisfied until they have set foot in the dead Vesuvian city, where intelligent and persevering scientists are busy reclaiming from their covering of ashes, the evidences of a civilization of the highest order, and the remains of an unfortunate race, completely wiped out in the twinkling of an eye. But how many, I wonder, visit Ostia?

Strange, that whilst every schoolboy knows something of Ostia, as the sea-mouth of Father Tiber, long the Port of Rome, he never notices, or quickly forgets, if he does, that here there was an ancient city of nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants, the strategic centre of that aggression by sea which brought the Roman Empire so much of its glory and renown! Here were gathered from all quarters of the known world representatives of every nation, race and clime; and through this town, every distinguished visitor to Rome—the heart of the Empire and World,—had to pass on his way to or from the vast stretches of sea which carried him hither. The streets of this ancient city must have been more varied as regards the people than anything to be seen later on in the thriving ports of Genoa, Naples or Venice; and many merchants and traders settled here to ply their trades and commerce.

And then, the history of Ostia is full of naval and military exploit. From here Scipio Africanus sailed for the invasion of Spain; Claudius for the conquest of Britain. Here the whole Roman fleet, of over two hundred vessels, lay "in station," as early as 217 B. C. The Sicilian Corsairs took it by surprise and sacked it, 71, B. C., even with a Roman Consul in charge, thus calling forth the fine scorn and vigorous denunciation of the greatest of Roman Tribunes.

Ancient Ostia, which derives its name from *Ostium*, the mouth of the river where Virgil says Æneas landed, and which was founded, they say, by Ancus Martius (Fourth of the fabled Kings of Rome, 640-616, B. C.), endured many vicissitudes, attributable to man, time and nature. It was pillaged and rebuilt, destroyed again, and again renewed by the hands of men; it was all silted up, by a strange deviation and the violent action of the Tiber, and thus put out of the stream of its life, commerce and importance; all of which had to rearrange themselves in the new Porto, and Time soon laid his heavy, corroding hand upon it. There were but few people there in the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Centuries; and in the Eighth, it was taken and held by the Saracens, who, in their turn, were defeated a century later, in the great victory which Raphael has immortalized on the walls of his *Stanza* in the Vatican. Neglected and overrun by the silt and débris of the river in the succeeding ages, it gradually became a lost city, only a few prominent towers and walls remaining. Mounds and vegetation covered the once busy streets, squares and amphitheatres, over which flocks and herds ranged, and which the ploughshare scarred occasionally, in the production of corn and frument.

We think it impossible that a great centre of life so near the world's capital should thus be obliterated and forgotten

in a comparatively short period of time; but where there is no life or traffic, things change rapidly, and complete neglect and abandonment triumph easily at last over the best evidences of greatness and civilization. As a matter of fact, farmers turning up sections of worked marble with the plough a century or so ago, and discovering beneath them caves and empty ruins, quickly transformed them into limekilns in which to burn, ruthlessly, rich pillars, wainscoting, mosaics and even statues (the ornaments of the villas of regal Ostia) to make common plaster for their rude and unsightly cabins. Ostia was really forgotten,—as completely forgotten as Pompeii, and for almost as many years.

And the queer part of it all is, that the Romans, travelling over the dusty Via Ostiense to the seaside, know nothing about these pretentious and important ruins, and care even less. It is regarded as a dead place, the living part of it; and the dead part is out of mind completely. I asked an intelligent, well-groomed young Italian, who sat beside me in a bus, where the famous city stood and what was to be seen there; and the answer I got was an indifferent shrug of the shoulders, and the inevitable, "*Non lo so!*"

Let me say, however, that in my humble opinion, the observer of Roman cultural development, or of civilization and culture in the Saturnan Peninsula, should see Ostia before he sees anything else; especially, before Pompeii. It is just as old, and it was a much greater city. And the real Roman characteristics, in town organization, and the construction of houses, streets, and institutions, are much more interesting. In Pompeii, the Grecian or Oriental was largely copied; in Ostia, you find Roman genius accommodating itself to new and peculiar conditions of life, under the influence of a perfect knowledge of what had

gone before; and evolving from it, a more beautiful, ordered and healthy way of living. Even the art of the early days—before the light of Christianity shone forth to chasten and elevate,—is all-embracing and admirable, as shown in those remains.

When I returned to the *Scavi di Ostia* the other day, with an intelligent young university student, enthusiastic in hunting historic remains, I found a silent city, in a state of excavation, surpassing that of Pompeii, although the removal of the accumulation of ages must have been much more difficult, as it consisted of humus and heavy earth, where the other is nothing but clean fine ashes. Of course, the entire site is not yet half bared, acres and acres of it being still under pasturage. But we have the main street cleared, down to the most recent pavement; and running through the entire city—a whole mile in length,—showing its uneven, cobblestone pavement, are numerous side-streets, similarly constructed, but with smaller flat stones or bricks on edge—squares, fountains, courts, amphitheatres, columbaries, etc.; then, wonderful baths, theatres, temples, gymnasia, and institutions of public resort or corporate purpose; official edifices, hotels, palaces and residences of the wealthy, and the factories, shops and workrooms of the lower classes—all designed very much as we have them to-day, the vestibules, halls and parlors of the rich, beautifully decorated in water colors, much after the fashion of Pompeii, and splendidly paved with white and black marble, in patterns and figures; the humbler quarters of the workers, much simpler, often squatty and unadorned. The shops, bazaars, emporia, warehouses, markets, factories, docks and shipyards are not so very much unlike our own, showing clearly that we are debtors to the Romans for many things.

The public utilities were extensive

and admirably arranged; and Ostia must have been a clean city, for there was an abundance of water, and all the appliances for making use of it. Besides the flowing river, canals lined the sides of the Decumanus, and fountains played in every open space. There were old-fashioned wells, with buckets and chains, even in the great thoroughfares. Some of them have been restored in the Decumanus, and are an interesting feature for visitors. We marvel especially at the extent of the docks and the remains of the great freight-sheds, which at once recall those of Liverpool and New York.

Aristide says: "If you wish to see everything in the world, you either have to go all round it, or stop off at Rome, for a time!" Every possible variety of merchandise came to Ostia, which was the port of Rome in these days. Ships carried there the staples of life—grain, oil and wine, and wool and silk from Spain; glass, woollens and carpets from Alexandria; fish from the distant Portus; medicinal herbs from Sicily and Africa; spices and perfumes from Arabia; pearls from the Red Sea; diamonds from India; Asiatic and African marbles, and all the woods of the distant Atlantic. Just take a glimpse at the people in the streets—in that splendid, monument-lined Decumanus, and the Pentecostal passage in The Acts can scarce do justice to it! "Parthians, Medes and Elamites and inhabitants of Mesopotamia, Judea, Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia; Phrygia, Pamphilia, Egypt and the parts of Libia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome; Jews, also, and Proselytes, Greeks and Arabians: we have heard them speak, in our own tongue, the wonderful works of God."

There were numerous restaurants and drinking places in Ostia; and some of these buildings are still in a state of preservation. Indeed, they are so up-

to-date and complete in their appointments, with white marble shelves, counter and bar, that visitors from America felt desperately inclined, under this scorching sun, to put in a peremptory call for the bowl which cheers and refreshes. Just outside the barracks of the Vigiles, in the Via della Fontana, there was a particularly luxurious and inviting tavern, on whose white-and-black marble pavement, round a flowing goblet, the quaint Latin inscription or invitation of the genial keeper may be read: "Fortunatus bids you drink of this cup as long as you are thirsty." Near the salt-stores (now Administration Offices) is to be seen the House of the Jars, where thirty-five immense pottery vessels (hundred-gallon capacity) are sunk to the brim in the ground, in parallel rows, many of them showing repairs with leaden, cross-shaped rivets. They contained oil and wine in those far-off days.

The theatres and baths were pretentious structures; and huge, too, as compared with these institutions nowadays. The *palestre*, or playgrounds, were spacious and porticoed, with great rows of marble columns, and a temple and statues in the open space. There are numerous temples, that of Vulcan being the principal; and, of course, shrines and niches for household gods everywhere. The Temple of Vulcan faces the Forum (itself a wonderful ruin), rising in an oblong square, enclosed on three sides by a thick wall. Its façade is most imposing, approached by a noble flight of marble stairs, and sustained by huge pillars of Carrara marble, fluted and crowned with Corinthian capitals. Towering above everything else, the red brick walls of this great ruin have for many years been the landmark of Ostia.

As there were all sorts of people in Ostia, many rites and religions were practised there; and the remains of

their temples are being disclosed by the excavator's pick. Ceres had a spacious one, and, on account of the vast grain trade, a wide cult; and so had Jove and Mercury and Venus. The altar stone of the last is still *in situ*, with its "*Veneri Sacratum*," in bold letters. And there is a queer old temple to the Oriental Mithras, entered from the house of Apulius, which was used, they say, for some occult rite, like Masonry. Near the entrance, is a hole in the pavement, which received the blood of the victim, or served for the strange ceremony, in which, Cumont says, the candidate was bound with the entrails of a chicken, and cast over ditches of water, till the liberator cut his bonds, with a sword.

The pavement, the walls of the *podii* or side benches, and the back wall are all covered with white mosaics in black borders; and on them the gods, which give name to the days of the week and the Signs of the Zodiac, are faithfully represented. There were beautiful statues in the niches, as all over Ostia, and many of them, like the Mithras Tauröctonus (bull-slayer), are now in the Vatican Museum. At any rate, this Persian god of Light, was the latest whose cult was introduced into Rome; and it spread rapidly throughout the Empire and was Christianity's greatest antagonist.

Many names dear to literature and religion are connected with Ostia. That great Doctor of the Church, St. Peter Damian, was one of its bishops, and on that account Dean of the Sacred College. Richard Cœur de Lion sailed from this port for the Crusades. But the remembrance of none of them strikes the heart with sentiments of such affection and piety as the relation which the Doctor of Grace, St. Augustine, leaves us in his Confessions, concerning the death there of his beloved mother, St. Monica. He had just been converted

and baptized in Milan, and they were on their way to Africa, when she died.

To be sure, I hunted up the inn whose window has given us the familiar picture of Augustine and Monica conversing together, when, like St. John in the Apocalypse, they were spiritually wrapt to the highest Heaven, and saw the things only given the elect to see. And as I looked out of that window on the changed scene—the abandoned river bed, the brown meadows with the line of willows attending the errant stream in the distance,—I recalled the words of these Confessions:

“And when the day was near when she was to depart out of this life,... and she and I were standing alone, leaning on the window that looked into the garden in that town of Ostia-on-Tiber where, retired from company and noise, after a long journey, we were repairing our spirits for the voyage by sea, we discoursed together very sweetly; and forgetting the things behind and stretching out to those that are before, we were inquiring between ourselves, in the presence of Truth which is Thyself, what the eternal life of the saints shall be, which eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor hath it entered into the heart of man; but we panted with the mouth of the heart after the heavenly streams of Thy fountain, the Fountain of Life which is in Thee, that being sprinkled from thence, according to our present capacity, we might, in some small degree, conceive so great a thing.

“Rising ourselves yet higher, with a more ardent affection for the life to come, we ascended through all corporeal things, and through that heaven itself, whence the sun, moon and stars illumine the earth; and we went still higher, thinking and speaking of Thee and admiring Thy works; and we entered into our own minds, and passed through them, by mounting still higher, that so we might enter the Country of Never-

failing Plenty, where Thou feedest forever Israel with the food of Truth. And amidst our talk, the world with its delights appeared contemptible to us, and she said to me: ‘Son, what have I now to do here?’” And she died and was buried at Ostia, in the chapel of St. Aurea; and was forgotten many centuries in these ruins, until removed again by the gentle hands of a holy Pope to a sanctuary, under the same title, in his Eternal City.

Gone is the kingdom founded by Romulus; gone Cicero’s vaunted Republic; gone the Glorious Empire, which begun, beautified and built again, the maritime City of Ostia! Gone from here, too, the fickle Tiber which called it into being! No longer the merry jest of sailors from the ends of the earth resounds in the streets. There is no clanging of cups, no mirth or song or laughter in the wine-shops. Fortunatus bids us quench our thirst in vain. The greatest warriors, legislators and churchmen, who inhabited this place, are long since turned to ashes. It is now nothing but a ruin and a memory—true picture of the transiency of all things human!

It is not remembered to-day for anything great Cæsar did, in prejudice, or Septimus Severus in its behalf; not for prowess on the azure wave or in the rushing river; not for its stores of corn from the Islands, or its spices and perfumes from distant Araby. It is only saved from oblivion by a little incident which has relation simply with the spiritual and eternal, and, therefore, never to be forgotten,—by the touching record of a wise and holy Doctor who here lost and found a sainted mother. It is known for the visit of St. Augustine and St. Monica, twice his mother, both of whom learned in this obliterated city how the great God of heaven and earth and all things, speaks directly to devout human hearts.

The Lambs of Rawdon.

BY B. D. L. F.

SOME years ago, while I was preaching a retreat to the Sisters of St. Anne at Lachine, Canada, I was invited to dine with the curé, M. Nazarre-Piché. In the course of conversation, my venerable host remarked:

"By the way, I met a good woman from Rawdon this afternoon (It was her daughter who took the veil yesterday), and she asked me whether I remembered the miracle of the little lambs. 'Indeed, I do,' I replied.

"'I was there, M. le Curé,' she went on; 'I was only ten years old then, but I remember the miracle as though it happened only yesterday.'

"But this is evidently, all Greek to you, Father," the curé broke off suddenly, "I had better tell you the story from the beginning—since you have a part of it.

"It was in the year 1850. One fine June morning, a carriage stopped before the presbytery of a small mountain village called Rawdon. In these parts, as you know, the Blessed Sacrament is carried publicly through the streets. The driver rings his bell when he approaches any dwelling, and the inmates come out into the roadside, and adore their God—a fine demonstration of faith.

"Well, on that particular morning, the vicar and his companion were driving along the high road, when they saw coming towards them a heavy lorry belonging to a farmer well known for his hatred of our holy religion. The unhappy man saw, no doubt, in this meeting an opportunity of showing his contempt for all we hold most sacred. Though the road was broad, he drove his heavy vehicle straight in the way of the vicar's lighter conveyance. Fortunately, the driver, by a skilful

manœuvre avoided a shock; but, filled with indignation at the sacrilegious act, he leaped to his feet and, seizing his whip, was about to chastise the offender when the vicar intervened. 'No, no,' he said, quietly, 'take your seat again, Pierre. Almighty God can turn this occurrence to His glory.'

"When the carriage drove up at the sick person's house, all the members of the family, together with a few neighbors and about a dozen children, were waiting on the porch. Near by, a little flock of some seven or eight lambs were gambolling in a field. To the amazement of everybody, they suddenly hurried forward, and, forming a semi-circle, prostrated themselves before the Lamb of God.

"When Holy Communion had been administered, all present crowded round the priest. The children especially were greatly excited. 'Oh, Monsieur, Monsieur!' they exclaimed. 'Did you see them just now?—did you see the lambs kneeling down near us?'

"'Yes, my children,' replied the vicar with emotion; 'and I think I can explain the reason.' He then related what had occurred on the road, and repeated what he had said to appease his driver. 'See how wonderfully God does all things! He has this day fulfilled the prophecy, "For Israel did not recognize the God who made them, but the ox knew his Lord, and the ass the crib of his God."' "

As he ended his story the curé turned to me; and said: "Of course you have no idea who that vicar was. It was myself! Yes, I saw the miracle of the lambs with my own eyes. How many times have I not told the story in my long career; and I beg of you, to do the same, for the greater glory of God in the Blessed Sacrament."

A few weeks ago the curé of Lachine died. I remembered my promise, and that is why I am again repeating the marvellous story he told me.

Abettors of Bigotry.

THERE are many reasons for thinking that bigotry should be less intense and less general in the United States than it was in the first decades of the previous century—the spread of enlightenment; the decay of the rigid, old-time Puritanism; the greater intimacy of social relations, etc. But such is not the case.

Many persons imagine that the force of the Protestant tradition of enmity toward Catholics, especially priests, was at its strongest three quarters of a century ago. This is a delusion. The first subscription list for the erection of the old cathedral in Boston was headed by John Adams, the successor of Washington in the Presidency of the United States; and we are told that there were few wealthy Protestants who did not esteem it a privilege to make liberal contributions for the same purpose. When the great and good Cheverus, for whom the dignity of Prince of the Church was in reserve, was recalled to his native land, more than two hundred Protestants publicly remonstrated against his translation; and when he took his departure from the city that had been blessed by his presence, three hundred carriages escorted him several miles on the road to New York, where he was to embark.

That was a long time ago; but such manifestations of kindly feeling would surprise most people nowadays. Prejudice still holds sway. The devotedness of our clergy, the self-sacrificing lives of our religious consecrated in a thousand ways to the cause of suffering humanity, the distinguished public services of many Catholics, the virtues of the laity in every walk of life, do not excite the general admiration and love of the Protestant body. The notion very generally prevails that a virtuous Catholic is such not at all in consequence

of his religion, but in spite of it.

There must be a reason for this, and it is well to know what it is. There has never been a movement against Catholics in the United States that was not inaugurated or promoted by the Protestant clergy. They are chiefly responsible for the injustice that is done to Catholics, and for the suspicion with which the Church is regarded by the great masses of the American people.

It is a serious charge to make against the Protestant clergy that the majority of them are constantly bearing false witness against their Catholic neighbors; that they are the abettors of every anti-Catholic crusade. But it is made by one of themselves. The reader may remember an article contributed to the *Century Magazine* some years ago by the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, in which he accuses the great majority of his *confrères* of the monstrous contention that Catholics, as such, are a dangerous class, any kind of opposition to whom is to be welcomed. "The extermination or repression of the Roman Catholic Church seems to these pious men a desirable end, and they are therefore inclined to argue that any means to that end are justifiable."

There are, it is true, Protestant clergymen who cherish no animosity toward Catholics, and who even sometimes take occasion to defend the Church when they know her to be maligned; but these are, sad to say, exceptions. The "great majority" are bigots, for whose crass ignorance of Catholic teaching there can be little excuse; and whose hatred of the Church is certainly not inspired by the God of charity.

It is well to realize the truth of all this. It will help Catholics to appreciate the difficulties in the way of a right understanding of the Church by non-Catholics; it will influence us to do all in our power for their edification and enlightenment.

Notes and Remarks.

Fr. Reginald Knox, himself a convert to the Faith, declares that unless the catechumen, stepping across the threshold of the Church, has it brought home to him that he must suffer some real losses, he will be living in a fool's paradise. For he at once finds himself in a new world, and *vis-à-vis* with an outlook on men and things before unknown to him. The modern code of morals since the bankruptcy of the Puritanical idea can never again, whatever its vogue, receive any sanction from him. Whether it concerns the pre-nuptial or post-nuptial relation of the sexes, or the indecencies of the ball-room, or the light-heartedness with which the marriage bond is broken, henceforth he can never again give countenance to a decadence that is only an unashamed return to pagan lawlessness.

This altered attitude may not entail grave personal loss; but it certainly makes him move in a new world in which he is no longer at liberty to share in extravagances in which the masses freely indulge. The material loss suffered by a conversion is not always negligible. The scion of a noble house may pawn the family jewels or wed an actress, and no one is a penny the worse; let him show leanings towards Rome, let him commit the unforgivable sin, cross the Rubicon and make his submission to the Church, at once the family lawyer is called in and his name is erased from among the beneficiaries of his father's estate. In the world of commerce the prospects of gain diminish when he can no longer be enrolled in a Masonic fraternity, and the future of his children's material progress becomes a sore problem when he can no longer profit by the educational facilities offered by non-Catholic bodies. Even his good name may not

go untarnished. For the future he must live by a higher standard; for though the lapses of an average citizen may never be laid to the charge of the religious sect to which he belongs, remissness or laxity on the part of a Catholic is always flung in the face of the Church. At best he must be contented to be set down, if not as a knave, then as a freak.

These are real disabilities, but only the weight of a feather when contrasted with the sufferings of Catholics of olden days. There is a consolation, however, in these sufferings for justice's sake: for they make one more like Him who, when He was rich, for our sakes became poor; left His home at Nazareth; became the butt of ridicule, criticism and misunderstanding; was scourged and put to death. The servant is not above his Master; and it should be all joy when the disciple is permitted to taste a few drops of the bitter chalice which his Lord drank to the very dregs.

With the season of Winter at hand once more, it becomes necessary to cast a glance in the direction of those poor who are dependent upon us for bread and shelter. The world moves on steadily, thinking of its glittering political policies, its enormous mechanisms, but comparatively heedless of the stricken thousands whom its greed and violence have crushed to earth. Germany and Austria remain places we must think of. Do our readers appreciate how much good they have done, during the past few years, for the widows and orphans of these desolate countries? Let us give an instance. Fifty dollars sent to a poor musician in a little German town gave this gentleman the opportunity to continue a work to which he had devoted himself—caring for abandoned children. In spite of the

fact that a pound of coal costs more now than a luxurious automobile would have cost before the war, he managed to struggle on. Just when things began to look absolutely hopeless, the fifty dollars arrived, and put his institution into a condition so much bettered that practically the whole town joined him in returning thanks.

* * *

In the desperate struggle to put Austria on its feet once more, it is found necessary to discharge 100,000 government employees before 1925. A government employee in Austria (generally the father of a family) means a middle-aged man whose position was somewhat of a reward for military or patriotic service. There is no other work for these people; in fact, work of any kind is a luxury in Austria. From what source, then, is relief to come? Already the country is crowded with the aged and infirm, who live on a crust of kindly bread. Children continue to beg for food and clothing which their mothers can not find for them.

The duty of charity to these unfortunates takes on some of the appeal of a haunting and plaintive song. We can not avoid hearing; surely we can not help being touched. And the final echo of that melody will be heard in the sweetness of the Divine reward which is promised to all who lend themselves to the service of the lowly and knock at the doors of the poor.

The recent annual reunion of the American hierarchy in Washington seems to have equalled previous meetings, both in the number of prelates who were in attendance and in the practicability of the measures which were the results of their deliberations. The change of the word "Council" to "Conference" in the title, which is now the "National Catholic Welfare Confer-

ence," marks no change in the prestige or activities of the organization. "Council" was conceivably so far ambiguous that it might have been confounded with the ecclesiastical term, "Council," with which of course it was not at all identical. In view of what we had to say recently of the respective work of Canadian and American Catholics in the matter of aiding Catholic immigrants, we are much gratified to notice in the detailed report of the meeting, this important paragraph:

An address was delivered before the assembled hierarchy by Theodore Risley, Solicitor of the United States Department of Labor and representative of Secretary of Labor Davis. Mr. Risley was emphatic in his praise of the work done to aid immigrants by the Immigration Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Council and urged a continuation of this activity. He declared that the Bureau had been of great assistance to the Government authorities dealing with immigration.

From time to time, as current events have offered the occasion, we have noted in these columns the remarkable progress and prosperity of the French Acadian people of the maritime Provinces of Canada, — New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. Such notice has been abundantly justified by the almost utter absence in current histories of any adequate treatment of the Acadians subsequent to their expatriation in 1755. As a corroboration of what we have said concerning them, we reproduce the high estimate formed by a distinguished member of the Canadian Parliament, Mr. George W. Kyte, who represents a Nova Scotia constituency in the House of Commons at Ottawa. Speaking recently at Arichat, he had this to say:

The population of this county is one-half French. They have a record for law observance that I regret to say is not equalled by the other half. I have conducted the prosecutions for criminal offences in this county for thirty years. In all that period less than six

per cent of those tried were French Acadians, and a considerable number of these were acquitted. As regards actions in the civil Courts, the proportion is about the same. They were noted for their sobriety when temperance or intemperance was an act of free will and not governed or restrained by prohibitory laws as at the present time.

When considering the high moral character of the French Acadians, one may be permitted some reference to their devotion to religion. Not only are they unfailing in their attendance at church on Sundays, but on weekdays and at certain seasons of the year set apart for special religious services, they wait upon these services in large numbers. . . . Their piety is fed and faith strengthened by the inspiring example of their clergy. These by precept, as well as by the faithful practice of their priestly duties, lead them each day nearer and nearer the goal of perfect Christians.

Americans have become of late years fairly conversant with the manifold virtues, civic and religious, of the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec; it remains for them to learn that similar virtues are very generally practised by the first cousins of the Quebec *habitants*, the Acadians of maritime Canada.

Writing of daily Mass, in the Baltimore *Catholic Review*, Mrs. Grace H. Sherwood, who as a girl used to attend the Mass of Cardinal Gibbons, gives this interesting account of the first time she was present at a week-day Mass in the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, Philadelphia:

As I came through the square upon which the church looks, my eyes were suddenly dazzled by what appeared to be a series of reflectors on the steps of the church. I came closer, and found, to my amazement, that the reflectors were—dinner pails! Not less than twenty-five, if there was one! They were on every step, ranging from the top to the bottom of the entrance.

I went into the church hardly believing the evidence of my eyes, but once in, I saw where the pails had come from. They had been placed there by railroad men, firemen and engineers, and others, who had been working the whole night through, and now, as they

came off duty, found time to stop in church and hear Mass before going home to bed.

Never in my life, I think, did I hear Mass so fervently as on that morning when I knelt among those toil-stained and grimy men who, while I had been sleeping, had been piloting swift engines through the dark. Not even the dear old Cardinal, rising to say his early Mass, was any more majestic a figure to me than those toil-stained men offering to God the first fruits of their leisure.

Catholics who know their Parkman will be surprised if they read in some of our papers praise of his "fairness." Truth to tell, he was a man of intense prejudice, though in many respects a great historian, perhaps the most readable one in the language. When gently reproached by 'his learned friend, Dr. John Gilmary Shea,' for writing of the Church and Catholics as he often did, his surprising answer was: 'I write for the general public, you know, and have to color things to suit.' What an admission for a historian to make! Dr. Shea himself is our authority for it. "D—the dignity of history," Parkman used to say; "straws are often the best material." And straws by which he could ventilate his prejudices, he delighted in. He did not try to understand the spiritual exaltation of the missionaries of New France, whose asceticism he scoffed at while lauding their heroism and devotedness.

Even Protestant writers admit that Parkman was strongly prejudiced against the religious Orders and the activities of the Church generally. In the course of a fine tribute to him, apropos of the centenary of his birth (celebrated this month) and the appearance of a new edition of his works, a writer in the London *Times Literary Supplement* remarks: "What, for example, could be more repellent to the devout Catholic than this conclusion to one of his most moving chapters in 'The Jesuits in North America': 'When we

see them entering, one after another, these wretched abodes of misery and darkness, and all for one sole end, the baptism of the sick and dying, we may smile at the futility of the object but we must needs admire the self-sacrificing zeal with which it was pursued.' " That object, as Parkman must have known full well, was of supreme importance in the eyes of the pursuers,—'futile though it may be regarded by numerous Protestant persons,' Ruskin would have written.

Young Catholics may be encouraged to read the works of Francis Parkman, but they should be warned to distinguish between the facts he records and the opinions he expresses. There is much to be learned from these works, and they are wondrously well written. But Parkman was a partisan—like a great many other historians.

The *Toronto Catholic Register* presented a lengthy and interesting report of the Canadian Catholic Truth Society's Convention held at Ottawa in the closing week of September. The programme was a fine one, and the addresses by bishops, priests, and laymen were both intellectually enjoyable and of thoroughly practical value. One of the most interesting discussions of the convention was that on Catechetics, among the speakers on the subject being the Rev. Doctors MacEachen and Morrissey. As indicative of the general scope of the Catholic Truth Society, the Hon. Charles Murphy, Postmaster-General of Canada, quoted two utterances of noted Canadian co-religionists. A former president of the Society, Sir John Thompson, declared in 1891:

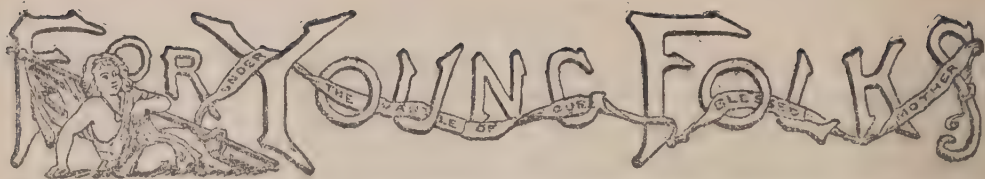
The great object of this Society is to place before those who are not Catholics, simple, inoffensive, plain statements of what Catholic belief really is. I must say that nothing has attracted me more in connection with the operations of the parent society in England than the excellent taste and perfect charity in

which their works are prepared. There is nothing in them to offend. They put in the minds of Catholic readers just what the actual facts are, and they put before non-Catholics plain statements which often make an end of controversy.

Archbishop Emard, of Ottawa, expressed himself on a recent occasion in much the same sense:

The Catholic Truth Society has as its object the spread of knowledge of the Faith both among Catholics and among our separated brethren, by publishing and circulating cheap literature, by public lectures and by personal contact. As regards Catholics, it forms a useful auxiliary to the pastoral ministry, while as regards those who do not share our Faith and who so often have such strange misconceptions concerning it, the Catholic Truth Society has a sphere of usefulness, the greatness of which is only beginning to be realized in Canada.

In a consideration of the pros and cons of work before breakfast, the writer of the department "Et Cætera" in the *London Tablet* quoted an Irishman as saying: "I never do anything before breakfast, but when I do I always have my breakfast first." As a set-off to this, a correspondent who signs himself "an old Irish parish priest" quotes what he calls an "English bull," occurring in the Authorized Version of the Bible! "In that we find the thirty-fifth verse of the nineteenth chapter of the second Book of Kings given thus: 'And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four score and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.' We do not read the Authorized English version for our Catholic people; but I venture to say that if I did read that verse for the dullest and most illiterate man in my parish, he would challenge me at once with the question: 'How could they all arise in the morning early and still be 'dead corpses'?' " Not all bulls are Irish bulls, it would seem.



To My Guardian Angel.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

DEAR guardian of my waking hours
And watcher through the night,
Thy kindly love envelops me,
A garment of delight.
I cast myself upon thy care;
Where'er my footsteps go
Thy love doth shield from every harm
That those on earth may know.
Beneath the shelter of thy wing
In safety I can rest,
While hiding sorrow, pain and care
Upon thy gentle breast.
Within thine arms, when sin assails,
Close folded let me be,—
Dear Angel, dost thou never tire
Of watching over me?

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

XVI.—SNAPPY EXPLAINS HIS PLOT.

SNAPPY never felt more completely satisfied with himself than when he took his leave of Madeleine Gibbous. He chaffed Mrs. Connor's chauffeur—Ichabod couldn't leave the chateau because of his cold—all the way back to the inn; and as soon as the car reached that dwelling, he jumped briskly out, and triumphantly hailed Nolatri and Winder.

"It's a go!" he cried; "Madam Gibbous consents to everything. I give my part to Artie, and I'm going to contrive another rôle for myself—one that will just suit me. Needless to tell you now what it is going to be. In short, I have a free hand, *carte blanche*."

Drawing his audience of two towards a big tree in the shade of which there was a rustic bench, he seated himself between them and proceeded to develop the new plot which had taken his fancy.

"In the first place," he said, "I have a first-class opening scene, one that has already been filmed. Winder here can certify to that. The simple fact is that it is the story of the boy, just as chance caused it to unfold itself before our eyes. As for me, I'm a fly-away sort of chap, living in the open air, with more than one trick in my pocket—a hard head, but a good heart—quite a sympathetic rôle, you see. As I happen to be strolling about with my hands in my pockets, I witness the chase of the runaway youngster. Winder filmed it all right, as you'll see, my old Nola. I take it upon myself to interfere in the business, and interfere accordingly. I free the boy, make him the companion of my travels, and we have a number of adventures, funny ones for the most part. I learn that my protégé is a lost child, or a stolen one, if you like, whom certain wicked persons wish to keep from his mother. Myself, being somewhat inclined to be contrary and capacious—you will vouch for that, Nolatri,—I decide to circumvent them. I succeed, and carry the boy triumphantly to his mother! Well, what do you think of it?"

"It's not so bad as it might be," replied the manager. "Your rôle will fit you like a glove. But..."

"What objection do you see?"

"The boy."

"Artie? Well, what do you find the matter with *him*?" said Snappy, with his most innocent air.

"In the first place, he doesn't belong

to our world, and, in the second, he's not at all adaptable. Consequently, the thing can't be done," rejoined Nolatri.

"You think so?" inquired Snappy, with his habitual half-mocking air.

"Ask Winder if that isn't his opinion."

"Oh, Winder's opinion! I know that better than you do. Provided he has something to film, the rest doesn't matter so far as he is concerned."

As Winder on principle allowed Snappy to do what he liked, he didn't protest against this statement.

"Are you under the impression," continued Nolatri, "that you have discovered an unknown genius, an irresistible vocation for the cinema?"

"No, I don't. I'm even going to surprise you: I think the boy still less adaptable, less teachable than you do."

"Really?"

"I'll go farther, and inform you that he doesn't even know what moving pictures are."

"Then, you intend to explain things to him, do you?"

"He wouldn't understand, since, as I tell you, he hasn't the slightest idea of our art. Playing a comedy, making oneself up, interpreting a scenario—all that would be so much Greek to him, words without any meaning. Try to make him understand what a rôle is, and he would stare at you with his big eyes wide open."

"And it is this little simpleton that you have the impudence to offer me as a revelation?" exclaimed Nolatri with real indignation.

"Exactly."

"And you charge yourself with the task of enlightening him?"

"I'll do better. Instead of teaching him art, I'll allow nature to work her way with him. I'll put him through the adventures of my scenario without telling him that they are fictitious adventures. Do you understand? He will

be frightened in real earnest; he'll laugh or he'll cry, because he will really experience joy or sorrow."

"'Tis an odd idea...but..."

"There are no 'buts' about it! On the face of it, the thing is bound to be a success. 'Tis understood, eh? I can proceed to begin the education of my scholar?"

And, without waiting for Nolatri's reply, Snappy took himself off.

"What do you think of the plan?" asked Nolatri of Winder, as the ambitious young actor went his way with his head in the air.

The photographer scratched his head; that was his invariable practice whenever he was called upon to give a troublesome opinion.

"I think," he finally answered, "that our brave Snappy is flying pretty high."

"Fortunately, it is Madeleine Gibbous who is to pay the expenses; we won't have to foot the bill," laughed the manager.

Winder, however, did not take the matter so lightly.

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not," he muttered to himself. "For once in his life Snappy is biting off more than he can swallow, I'm afraid."

Although Snappy's absence had been more protracted than he anticipated, Artie had not found it so long as to make him lonesome or uneasy. Far from Harnisette and Nassimar, far from Tellivot, and buoyed up by the half-confidences of the young artist as to what the near future held for him, the orphan could not find the time long.

In the first place, he was very kindly treated by Nolatri and Winder, and even Ione Belleville took some trouble to make the little fellow feel at home. In the second place, and especially, he had Rex. And Rex was an affectionate and faithful companion, if not a loquacious one. He was a good listener, and that means a great deal, as most people

have learned by experience when they are full of a subject and wish to impart their thoughts to others. Before the intelligent eyes of Rex, who seemed to understand all that was said to him, Artie could give free rein to his day-dreams.

He clapped his hands; he uttered joyous little cries.

"You heard him, Rex? Mamma Beads is looking for me; I am going to find Mamma Beads!"

Alas! this dream was the result of the imprudent talk of Snappy. In Artie's little soul, too candid and too credulous to have any misgivings about what was told him, and too inexperienced to distinguish as yet the true from the false, Snappy had stupidly awakened a very definite hope.

As for Snappy, he had simply intended pronouncing meaningless formulas. He was so accustomed to do so, as the hero of numberless movies, that his words were not infrequently as false as the decorations and the make-ups with which he was surrounded. And so, to this orphan who had next to his heart the portrait of Mamma Beads, he had said:

"You have a mother... and she is looking for you."

Nothing could be more natural than that the young imagination of the boy should be inflamed by these words, which set vibrating the most sensitive chords of his heart. From the moment that they had fallen upon his ears, Artie was a different boy. Alone, quite alone with Rex, he felt inclined to give voice to his hope, to give free scope to his delight.

"Rex, old boy, I am going to find Mamma Beads!"

Notwithstanding the intelligence of his dog, however, he felt that he needed a human being to share his confidence and to bear witness to his joy.

What a pity that the being was not

Snappy! The latter would then have understood why Winder shrugged his shoulders and did not entirely approve of his plan. And he would surely have told himself, like Winder: "'Tis better not to play with dreams, with the hopes of little fellows.... They are fragile, that kind of machine."

Artie was dreaming.

Snappy should have approached him stealthily and surprised him. The vivid radiance of the boy's eyes might have put him on his guard. But the young actor was too well satisfied, and in too much of a hurry to tell his interesting news, to act in that deliberate fashion. As soon as he caught sight of his protégé, he exclaimed:

"Hello there, Artie! I've got good news for you. It's all settled. Your future is assured.... We are going to keep you with the company."

Artie raised his head, and made a slight grimace. This news, which was not what he had been dreaming about, did not awaken his enthusiasm. Snappy continued as he approached:

"There'll be lots of fun. You remember what I told you?"

Artie said, hesitatingly: "What you told me?"

He remembered quite well, however. How could he forget it? But the instinctive fear of being deceived kept him on the defensive, hindered him from advancing too quickly on the road to joy.

Snappy made a mistake. He imagined that his words had been forgotten as soon as heard.

"Sleepy head!" he grumbled. "I'll not be able to do anything with you if you haven't a better memory than that. Say, don't you remember the story of the little chap who had no mother, and who afterwards found her?"

"Oh, yes!" said Artie reaching down to pet Rex, a simple manoeuvre to hide his head and so conceal his emotion.

"Let the dog alone," ordered Snappy. "I am going to speak to you seriously. Your whole future is at stake. The boy who is to be recovered is *you*."

"Me!" cried Artie, showing at last his radiant countenance.

"Ah, that produces an effect on you," said the young artist. "You warm up a little! So much the better; we'll make something of you yet. Now, listen. 'Tis too late to do anything to-day. But to-morrow—to-morrow, prepare yourself for a surprise. It's going to be a big day for you!"

In the eyes of the young "king of the movies" the day that should witness Artie's introduction into the cinema world, and possibly decide his fate as an actor, could not be other than a big day. Every one judges matters from his own point of view.

Artie, however, understood matters differently. A slight flush crimsoned his cheeks and his eyes sparkled.

"Are the adventures to begin?" he inquired timidly.

"You bet they are," said Snappy in a jubilant tone.

"And—I will find—my mamma?"

The strong emotion which choked the boy's voice could not pass entirely unperceived by Snappy. This time, he became a little disquieted.

"Come, come; it won't do to get all mixed up, my little comrade," he advised. "Keep those manifestations in reserve for to-morrow, when you will be facing Winder's apparatus. You don't understand? Well, that makes no difference.... All the same, it produced an effect on you!... We'll see about it to-morrow."

"To-morrow," repeated Artie, his face flushed with the fever of hope.

For, all the reticences and hesitations of Snappy failed to check the progress of the boy's dangerous illusion. On the contrary, they served to excite his imagination all the more. He interpreted

them as announcements of events of great importance. And what event, in the eyes of Artie, could have any importance outside the search for Mamma Beads, or her search for him?

It was on the whole a very happy little boy who resumed his play with Rex, and if the dog seemed to be just a little anxious about his young master, and didn't get so enthusiastic as usual in romping about and barking his joy, it was possibly because his instinct forewarned him that things were not really so rose-colored as that master viewed them.

(To be continued.)

A Famous Priest's Adventure.

THE famous Abbé Jacques Cochin, at one time curé of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, was known even when a young seminarian for his great love of the poor. So lavish was he in dispensing his charities that the liberal monthly allowance given him by his father was always gone in a few days. This fact was well known to the beggars in the neighborhood, so that they seldom came to him for alms after the first week had passed.

One holiday, however, which happened to be the 25th of the month, as he was starting for a walk, he was met at the door of the seminary by a poor woman whom he recognized as one of his usual pensioners. Her tale of distress was more pitiful than usual,—her husband out of work, two sick children, and neither food nor fuel in the house. Cochin was surprised at her persistence, when he reminded her that, at this late date, he had not a penny left. She still insisted that he must find some means of helping her, as neither her children nor herself had tasted food for nearly two days. Young Cochin was deeply moved on hearing of such dire distress.

"My good woman," he said, "you

know that I would give my last penny to relieve your misery, but I assure you that I have nothing left."

"Oh," she answered, "I understand that your usual allowance has long since passed into the hands of those who have appealed to your charity! But what of that? You are a saint,—if you will search your pockets, I'm sure the good God will put something there for you to give me."

Made desperate by her continued supplications for help, the kind-hearted seminarian sought to satisfy her by showing her his empty pockets. But his hand had scarcely reached the right pocket in his coat when he heard a metallic sound, and (oh, could this really be a miracle?) he drew forth three shining pieces of silver.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed the grateful woman.

Young Cochin himself was by no means so elated over his newly-discovered power as a wonder-worker. His soul was troubled, his heart beat fast; and, instead of his usual holiday walk, he decided to spend the time in the Church of St. Sulpice.

Toward evening he wended his way back to the seminary, pondering deeply over the wonderful power of working miracles which, it seemed, God had been pleased to confer upon him. He had scarcely reached the assembly hall, however, when he heard voices exclaiming: "Here he is at last!" And his roommate, hurrying toward him, said:

"Well, my friend, you were certainly absent-minded this morning. You put on my coat instead of your own."

"What!" exclaimed Cochin, whose astonishment brought him down suddenly from the clouds. "You say I have on your coat?"

"I have the honor of assuring you of this fact, my dear friend; and that in the right-hand pocket there are three new silver pieces."

Our wonder-worker then humbly told the details of his adventure to his fellow-students, and the story soon reached his father's ears. He sent for his son and greeted him with these words:

"Jacques, my boy, I will hereafter double your allowance, so that when you take a fancy for working miracles you may do so with your own money."

This story the good Abbé Cochin often told in after years, with charming simplicity and a hearty laugh at his pleasant adventure.

Concerning Clover.

Clover has always been regarded as a synonym for good fortune, especially the four-leaved variety. The phrase "In clover" signifies in good luck, or in favorable circumstances. In olden times the three-leaved clover was considered a charm against witches, and a valiant knight would bind a leaf to his sword blade to ward off evil.

The trefoil, a variety of clover, brought good fortune to Ireland, when St. Patrick illustrated with it his famous sermon on the Trinity, which converted Erin to the Faith. In America the same variety of clover is called "sorrel"; in Persia the Arabic term is *shamrak*; the Welsh call it "fairy bells"; the English, "cuckoo bloom," since it blossoms when first the cuckoo sings; and in Spain it is called the "Alleluia," because each year its first bloom appears when the Easter choirs sing the joyful word.

In South America there are many varieties of clover. In Bolivia the root is eaten, and it is regarded as a great delicacy. In Mexico and in Peru both the leaves and the roots are used in making salad.

CHILDREN should be mild and meek
Quick to hear and slow to speak.

—A Scotch Saying.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The current issue of "P. S. M.," the annual of the Pious Society of Missions, Thurles, Ireland, is a distinct improvement on previous ones. Its prose articles, poems, and portraits are uniformly interesting, and reflect much credit on the youthful seminarians who conduct this magazine.

—A list of new Stratford Books includes "What Civilization Owes to Italy," by Dr. James J. Walsh. It is an illustrated volume of 432 pages, describing Italy's contribution to the world's mental and spiritual treasury,—her great achievements in the fields of religion, science, literature, art, music, etc.

—The "Story of Christ," by Giovanni Papini, has now appeared in an excellent German translation, done in a more Catholic vein than our American version. The fate of this book, to stir the hearts of so many to a new contact with the personality of our Blessed Lord, is surely one of the most remarkable of literary destinies.

—How many more readers there would be for all books like "Père Foucauld, Hermit and Explorer," noticed in these pages last week, if they were not so expensive! The French edition of this volume, a twelvemo of 478 pages, in paper covers, costs only ten francs. The price of the English edition, an octavo volume, bound in cloth, is \$4, and it lacks the very interesting portrait presented in the original work.

—We have received a dozen additional lessons of the Christian Doctrine Correspondence Courses prepared by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Victor Day, and published under the auspices of the Rural Life Bureau, in the social action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. As a practical means of teaching the Catechism to such children as can not be reached by their pastor, these lessons are most excellent in every respect. Lesson I. deals with the Apostles' Creed, and Lesson XII. with the marks of the Church.

—Catholic students who meet with references to Dr. Lea's "learned work on Confession and Indulgences" should know the estimate of this production by so scholarly an authority as the London *Athenaeum*. It refers to this volume as a "confused and commonplace attack on doctrines held by Catholic writers, and sometimes a travesty on them"; it declares that Dr. Lea "amidst statistics con-

trives to show his Protestant fanaticism"; and finally holds up this overrated author as an example of "how an historian can become a bitter partisan."

—There is an interesting criticism of one of Raphael's best-known masterpieces in the "Letters of Edward Fitzgerald." He writes: "I may have told you what Tennyson said of the Sistine Child, which he then knew only by engraving. He first thought the expression of the face almost too solemn even for the Christ within. But some time after, when A. T. was married and had a son, he told me that Raphael was right; that no man's face was so solemn as that of a child, full of wonder." Another time when Tennyson was asked by Fitzgerald what there was in Dante's face that was missing in Goethe's, the poet promptly answered, "The Divine."

—An exceptionally handsome and interesting Golden Jubilee volume is that which commemorates the conclusion of the first fifty years of "The Holy Family Sisters of San Francisco." It comes from the press of the Gilmartin Co., of that city, and is a distinct credit to that enterprising firm. The author of the volume is the Rev. D. J. Kavanagh, S. J., the appreciative foreword being by Archbishop Hanna. Like most other works of its kind, the volume, while being naturally of special interest to the Catholics of California, contains excellent reading matter for American Catholics generally. It will edify as well as interest them. A number of good illustrations enhance the value of the text, which would be still further enhanced by an index.

—Like a good many others, the editor of the New Zealand *Month* is considerably surprised at Mr. Rudyard Kipling's apparent loss of much of his former unfriendliness to the Church and her clergy. The following paragraph, from the Introduction to "The Irish Guards in the Great War," gives an idea of the author's new spirit:

....The men made their officers and the officers their men by methods as old as war itself; and their Roman Catholic priests, fearless even in a community none too regardful of Nature's first law, formed a subtle and supple link between both. That the priest, even in waiting upon Death or pain, should learn to magnify his office was as natural as that doctors and front-line commanders should find him somewhat under their feet when occasion called for the secular, not the spiritual, arm. That commanding officers, to keep peace and save important pillars of their little society, should first advise and finally order the Padre not to expose himself

wantonly in forward posts or attacks, was equally of a piece with human nature, and that the priests, to the huge content of the men, should disregard the order (What's a casualty compared to a soul?) was most natural of all.

—The preface to "The Passionists: Sketches Historical and Personal," by the Rev. Felix Ward, C. P. (Benziger Brothers), was written by the late Cardinal Gibbons in 1919; and the author can not accordingly be accused of unduly hurrying his labors in writing the book. The fact that Father Felix has celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood, and has therefore passed the three score years and ten mark, is so far interesting that it will sufficiently explain some features of the work which a younger man would perhaps have treated more concisely or with greater reticence. Not that these features will be criticised by the general reader; on the contrary, they will rather delight him. And it is for the busy reader, the author assures us, and not for "men of letters," that the historical settings of facts are intended. The facts, be it said, are well worth chronicling; and the volume, a large octavo of 478 pages, is entitled to a place in all libraries purporting to give full information concerning the growth of Catholicism in the United States. Not only those congregations that are ministered to by the Passionist Fathers, but all American Catholics, will find much to edify, and more to interest, them in the venerable Father Ward's *magnum opus*. Its illustrations are an important and attractive feature.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal."

Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers.) \$6.

"God or Gorilla." Alfred Watterson McCann. (Devin-Adair Co.) \$3.50.

"Christian Spirituality." Rev. P. Pourrat. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$4.20.

"The Conversion of the Pagan World." Paolo Manna, M. Ap. (Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.) \$1.50.

"The Life of Cornelia Connelly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." A Member of the Society. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

"The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart." Maud Monahan. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.

"The Life of Cardinal Gibbons." Allen Sinclair Will, Litt. D. Two volumes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$10.

"The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Alexander Stuart, of the archdiocese of Edinburgh; Rev. Philip Boylan, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Francis Duffy, diocese of Providence; Rev. William McAdam, S. P. M.; and Rev. Francis Brady, C. S. V.

Brother Raphael Nagel, O. S. B.

Sister M. Ferdinand, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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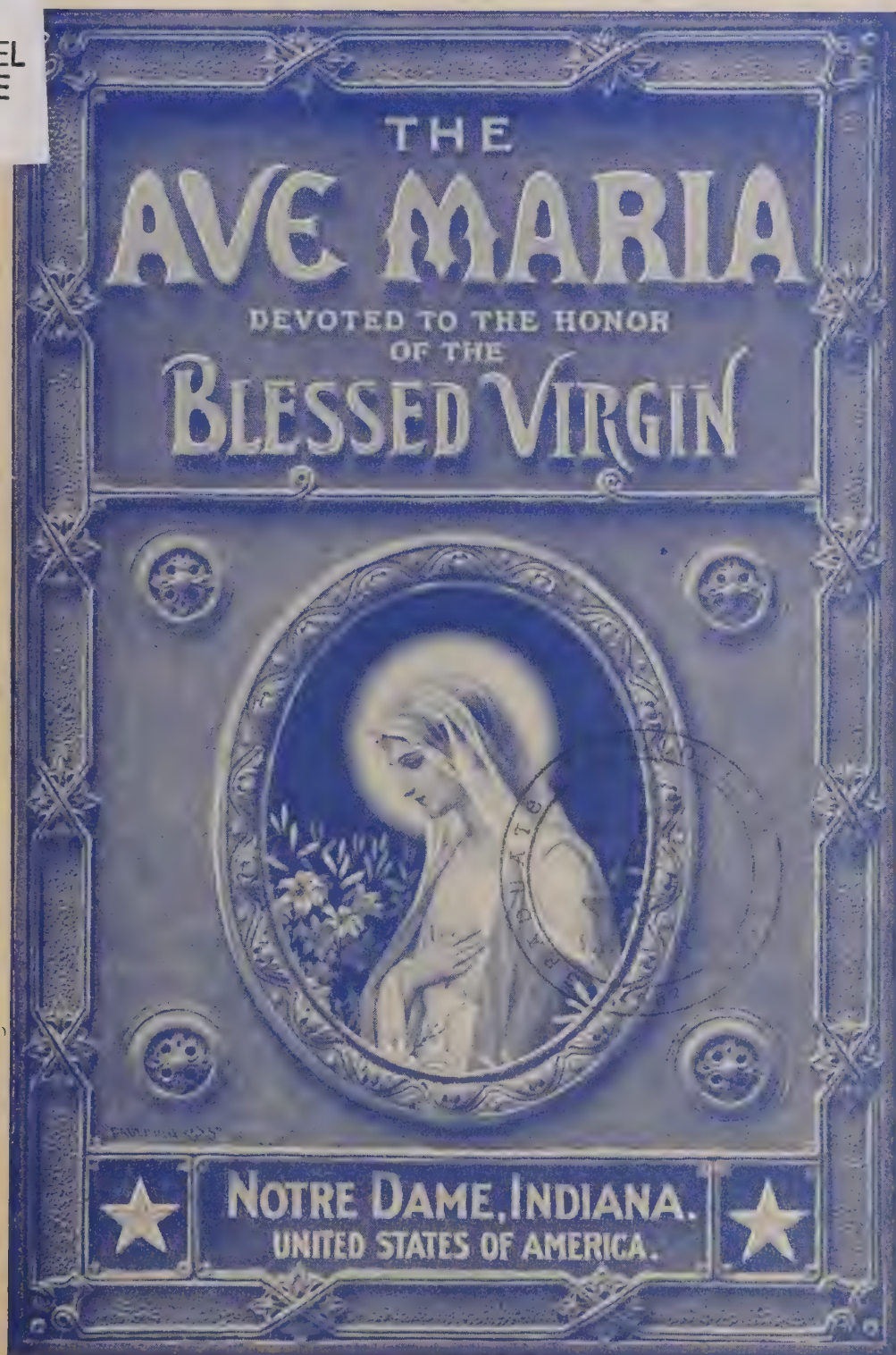
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 8.—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.	TUESDAY, 11.—St. Damasus, P. C.
SUNDAY, 9.—SECOND OF ADVENT. St. Leocadia, V. M.	WEDNESDAY, 12.—Our Lady of Guadalupe.
MONDAY, 10.—Translation of the Holy House of Loreto. St. Melchiades, P. M.	THURSDAY, 13.—St. Lucy, V. M.
	FRIDAY, 14.—St. Nicasius, B. M. St. Agnellus, Ab. St. Spiridion, B.
	SATURDAY, 15.—St. Christiana, V. M. St. Valerian, B.

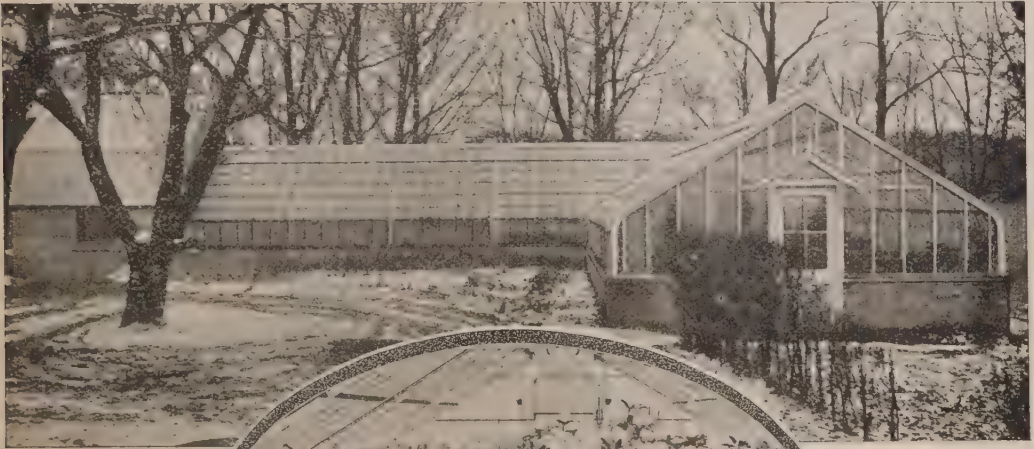
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VOL. XVIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 8, 1923.

No. 23

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Alma Redemptoris Mater.

BY R. O'K.

O BOUNTEOUS Mother, full of grace!
O path of light 'twixt heaven and earth
Unknown before!
By thee the Saviour of our race
Descends, and, Child of thee, hath birth
For evermore.
By thee, Celestial Gate, doth man
Ascend, led on by thee, fair Star,
To heaven above.
Through thee the reign of love began;
Lead home thy children wand'ring far,
With mother-love.
O Mother-Maid! God's mystery!
Nature amazed, the wonder saw,—
Its God thy child.
All hail! thy children cry to thee:
Make us, in hope and love and law,
Live undefiled.

A Marian Poem of the Twelfth Century.

BY THE REV. J. T. McDERMOTT, D. D.



HE Establishment of the Feast of the Conception of Our Lady, commonly called the Feast of the Normans.

By Richard Wace, Norman Poet of the Twelfth Century." So runs the title-page of a remarkable poem published for the first time in 1842, from the manuscripts of the Royal Library, by G. Mancel, librarian, and G. S. Trebutien, assistant librarian, of the library of the city of Caen, France.

Apart from its excellence as a tribute of love and homage to the Mother of God, this poem, voicing the mind of an age seven hundred years in the past, is possessed of literary and historic merits which make it an object of interest to the general student of letters. It stands one of the most ancient monuments of the French language, and is a curious, beautiful revelation of the spiritual ideas and the refined beliefs of the Middle Ages,—a period instinct with poetic inspiration of the highest quality.

Wace's poem on the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary is a versified compilation of existing poetic prose. It is the artist's presentation of matter found chiefly in the Apocryphal Gospels, — those semi-orthodox recitals which the Church has always more or less tolerated, from which she has borrowed certain rites, and which, left to the imagination of the people, facilitated the transition from the brilliant mythology of paganism to the rigid principles of Christianity. "The apocryphal writings," says an eminent French critic, "are a most beautiful monument; we know no literature possessing anything so elevated or so complete." For a thousand years these writings ruled the soul of the people, as well as the imagination of the poet and the artist. They gave to the Middle Ages that pleasing character of naïveté which has ever been an inspiration to artistic and literary effort.

To these works, which he has repro-

duced almost textually, Wace has added a mass of facts, anecdotes, digressions, and commentaries, mostly furnished by Anselm, Eadmer, and other ecclesiastical writers. A little work entitled "The Miracle of the Conception of the Holy Virgin," generally attributed to St. Anselm, is the foundation and suggestion of the poem under consideration. In that work this narrative is given:

William, Duke of Normandy, had proved himself the conquering master of England. But, while still in the flush of victory, he was filled with alarm at the news that Sweyn the Second, King of Denmark, was contemplating an invasion into the newly acquired territory. Weary of war, and anxious to substitute diplomacy for arms, William vested Helsin, abbot of Ramsay, with the power of peace ambassador, and commissioned him to negotiate with the Danish King. Helsin faithfully accomplished the mission entrusted to him, and after a few months set out from Denmark with messages of peace and friendship from Sweyn to William.

Helsin and his companions had proceeded but a short distance on their return homeward when the sea, at the beginning of the voyage as calm as a dreamless slumber, began to moan and fret, and angrily dash its waves on high. The lightning showing the vast deep, the rending thunders rolling onward, the loud winds sweeping over the billows, shook the strongest nerve, appalled the bravest soul. The crew, trained to the signs of the storm, knew that fatal shipwreck was upon them, that no natural power could now avail. In their distress they turned to the supernatural. They humbly knelt and confidently sought relief from the Virgin Mary, Star of the Sea.

The cry of anguish was quickly answered. Amid the deafening crashes of thunder, the kneeling Helsin heard his name mysteriously pronounced. Look-

ing aloft, he beheld an angel, who thus addressed him: "Helsin, I come to you on the part of the Mother of God; and I am ordered to say that if you wish to escape shipwreck and regain your native shores, you must promise to establish and celebrate the Virgin Mary's Conception." Showing his instant readiness, Helsin asked: "On what day is it Heaven's wish that this feast be celebrated?" The angel replied: "The eighth day of December." Helsin then inquired concerning the character of the Office that should mark the day; and was told that the Office of the Virgin's Conception should be the same as that of her Nativity, with the single difference that the word "Conception" should replace the word "Nativity." Helsin promised, the angel vanished, and the storm ceased.

Immediately on arriving at Ramsay, the holy abbot fulfilled his promise, and, in manner formal, established the heaven-ordered feast. The inspiration of Helsin's act spread on all sides, and the 8th of December became a day of general joy and exultation. But the new feast took possession in particular of the hearts and the minds of the good people of Normandy; and with such holy transports was the 8th of December celebrated throughout that entire country that the feast of Mary's Conception was called pre-eminently "the Feast of the Normans."

This is the narrative around which Richard Wace has built up his delightful poem of the Twelfth Century, and which he has taken as a point of departure for his beautiful tribute to the entire life of the Most Blessed Virgin. The poet takes as his suggesting guide the "Gospel of the Birth of the Virgin Mary," and from this work he gives the reader lines of rare poetic beauty. With fine, artistic touch he paints the sorrows of the childless life of Joachim and Anne. For twenty years this

afflicted couple prayed and sighed and wept that God might grant them offspring; and the boon sought is obtained when least expected.

It is the day of the Jewish feast of the "Dedication." Filled with the religious spirit of the occasion, Joachim, with relatives and neighbors, goes to Jerusalem to present his humble offering in the Temple. Absorbed in prayer and bowed in grief, he is met at the door by the high-priest Issachar, who cuttingly rebukes him, and sternly orders him from the holy spot. Stung and wounded in his tenderest sensibilities, Joachim blindly staggers away through the curious throngs; and as he moves along he feels the stigma of shame imprinted in his very soul by each word of Issachar: "God has judged thee unworthy of children: thy offerings can not be agreeable to the Most High; for the Scriptures say: 'Accursed is he who does not beget in Israel.' Joachim, thou art accursed,—thou art a shame amongst thy people."

One listening moment Joachim pauses, and then, maddened by the sense of his degradation and ignominy before his people, he hastens on and tarries not till he has reached the desert, the place of refuge in which he expects to spend the rest of his days, away from the jeers and taunts of men, alone with his shame and misery. In his abode of solitude, Joachim passes the time in fasting, praying and weeping. But God is with him. And, lo! one day while the holy man kneels in prayer, a light from heaven flashes before his gaze; in its midst an angel appears, and says in reassuring tones:

"Fear not, Joachim! I am an angel of the Most High. I am sent to thee to announce that God has heard thy prayer, and is prepared to remove from thee the reproach of sterility. God punishes sin and not nature. When the Almighty permits the defect of sterility,

it is that His works may shine out more splendidly. For eighty years Sara yearned for a son; and then Isaac, whose name is blessed, was born unto her. Samuel the holy, Samson the strong,—did these not have as mothers women once sterile? But if thy reason forbid belief in my words, believe in facts. Thy wife Anne shall conceive and bring forth a child, and the child's name shall be Mary. This child will be consecrated to God from her infancy, and will be filled with the Holy Spirit from the womb of her mother. Forever she will remain a virgin; and, by the power of the Infinite, she will be the Mother of the Saviour of the world. And behold the sign by which thou shalt know the truth of what I announce: when thou arrivest at Jerusalem, thou wilt find thy spouse awaiting thee at the Golden Gate."

Here the poet turns aside from the "Gospel of the Birth of Mary," and, following the beautiful narrative of the "Protevangelium of St. James," gives a touching picture of the afflicted Anne during the absence of her husband. Clad in the garments of mourning, by day and by night she bewails the loss of her husband and the shame of her barrenness. Amongst her own she is despised. Her very servants look at her with insulting eyes. On the day of the angel's apparition to Joachim, a maid reproaches Anne for her incessant tears and lamentations, and bids her lay aside her senseless grief and appear in a manner befitting her station in life. Anne replies: "Leave me, for God has laid His hand heavy upon me!" Irritated by these words, the maid disdainfully murmurs: "Is it my fault that thou art shamed with barrenness?" With the insulting words of the servant ringing in her ears, the desolate Anne flies to a remote corner of her garden, and there, under a laurel tree, kneels in prayer.

While praying, she for a moment

raises her head, and beholds a sparrow's nest in the laurel tree. Bursting into tears, she gives eloquent expression to the overmastering grief, the sublime dejection, and still more sublime resignation, of a loving spouse, shut out from the joys of maternity. This outburst of the sorrowing Anne recalls the most touching lyric passages in the Bible. "Alas!" the yearning wife exclaims,— "alas! to what can I be compared? What mother has begotten me to be accursed before the children of Israel? My God, I am spurned, I am insulted, I am driven from the Temple! Alas! to what am I like? I can not compare myself to the birds of the air, for they are fruitful before Thee, O God! Alas! to what am I like? I can not be compared to the animals of the fields, for they are fruitful before Thee, O Lord! Alas! to what am I like? Not, O Lord, even to the waters, for they are fruitful before Thee: the waters, calm or agitated, praise Thee with the fish of the deep. But, alas! to what can I compare myself? I can not be compared to the earth, for the earth brings forth its fruits, and it blesses Thee, O Lord!"

Here Wace returns to the "Gospel of the Birth of the Virgin Mary" and recounts the angel's apparition to Anne. "Fear not, Anne!" says the heavenly spirit. "I am the angel who has carried thy every sigh, thy every prayer, thy every offering, to the throne of the Most High. And now I come to announce that a child shall be born to thee. The name of the child shall be Mary, and she shall be blessed amongst all women. From her conception she shall be full of grace, and the shadow of sin shall never darken her life. In prayer and fasting, by day and by night, she shall be consecrated to God in the Temple. Without example, without sin, without corruption, she, ever a virgin, shall bring forth a Son; she, the servant, shall be Mother of the Master. Arise,

go up to Jerusalem; and when you shall have come to the Golden Gate, for a sign you will meet the husband whose loss you have mourned."

Now, again, the poet takes up the charming narrative of the "Protevangelium" and pictures the meeting of Joachim and Anne. In a transport of joy, Anne throws herself on the neck of her husband and cries out: "Now I know that God has blessed me much! For, behold, I who was a widow am so no longer; I who was barren will now be a mother!" On the following day Joachim brings his gifts to the Temple. His offering is accepted, and he goes down from the house of the Lord justified, declaring: "Now I know God is propitious to me. He has had mercy on me, and before the children of Israel I shall be in honor." The full miracle is accomplished, and Mary, the child of prophecy, is born.

Drawing his matter from the "Gospel of the Birth of Mary," the poet then presents to us the angelic life of the child in the Temple. She lives in an atmosphere of the supernatural. Miracles signalize her high destiny. Angels often visit her and with her hold familiar converse. She reaches the age of fourteen,—the age when, according to the Law, the high-priest publicly announces that the virgins of the Temple must return to their parents and prepare for the marriage state. The virgin companions of Mary with eagerness obey the command of the high-priest; but Mary pleads for the privilege of remaining in the Temple, declaring that her vow of virginity is perpetual.

Embarrassed by the resolution of the young virgin, Mary, the high-priest retires into the Holy of Holies, there to invoke God for light to solve the difficulty created by Mary's singular attitude toward the Law. After prolonged prayer, he comes forth and publicly orders that every unmarried man of the

House of David should come to the sanctuary, bearing in his hand a rod; for Heaven had decreed that one particular rod should miraculously blossom, and from its top a dove heavenward spring; and this miracle, before all Israel, would indicate God's choice of a husband for Mary.

An aged man of Bethlehem, Joseph, unknown and unnoticed, dressed as an ordinary workman, obeys the mandate of the priest and presents himself in the sanctuary. With head bowed and lips moving in prayer, all unconscious of his nearness to the Infinite, Joseph stands amid the throng. There is a moment's pause of holy expectation; eyes glance from rod to rod,—and now every eye is riveted on the one borne in the hand of Joseph; for from that rod has blossomed a stately lily — the flower of virgins, most sweet and spotless,—proclaiming without words and beyond words, the truth of Mary's immaculate purity. And out from the rod's top there springs a snowy dove, type of holy love and blessed peace; and on silvery pinions the dove of the miracle mounts heavenward. Joseph sees and understands; and, in humility and obedience, he returns to Bethlehem to prepare for the marriage ceremony. Mary goes back to Nazareth with her parents.

Many beautiful lines are devoted to the Angelic Salutation, the visit of Mary to Elizabeth, and the perturbation of Joseph; and we are brought to the birth of Christ, with which ends the second part of the poem. The Apocryphal Gospels, as well as the Canonical, are silent concerning the life of the Virgin at this period. The grandeur of the Son has overshadowed the brilliancy of the Mother. This break in the history of Mary, Wace fills with lengthy commentaries drawn from the ecclesiastical writers of his day. He has massed, in an informal but powerful manner, all the known arguments in

favor of the Immaculate Conception, and all the reasons establishing the power of the Mother of God. He closes the episode by giving, after a tradition of the Middle Ages, the genealogy of the Virgin Mother.

In the third and last part of the poem, Wace makes use of a work entitled "The Book of the Passing of the Blessed Virgin Mary," written by Melito, Bishop of Sardo. In the early centuries this work was widely known, and exerted a vast influence on the art and literature of Christian Europe. The verse of Wace faithfully follows the charming prose of Melito.

The Virgin Mother had realized unto perfection every detail of her divinely ordained life. To earth she had brought light and hope and salvation; and now heaven claims her as its own fair Queen, as its first glory, its best and rarest ornament. The day of coronation is at hand. The year is the twenty-second after the death of Jesus. Mary kneels in holy rapture in the humble house of the parents of the Beloved John, at the foot of Mount Olivet. An angel suddenly stands before her and reverentially salutes her: "Hail, Blessed of God! Behold the palm branch which I bring thee from paradise! This palm shall be carried before thy bier when, three days hence, thy soul will have been liberated from thy body. Thy Son awaits thee, with the Thrones, the Angels, and the Virtues of Heaven." To these words of the angel Mary quietly, humbly, confidently gives reply: "Tell my beloved Son that I wish, ere I die, to see the Apostles reunited in my presence." And the messenger of heaven answers: "Even to-day, by the power of God, the Apostles will stand before thee." Mary takes the palm branch, and, undisturbed, continues her prayer.

On the same day, at the same hour, three of the afternoon, John, beloved of

Jesus, is preaching at Ephesus. And, lo! while in fervid tones he proclaims the law of holy love, a mysterious cloud envelops him, and, before the eyes of the multitude, he is raised and transported to the house of Mary. At the sight of the favored disciple, the Mother of God is filled with joy. "Remember, my son," she says,—“remember the words of Calvary, by which I am thy Mother, thou art my child. In three days I shall die.”—“How unable am I alone to prepare obsequies worthy of thee, my Mother!” replies John. “Would that the others were here to do fitting honor to thy remains!” And even as he speaks, Peter and James and Andrew and the rest of the holy band, by divine power, stand physically present, saluting one another, and doing homage to their Queen.

As the angel had announced, the Holy Virgin dies. Her stainless soul goes out like an aspiration of ecstatic love. Death has her; but on the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending. The voice of Christ is heard: “Come, my beloved one,—come to thy realms of immortal beauty!” The Virgin Mother dies surrounded by angels, in the midst of the Apostles. Peter and Paul reverentially carry the holy remains, and John goes before them bearing in his hand the palm branch from paradise.

The poet now establishes the high probability of the resurrection of the Blessed Virgin, and closes his work with a magnificent picture of the Assumption—the triumphal entry of the Immaculate Mother of God into the eternal kingdom of her Divine Son.

WE must give the spur to this jade of a body of ours, to make it trot on and get forward. Many a good soldier dies in battle, many a good sailor on the sea, and many a good doctor in the hospital.

—*St. Camillus.*

Vanna's Sacrifice.

BY MARY AMELIA CARNE.

II.



IT was high noon in Murray's Court—high noon in many ways,—for excitement and news were plentiful. The drunken cobbler, on the right-hand side of the Court, had beaten his wife and been hauled off to jail; there had been a hair-pulling affair between two Lithuanian women; somebody's dog had bitten somebody else's poor little child. As usual, when the sun shone and news was abundant, the Court was out-of-doors.

Frowzy women, in dirty aprons, exchanged details of the events. Their dirty and ragged offspring listened, open-mouthed, or, if their elders grew personal and sharp-tongued over the discussion, indulged in private warfare of their own. The conversation was spiced with vile words, the worst of which the children seemed to catch the most readily; and, despite prohibition, there was more than one whiff of spirits borne on the breeze, which was redolent also of decaying vegetables.

Suddenly, across the rough cobbles of the Court, passed a slender figure, making her way among the crowd with a timid tread and a shrinking horror. One of the talkative women stopped her argument just long enough to nod over her shoulder, as the slender figure passed.

“That kid of the Dago woman's—she ban lookin' terrible. This no place for her. She die, or go crazy yet.”

Poor Vanna did not hear the words. Her sole idea was to keep from slipping on the foul stones and breaking the milk bottle she carried, and to pass unobserved. She had been observed—oh, enough!—when she first came; and to slip through the crowd unnoticed and gain the dark stair that led to her

mother's room was part of every day's program; and she carried it through now safely.

Murray's Court was really an oddly constructed square, where the houses faced inward, around a block of cobbles. It dated back to the city's earliest days. The houses belonged to a past period, —high, rambling old structures, in each of which scores of families dwelt. Up the narrow stairs of one of these, Vanna climbed. When she reached the landing outside of her own door, she put down the milk, and, stretching her arms above her head, leaned in an abandonment of weariness against the wall.

Could Mother Margaret have looked from her convent cell and seen her ewe lamb now, her kind heart would have bled to breaking. This was not the Vanna who had turned from the convent gateway, strong in her new armor, with her eyes full of light and hope. It was not only that the young face was pinched and pale, that there were great shadows lying under the dark eyes—this Vanna looked not only pinched, but blighted. The tumbled blouse, the shabby skirt, the half-dressed hair, seemed but the outward tokens of the utter hopelessness that shadowed the young face, the utter wretchedness that looked out from the young eyes. As she leaned against the cracked and dirty wall, she seemed as much an offspring of Murray's Court as those outside, with this difference: they were producing their own foul atmosphere, and it, in turn, was producing Vanna.

Suddenly, above the confused noises in the shop of the man who sold junk across the Court, a vagrant clock struck clearly, shrilly, twelve. To the hopeless ear of the girl on the landing, the sound brought a sudden thought. At Marymount, they were now saying the noon Angelus. "*Angelus Domini nuntiavit*" —but, shudderingly, almost hysterically, she put the words away from her.

What! Say them here, to mingle with those curses from below? Had an angel ever announced anything here?

Roused from her miserable reflection, she passed on into the dingy room with its meagre furnishings, broken floor, and one small window, through which the babel of sounds from below swept in. The girl advanced to her mother's bedside. Pouring some of the milk into a glass, she held it to the trembling lips, one hand tenderly stroking the grey hair the while.

Ah, here, at least, she had not failed! She had contrived a screen of mosquito netting for the window, that excluded flies; the bed was spotless, and a small table beside it held a few wild flowers in a cracked pitcher—Vanna had walked far to find those flowers. The old face smiled up at her, as if she were the one spark of Heaven's goodness visible in all that awful place. The depression seemed to lift from about her, as she ministered tenderly to her mother, and soothed her with loving words. Something of the light of old days stole into her eyes; for, if she were the one spot of Heaven's brightness to Madre Maddalena, her ministry to the poor old creature was the one saving thing in the wretchedness of her own sad life.

When at last, after Madre Maddalena's face and hands were bathed and she slept peacefully, soothed by Vanna's Italian lullaby, the girl shoved her own poor meal aside untasted, and sank on a stool by the window, hiding her face in her hands. She sat that way many times now, when Madre Maddalena's eyes were closed. It was almost habit, for her one impulse from the first had been to shut out the sights and sounds that crushed the heart, so long attuned to holy things.

Alas, she felt, it was so attuned no longer! The life and ways of Marymount seemed as far removed from her

present life and thoughts as day from night. Not that Vanna had fallen into really evil ways. The foulness of sin, as it reigned in Murray's Court, would have repelled any but the most hardened; and to this poor girl it was nothing but horror. But it blighted her, none the less, in that its foul presence was stifling in her what was good.

Sensitive to an extreme, she had felt so keenly the horror of the evil around her that she seemed, by her very presence there, to be a partaker of it. Perhaps, also, without her knowledge, her goodness had been a little of the hot-house variety, and needed the atmosphere of Marymount to flourish at its best. She seemed unable to pray. How could she, she asked herself, frantically, pray from this pit of evil? Could her voice reach God amid the curses rising around her against His name? Had He not closed His ears of necessity to Murray's Court and all therein? So she wildly reasoned. Madre Maddalena, only half-conscious and none too well-instructed, could not help her. She had been a good woman, but not devout, and was content with the priest's Easter and Christmas ministrations.

Zia Caterina, her sister, was unfortunately, a shrewish old renegade, who had long ago sold her birthright for a Jewish husband who had led her through a life of wretchedness; and now she was dragging out an embittered old age of widowhood. She was another of Vanna's sharp trials; nothing the girl did pleased her, and, accustomed as Vanna had been to love and kindness, the never-ceasing abuse had the effect of crushing her spirit and rendering life more intolerable.

Vanna had never revisited the convent since coming to Murray's Court; it lay at the other side of the city. Besides, she did not dare,—the contrast was too cruel. To Mother Margaret's tender letters, she responded briefly,

but as cheerfully as possible, to hide the real truth.

As she crouched by the window, with her face hidden, the forlorn untidiness of her dress, indeed her very attitude, told the whole story. Where was St. Joan's oriflamme now? Dragging hopelessly in the dust, for none conquer who despair. Despair brings forth her children, too, and one of them had visited Vanna. Must she bear this always? Was there life—joy—nowhere?

As if in answer to her inward cry, the sound of music reached her. Raising her eyes, she saw, through an opening between the houses, the gay awnings of the dance hall and moving-picture house on the next street. A sudden color crept into her face. She did not know it, but it was the instinctive lifting of her young heart to life and brightness out of the darkness in which she dwelt. The thought crossed her mind: "There is music there and laughter, and perhaps beauty—why don't I go?"

Mother Margaret had always spoken plainly to Vanna of life's dangers, and, in a flash, she remembered what the nun had said to her about places like that. A flush of shame, that seemed to scorch her in its agony, went over her; and if Vanna had only called her angel, surely he would have shadowed her with his wings.

But, instead, she dropped her head lower, and fell crouching on the floor. To her poor soul, starving for the help she was not seeking, the thought, almost innocent as it had been, seemed to place her forever with those among whom she dwelt.

She did not know how long she crouched there in her shame. A thousand mocking voices filled her ears; every vile word and every oath, which she tried daily to shut out, seemed to echo around her,—seemed almost her own heart's utterance. St. Joan—she

dared not think of her. Were those evil spirits which were ridiculing her, mocking her?

"Vanna! Vanna!"

Her mother's voice, thick and halting, reached her.

"Vanna—de water! You deed not—hear me—call. I tried—to get eet. Eet iss—all upset! Why—deed you—not come?"

Trembling in every limb, tortured beyond all endurance, Vanna rose.

"I can't be listening always," she said.

The pained, surprised look on the old face shocked her into silence. What had she said? Scarcely knowing, she silently repaired the damage, and then, to her relief, Zia Caterina came, stumbling, scolding, up the stairs. She had shoved the pushcart home early on account of the heat. The moment that she entered, Vanna snatched her hat from a nail and hurried down through the Court into the street.

Where she was going she did not know, and where she went she did not care. Through business sections, across handsome avenues, anywhere, to try and fight off the terrible sense of this, her final failure. She felt ruined, blighted forever; and, worst of all, she had failed in her duty to her mother. This had been the one spark of vitality in her dead life, and to have quenched that meant utter failure. Struggle as she might, this thought came uppermost, and finally, breathless, weak and spent utterly from her long tramping, she paused about sundown on the bridge, and leaned, half-numbed, against the railing.

The fresh breeze from the water gradually revived her. She glanced about her. Past her hurried countless mortals, all unheeding of her, and all, alas! so far removed. This was life, which was flowing around her,—there was life in the rippling waters, life in

the fresh breeze, life in the happy, prosperous, human beings. This was the part of man's world which God had blessed. She came, she thought, bitterly, from the part He had forgotten. And thus, while life ebbed around her, she, a most miserable and wretched failure, seemed already numbered among the dead.

Among the dead! The idea brought relief. Was it a voice that whispered the next thought in her ear? Her eyes dilated and her hands clung convulsively to the railing. The thought seemed almost alive in its terrible power. It would all be so fatally easy. She was light of foot—one step on the railing—one downward plunge—and the waters would close over her shame and her failure forever. Suddenly, sweet and appealing, the sound of a bell fell on her ear.

Involuntarily, her hand sought forehead and breast in the blessed sign. As it was made, a strong hand grasped her shoulder, and she was drawn back from the rail, and seated forcibly in a sheltered corner.

"Lassie!" said a voice, with a broad Scotch accent, "lassie! ye may thank the Laird for that bell!"

Vanna glanced up quickly, to meet the kindly, quizzical gaze of a pair of grey eyes, and the fatherly smile, which the grizzled beard did not hide, of a sunburned man in the Salvation Army uniform, who was fanning her with his cap.

"I've seen the look in your eyes, often," he went on, "and it's not one in ten gets by. I'd have jumped in after ye, if ye had gone, but the bell and your sign saved ye; so thank the Laird for His mercies, lass."

Then, as Vanna still only gazed at him with bewildered eyes, he went on, as if half to himself,—“It stands to reason, the Sign of the Cross would draw the Laird's mercy doon. Didn't

it bring it doon over all mankind, when they lifted it up in Palestine? Perhaps," he added, shrewdly, seeing Vanna was recovering herself somewhat, "if ye'd made it oftener, lass, ye'd no' have been in such sore need of it, then. That's what I'm thinking."

"I don't know," burst out Vanna, forgetful that she was talking to a stranger, "I don't know! Perhaps you are right. Perhaps I have forgotten God; but how could I call upon Him from Murray's Court?"

The shrewd eyes of the kindly man softened as Vanna lifted her pitiful glance to him.

"Child, I'm nane of your belief. Ye're a Catholic, I take it, by your crossing yoursel'; but though I'm nane of yours, I'm sure of this: there's never depth on earth the Cross is no' tall enough to lift ye out of. I ken Murray's Court, too; but I've noticed that, bad as it is, the Laird still lets His stars shine over the nichts. Just the same as over them good leddies up there"; and Vanna, looking where he pointed, saw, rising on the hill above, the convent at Marymount.

She was near Marymount! And—and—what was it this kind old man had said about the stars over Murray's Court? She had never lifted her eyes to them. Was it, indeed, she who had abandoned God, not He who had left her? The eyes which Vanna lifted to the earnest old face were tear-dimmed now.

"I used to live there," she sobbed, pointing to the convent, "but I have been away so long—or it seems so long,—and I feel so wicked, that I dare not go there now."

"Nay, lassie, dinna talk so," the man answered, warmly. "I've known human nature this mony a day, and I can tell ye've never done varry wrong. Just got lost like, and hame's where ye want to be. Noo, ye're shaky like, so ye'll

just walk wi' me. I'll take ye up the hill to the good leddies"; and, before Vanna realized it, the firm old hand had grasped her arm, and she was led back once more to her beloved Marymount. Her guide would have left her at the gate, but Vanna grasped his sleeve.

"I thank you so," she faltered, but he waved her off.

"Nay, no thanks, lassie, only—hold to your sign tighter, and maybe say a prayer sometimes, for auld John Gregg. I'm nane of yours, but I'd be glad of it"; and he turned quickly and left her just as Sister Cherubim unbarred the gate.

So changed was poor Vanna that, with her head held low, the short-sighted little Sister did not know her. Then Vanna saw the dear figure of Mother Margaret standing beside the statue of St. Joan.

"Mother! Mother!" she cried, wildly. "I've come home! Take me back, Mother, even as a servant! Do not send me out into the world again! I shall die—I shall fall—there! I have failed, Mother, been defeated in St. Joan's cause. Take me back, or else I can not save my soul!"

(To be continued.)

Amends.

BY EDWIN B. MCELPATRICK.

THE garden's drab, the cricket's hushed,

No more the asters greet the sun;
And weary wraiths of daffodils
Say, Summer's days are done.

Above the smoky, wooded hill
A flock of wild-ducks wing in row
To some remote and tropic port
Beyond the line of frost and snow.

The mocking-bird is silent now,
The lowering clouds bring mist and rain—
But, heart of mine, your presence brings
The spirit of the Spring again.

Memorials of St. Ambrose.

BY THOMAS F. RYAN, S. J.

NO one who goes to Milan can remain there long without knowing that St. Ambrose is the patron of the city. Other places may have quite as much pride in their heavenly protector and quite as much confidence in his aid, but nowhere will one find more real enthusiasm for him than in Milan. "Sant' Ambrozio" is regarded as a local possession, stories and legends are told of him, children are called after him, dates are remembered by reference to his feast, and the "Ambrosian rite" is a constant reminder of him.

Most Catholics know that, in certain parts of the world, the Church sanctions special ways of saying Mass and performing other Church ceremonies which differ somewhat from those used in Rome and in the greater part of the Christian world. These are allowed because of their antiquity. In the early days, when communication was difficult and persecution made it necessary for Christians to practise their religion in secret, it was not easy to observe strict uniformity in matters of rubrics; and then the form adopted in each place acquired the strength of a custom. The name of St. Ambrose was sufficient to make the people of Milan unwilling to change anything confirmed by his authority, for he was one of the most illustrious Fathers and Doctors of the Church; and so the Ambrosian rite remains.

When he was quite a young man, St. Ambrose was a consular governor under the Roman Emperor—it was the Fourth Century,—and was the civil ruler of Milan. His father, the prefect of Gaul, who ruled as the representative of Roman power over modern France, Britain and Spain, was a Christian; but Ambrose, though a firm believer in

Catholic doctrine, was not yet baptized, for in those days a false reverence for the Sacrament made people often postpone baptism until late in life.

During his term of office, the Arian heresy, which denied the divinity of Christ, was very widespread, and did great harm in the Church. The See of Milan was occupied by one who professed this heresy, and the city was in a sadly disturbed state. So strong was the feeling between the orthodox Catholics and the Arian section, that the Emperor Valentinian was asked to nominate a new bishop when the Arian prelate died. But the Emperor refused, and said that the ordinary course of the time—election by the people—should be followed.

It was Ambrose's duty, therefore, to see that peace was maintained in the city during the anxious period of election; and he began the proceedings by addressing the citizens, and urging them to preserve order. While he was speaking, the cry was raised: "Let Ambrose be bishop!" It was taken up by hundreds of voices, until at last the civil governor found himself, by the popular voice, proclaimed spiritual ruler of the city. He objected strongly, and protested his unfitness; but the people were all the more insistent. All difficulties were finally overcome; Ambrose was baptized, ordained priest, and consecrated bishop on the 7th of December, the day on which his feast is kept.

As bishop he was wise and firm; and his learning and unflinching adherence to true Catholic doctrine made him a power against the heresy that had gained such sway in many places. He came to be regarded as one of the pillars of the Church; and to-day, in the famous tribune that terminates the nave of St. Peter's in Rome, his figure is one of the four that support the chair of St. Peter.

Though we can not trace the "Am-

brosian rite" directly to the Saint, still the people all connected it with him; and when the Emperor Charlemagne, in his anxiety for strict uniformity with Rome in every detail, ordered all Ambrosian books to be burned or removed from his dominions, there was an immediate appeal from the bishop and people of Milan.

At last, we are told, a trial by ordeal, in the strict Mediæval way, was decided on. Two books, one of them the Roman and the other the Ambrosian ritual, were placed side by side, closed, on the altar of St. Peter's. If one should be found open after three days it would be regarded as a sign of God's favor. When the books were examined both were open, signifying, as it was believed, that both had the approval of Heaven. So the Ambrosian rite survived, and it was finally confirmed by the Council of Trent in the Sixteenth Century, which allowed the continuance of all local variations in the Church's ceremonies, which could point to a continuous observance for two centuries.

The rite differs from the Roman in many small ways. The order of feasts during the year is somewhat different, and there are many changes in the Divine Office; but it is chiefly in the ceremonies of the Mass that the difference becomes apparent to the public. The ordinary Low Mass varies in only a slight degree from that of the Roman rite, the fact that the priest holds his arms outstretched during part of the Canon and washes his fingers a second time just before the Consecration being the only changes that strike the observer. The Solemn High Mass, however, with the full ceremonies carried out as they are on the feast of St. Ambrose in the church that bears his name in Milan, has some notable features, and is a strikingly picturesque ceremony.

In the first place, Mass is said facing the people on a plain flat altar with no

tabernacle, so that all the actions of the priest are fully visible to the congregation. When the time for the Gospel comes, the deacon, attended by acolytes, mounts the pulpit, and there reads it to the people—a relic of the days when Latin was still understood by all the faithful. At the Offertory, there is another interesting survival of the days when the congregation actively participated in the ceremonies of the Mass. An old man and woman approach the altar rails bearing the bread and wine. The subdeacon takes the offering from the woman at the gate of the sanctuary, but the man mounts the steps of the altar and hands his to the priest.

After the Offertory, all who are within the sanctuary file past and kiss the northern end of the altar. A few other minor changes are noticed also, the position of the deacon and subdeacon at each end of the altar facing the priest, the second "lavabo" in silence before the Consecration, as in Low Mass, the absence of bells, and so on. The liturgical music is also quite different from that of the Roman rite.

The Church of St. Ambrose, to which we have referred, is as old as the rite. It was founded by the Saint himself on the ruins of a temple of Bacchus, and many relics of the original structure remain. The doors of the church are said to be those which St. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius when, as bishop, he deemed him unfit to mingle with the faithful on account of the Massacre of Thessalonica. Whether St. Ambrose really took this public action or not is doubtful, but we know definitely that he imposed public penance on the Emperor for his crime; and it was fulfilled with exemplary humility. It was in this church, too, that the Lombard kings and the German emperors used to be crowned with the iron crown, which is said to be made of one of the nails of Our Lord's cross.

On the top of a pillar inside the church is a large serpent, which legend says is the identical one which Moses raised in the desert. A corresponding pillar on the other side of the church is surmounted by a cross, which was prefigured by the sign shown to the suffering Israelites. In a vault beneath is the tomb of St. Ambrose, together with those of Saints Gervase and Protase, martyrs, whose burial place is said to have been revealed to St. Ambrose in a dream.

The feast of St. Ambrose is a day to be remembered in Milan. The Piazza outside the church and all the neighboring streets are the scene of St. Ambrose's fair. Stalls and booths are erected, and the place presents a bright and animated scene until evening. It is a kind of Christian Carnival with all the simplicity of past ages, where St. Ambrose candles, St. Ambrose tapers, St. Ambrose ribbons, and a whole host of other traditional emblems, are offered for sale. The day is seemingly more important even than Christmas; it is a holiday of joy and good-fellowship; it is the time when gifts are exchanged among relatives and friends; and when two acquaintances meet, the greeting—like our "Merry Christmas!" is "*Viva Sant' Ambrozio!*"

WOMAN, in the eyes of the Church, is the free and independent ally of man; and, while safeguarding her weakness in the presence of the more forceful personality of the man, the Church has ever fostered her strength and secured her individuality. Through long ages of untutored barbarism and but half-disciplined brute force, the nun's veil was the charter of woman's freedom; and in the cloisters were developed types of strong, independent womanhood, to which the present world might well look for examples of the perfect woman.—*Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.*

The Curse of Redgate.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

IT was the first time a Benedictine monk had ever preached in the little Catholic church of Redgate; and the Sunday which was made thus memorable saw a goodly congregation assembled. Indeed, it was a difficult matter to find room for all the aliens from the neighboring town of Norcross, as well as for the Redgate folk who regularly attended. The unwonted interest had not been aroused by the fame of the preacher in question; for Dom Elphege Pendreth was but a young priest, quite recently ordained, and this was his first sermon. His presence there was due to the absence of Father Sandal, the pastor of Redgate, at the bedside of his dying father; and the kindness of the Abbot of St. Mary's, twenty miles distant, in sending one of his community to supply. The fact was that any Benedictine was calculated to excite keen interest in that neighborhood; for everyone knew that Minster Redgate, hard by the village, had been peopled in ancient days by the Black Monks. This, then, was the cause of so notable an attendance at Mass on that particular Sunday.

To Mrs. Calverley, wife of the owner of Redgate, the occasion awakened many disquieting thoughts. It was a tradition of the Calverleys, strengthened by many lamentable bereavements, that no eldest son could hope to succeed his father and grandfather in the possessions which had fallen to the family through the dissolution of monastic houses under the iniquitous Henry. With the marriage of Nicholas Calverley, the present squire, to Margaret Stanfield, a Catholic, daughter of a family which had never swerved from the ancient faith, and the baptism and upbringing of their only child, Nicholas, in the religion of his mother, new hopes had been born as

to the fortunes of the Calverleys. For the boy, contrary to precedent, had grown up strong and healthy, and bade fair to see a long life, and the falsification of the popular tradition. The presence of the young monk in the little chapel stirred up in the mother's heart forgotten fears, and moved her to more than ordinary intensity of supplication on behalf of the handsome youth of eighteen who knelt by her side. Surely God would be gracious to the first Catholic head of the house, the connecting link between the Calverleys who had professed the ancient Faith before sacrilege had enriched their family, and a race to come (should He so will) of no less fervent piety than that of old.

The sermon was simple and direct. Its theme was the duty of man to strive to draw ever nearer to God, his Creator and Redeemer, rising above the unworthy things of this world, and making of his ordinary actions a ladder to raise him toward heaven, his destined end. There was no mention of heroic sacrifice; rather did the sermon turn upon the little daily mortifications which must necessarily fall to the lot of every Christian who is seriously bent upon the salvation of his soul.

There was little allusion over luncheon at the Minster to the stranger priest or his discourse; for one reason because the squire, though generously acting up to the promises made at his marriage, in abstaining from all interference with the consciences of his wife and son, was not at all favorably disposed toward Catholic doctrines or practices, and his prejudices were never unnecessarily aroused by the others. But another topic was prominent on that particular day, and crowded out any remarks which might otherwise have cropped up regarding the fact of Father Sandal's absence from his flock,—that priest being regarded by the squire, apart from his sacred office, as one of his particular

friends. The new motor car, but recently purchased, and destined to supersede in time Mrs. Calverley's carriage, was to be utilized on the morrow for an excursion by father and son.

Nicholas was entering at Oxford in a week or two; this was his last vacation at home as a schoolboy, and he seemed bent upon enjoying it with all a boy's ardor. It pleased the squire immensely that his boy should make such a comrade of himself, and his own spirits rose in consequence. As Mrs. Calverley listened to the plans eagerly discussed between father and son in connection with the drive, she could almost fancy her own youth renewed, and her husband the same high-spirited, daring, handsome man who had won her heart nearly twenty years before.

Monday broke fair and calm, a typical Autumn day. Father and son, waving smiling adieux to Mrs. Calverley at her window, started off at an early hour on their carefully planned route, Mr. Calverley himself acting as chauffeur.

But two hours had sped, and Mrs. Calverley had barely breakfasted, when the visiting card of a doctor, whose name she recognized as practising in a town somewhat remote, was brought to her, with a request for an interview in spite of the early hour. Surprise rather than anxiety dominated her as the visitor entered. It took him but a few minutes to deliver his appalling message. Its import was that she had been suddenly widowed, and that the life of her only son hung in the balance.

A farm-laborer had backed his wagon across the road, after drawing aside to allow the motor to pass, and a terrible collision was the inevitable result. Mr. Calverley's car, after sweeping off the wagon from its wheels and killing both man and horses, had overturned. The doctor, hastily summoned by a spectator, had arrived on the scene to find the father already dead from ghastly in-

juries, and the son unconscious and suffering from more than one serious fracture. The best course of procedure seemed to him that of conveying the young man, with all care and celerity, to his mother; the nearest hospital calculated to be of any service in the emergency was as distant from the scene of the accident as Redgate. He had therefore wired for a specialist to come with all speed; and meanwhile had arranged everything for the transport of Nicholas, in the charge of a nurse, to the Minster.

The calmness which settled down upon the bereaved woman, after the first shock caused by the tidings, surprised the doctor exceedingly. Dashing aside the tears which had flowed unrestrainedly, when she began to realize her forlorn condition, Mrs. Calverley applied herself with energy to prepare for the reception of her dead husband and her half-dying son. With forced composure, she superintended all the necessary arrangements, the call for action deadening the grief which would otherwise have laid her prostrate. Hope, for a while, conquered in the struggle between the wife's sense of utter bereavement and the mother's anxiety for her child's safety.

The lagging hours passed by, and at last the two dread burdens were borne to their respective chambers. Who shall picture the anguish of that pale-faced woman, outwardly so calm, as all that was dearest to her on earth re-entered the home so joyously left but a few short hours before?

The traditional curse seemed still to cling to that house, despite the return of the hope of the family to the faith of his fathers. What could she do to avert the threatened penalty, exacted as it had been through all the ages since sacrilege had enriched the Calverleys of old at the cost of their religion? Surely nothing would avail now. Her boy, her only

treasure, had fallen under the curse.

Then, amid the terror that gripped her heart, came to the desolate woman's mind the recollection of a sentence of her favorite poet. She had always loved Shakespeare, and had studied him diligently, and this was what he said to her in that hour of her supreme anguish and despondency:

May one be pardoned, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.
There, is no shuffling; there, the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.

There was but one way. The ill-gotten possessions must be given back to God. But how? They were not hers to deal with. As long as her son lived—and a pang shot through her heart as she realized how short might be that tenure,—they were owned by Nicholas. And Nicholas lay close to the gates of death; no word of hers could reach him, even were that word powerful enough to move him to strip himself of all he had, so that, poor indeed, he might be spared to his mother.

Prayer came to her relief. She thought of that stricken mother at the gate of Naim, whose tears were dried by her Lord's compassionate word, as, "being moved with mercy toward her, He said to her: Weep not." She thought of that other sorrowing mother, Monica, who, ages after, met with a like compassion,—whose tears were dried when Augustine's soul, till then dead in sin, was restored to the life of grace in answer to her unremitting prayers. On her knees in her locked chamber she poured forth her soul in supplication. She divested herself of all share in the ill-gotten gains of Protestant greed, and promised to strive with all her power to lead her boy to do the same, if God would but spare him.

She rose from her knees strengthened and refreshed. Everything was in God's hands now. She could but wait and trust, and pray "without ceasing" for the accomplishment of the divine will.

Meanwhile the great specialist had formed his judgment. He could discover no fatal injury. He did not claim to be infallible. Unexpected turns might come about, which he could not foresee. Yet, with youth and a good constitution and skilful nursing on his side, Nicholas might still be spared to perpetuate his race and name.

None but God could estimate the depths of the widowed mother's thankfulness when the glad tidings reached her. Of the two so dearly loved, one had to be laid in the grave under the shadow of the ancient church which had seen many a generation of Calverleys borne thither; the other—as she firmly trusted—was to be spared to make reparation for the sins of his forefathers. He was free to act, for there was no entail on Minster Redgate. Her own little fortune, small as it was, would suffice for her own wants; she determined to stint herself in everything to give Nicholas his education and put him in the way of earning a livelihood until some property—insignificant compared with the broad acres of Redgate, but ample enough for a simple country gentleman—should pass to her at the death of an aged relative, to be at once bestowed upon her beloved boy. Thus, in spite of her overwhelming loss, there was a silver lining to her cloud of grief.

It was surprising how rapidly Nicholas gained strength, thanks to the diligent care and attention bestowed upon him. The presence of his mother by his sick-bed always filled him with pleasure. She, poor lady, thankful that her prayers had been so far granted, hid with zealous care her anxiety as to his acceptance of her proposal, awaiting the day when he should be capable of dis-

cussing the matter. At times she was tempted to suspect that he had gathered from her manner that something weighed upon her mind which had been concealed from him; for his eyes would search her face now and again with a questioning glance that needed no words to interpret a loving solicitude for her, of whose welfare and happiness he was now sole guardian.

Thus days and weeks passed by, and Nicholas was almost himself again. Father Sandal had long ago returned, and was a constant, almost daily visitor. Mrs. Calverley wondered sometimes why Nicholas should need so much advice from the priest; for their conferences were frequent and prolonged, as soon as the boy had grown really strong. Nicholas had always been edifying and regular as regards the practices of religion, without, however, displaying any extraordinary piety. The change puzzled her. Another disquieting sign was that he had begun to show embarrassment when they two were entirely alone. Had he guessed what was on her mind? Was he reluctant to confess to her that the sacrifice seemed to him uncalled for? Perhaps that was the meaning of these private talks with Father Sandal. She prayed long, and thought much upon the best way to broach the subject, but no satisfactory conclusion showed itself.

It was Nicholas himself who opened the way. He sought his mother one day.

"Mother," he began, "have you half an hour to spare?"

"As many half hours as you like," was her prompt reply.

"I have wanted to unburden my mind for days," he went on; "but I shrank from giving you pain. It must be told, however; Father Sandal says it is my duty to speak."

He paused nervously. Mrs. Calverley dared not interrupt, though her heart was beating violently.

"Ever since I was old enough to understand things," he went on, "I have been puzzled how you and I, as Catholics, could conscientiously live upon the spoils of the Church." (The mother's acts of thanksgiving rose swift to Heaven. How good God was to her!) "Of course dear old dad could not be expected to enter into such misgivings, and I hesitated about troubling your conscience. Now that he has gone, I am responsible. Mother dear, I must give it all up. You have enough for yourself, apart from Redgate; and I shall be all right. A way has opened out to me, of which I will tell you later. Say what you think about it."

What could she say but take him in her arms, and weeping with joy, tell him of her hopes and fears, now so happily banished?

"And what is this plan of yours?" she asked at last.

"It is that which I am afraid will really pain you," was his answer. "I want to give *myself* to God, as well as all I have. You remember the Benedictine monk who preached in the chapel just before that horrible day? I suppose it was his connection with the Order to which our house belonged that impressed his words so strongly upon my mind. Whatever it was, I made a promise to God during Mass on that day to restore these ill-gotten lands to their rightful owners in the way that He should make plain to me. Then, when I seemed near death, I offered myself to Him to serve Him in religion."

She spoke no word, she showed no sign even, of dissent, that heroic mother, though his words pierced her to the heart. God had accepted her sacrifice upon His own terms, not as she had planned it so carefully. He had changed the curse which had lowered over their house into a blessing; and that blessing was imparted, as blessings always are, with the Sign of the Cross.

An Irish Missionary in Italy.

BY A. J. REILLY.

A GENERATION or so ago, it was customary for even quite eminent scholars to speak of the period following the disintegration of the Roman Empire to the Reformation as the Dark Ages. The belief was apparently current among learned and unlearned alike that, owing to the various invasions of barbarians and semi-barbarians, coupled with the tyranny of the Church, education and learning were extinguished. And even to-day, when this idea has been pretty thoroughly disproved, popular writers are still reluctant to give credit to the part played by that country entitled to be considered the reservoir of culture during the earlier part of the period mentioned. But the recent centennial celebration at Bobbio, Italy, has turned the attention of students and scholars to Ireland.

The celebration at Bobbio was unique in that it was an Italian commemoration of the thirteenth centennial of a great Irishman, Columbanus or Columban, missionary and scholar. Columbanus must not be confused with that other Irish missionary, Columba or, in his own mellifluous Gaelic, Columcill, the Dove of the Cell. Columcill lived and worked in Iona, while Columbanus chose central Europe for his field of endeavor. Both were scholars of renown. But Columcill had attained man's estate, and had begun the work which, in the estimation of his countrymen, has placed him beside their patron, St. Patrick, when Columbanus was born, about the year 543 A. D. The latter pursued his mission upon the Continent during the disturbed reigns of the *Rois fainéants*. He was a contemporary of Pope Gregory and of Pope Boniface IV. Thus he lived at the beginning of the period of transition, which eventually

gave rise to the various distinct European nationalities.

Columbanus is but one of those giant figures who stalk across the pages of early Irish history, and whose story is as romantic, to our modern minds, as the tales of Cuchullain or Ossian. In him were commingled the natural virtues of the pagan Gael and the supernatural virtues of the ardent Christian. We are told by his biographer that he was singularly handsome of face and majestic of figure. Indeed, these personal perfections appear to have been the underlying reason for his departure from his native land.

Despite his attempt to lose himself in the study of grammar, rhetoric, geometry, the Holy Scriptures and other subjects, which attracted students of his day, he was constantly tempted by the seductions of the world. He left his home in Leinster, and sought refuge in the monastery of Bangor under the instruction of the great Congall. In the course of time he took monastic vows, and set out for Gaul accompanied by twelve other monks, as was then the custom. Among the twelve was Gall, who founded the famous monastery in Switzerland.

The earnestness, the eloquence, and above all the beauty and simplicity of the life of Columbanus won the semi-pagans of Gaul, where the people had lapsed in their practices of Christianity. King Gontran, grandson of Clovis, was so deeply impressed by the eloquent Irishman that he induced him to remain to convert the Franks and Burgundians. He settled at Annagrain, about the year 585 A. D. This was one of the wildest and most barren spots in the Vosges Mountains. But, nevertheless, the fame of the learning and sanctity of the Irish monks spread abroad, and soon the little monastery could not accommodate all who would learn wisdom at the feet of the Irish missionaries. The Saint

moved his school to more commodious quarters at Luxeuil, but did not entirely abandon his first settlement. At Luxeuil, the fame of Columbanus and his companions grew apace.

Agricultural labor formed no small part of the work of the monks over whom Columbanus ruled. And perhaps the example of these learned strangers, performing the common tasks of the simplest peasant, aided greatly in conquering the prejudices of the semi-pagans and reclaiming the fallen-away Christians. Be that as it may, in the beautiful words of St. Jerome, soon "the ploughman driving his team sang Alleluiah, the sweating mower chanted the psalms, and the vine-dresser, while he plied his knife, cheered his toil with snatches of sacred song." A beautiful picture, indeed, of life under the influence of the saintly Irish missionary.

But all this sweet tranquillity was soon to be interrupted for Columbanus. He became involved in a stirring controversy with the Frankish clergy. The peculiarity of the Irish dress and tonsure, and their different date for the celebration of Easter, were the subjects for attack from the Continental priests. Columbanus defended himself and his monks with patriotic vigor. His answer took the form of a letter to the Council, and is a singular mixture of humility and pride, of pathos and biting sarcasm,—truly a most remarkable document. But there is no trace of censure having been passed by the bishops of the Council upon him for his vigorous championship of the customs and practices of his native land, so dear to him and to his monks.

And the Easter controversy had scarcely concluded, when the Saint was engaged in a far more serious conflict with the Queen Brunehilde; and it terminated in his expulsion from the country. Frank and fearless, he stood out against this worldly and wicked woman,

and thundered his denunciation of the sins of those in high stations. The Queen, relying on the strength of her armed forces, refused to submit and to do penance for her crimes, and Columbanus was driven from the country. But the loss to Luxeuil was gain for Bobbio.

Arriving in Italy, Columbanus found the Arian heresy at its height, and immediately enlisted all his talents against it. He preached orthodoxy with a persuasive eloquence which kept him for some time in Milan, from which place he wrote his famous letter to Pope Boniface IV. In it was revealed all the Irishman's pride in, and love for, his country, as well as his loyalty to the Chair of Peter. "We Irish," wrote the ardent missionary, "though dwelling at the far ends of the earth, are all disciples of St. Peter and St. Paul... neither heretic, nor Jew, nor schismatic has ever been among us; but the Catholic faith, just as it was delivered to us by yourselves as successors to the Apostles, is held by us unchanged." The letter concludes: "We are devoted to the Chair of St. Peter; and Rome is the head of the Churches of the world."

The letters and messages of Columbanus from Italy to his monks at Luxeuil, are in striking contrast to his other epistles, and it is unfortunate more of them have not been preserved. But the works of Columbanus are still extant. His sermons, his "Book on the Eight Vices," and "Book of Latin Verse," give sufficient evidence of his erudition and versatility. Lannigan says of him that he was "a superior and very elegant genius, deeply versed, not only in every branch of ecclesiastical learning, but likewise in classical lore, both Greek and Latin."

His "Monastic Rules" give some idea of the manner of living of these early Irish missionaries, and are even more strict than the Benedictine rule. From

them we learn that high and low among the monks were equally bound to perform a certain amount of agricultural work under the direction of Columbanus himself. This would seem to prove him a master of the practical art of husbandry, and shows how he transformed a solitude into green fields and pastures. Another article ordained that the monks were to go to rest so fatigued that they should fall asleep on the way, and to get up before they had slept sufficiently. "It is at the cost of this excessive and perpetual labor," wrote the biographer of Columbanus, "that half of our own country and of ungrateful Europe has been restored to cultivation and life."

The death of Columbanus is supposed to have occurred in his monastery at Bobbio in the year 615, in the seventy-second year of his age. In Ireland, the 24th of November is celebrated as his festival with great solemnity, especially in the little chapel of Miltown, Rathmines, Dublin.

Farmer Thompson's Investment.

FARMER THOMPSON, although well versed in his own calling, was not considered the shrewdest of mortals in the knowledge of things in general. An instance of his reputed simplicity, however, turned out to be a very wise course of action.

One market day he went, as usual, to the neighboring city to dispose of a load of produce. When he had done so, and was ready to return home, he said to himself: "I guess 'twill be a good thing to take advantage of my opportunity. There's a lawyer feller here in town, and the advice he gives is generally satisfactory all round. I guess I'll go to him for an advice."

He accordingly inquired his way to the lawyer's office; but on arriving there found it full of clients. In consequence, he had to wait a long time;

finally came his turn to present himself, and he was shown into the private office.

"Take a seat, sir," said the lawyer. "What can I do for you to-day?"

"Well, you see, I've heard a good deal about you. From what everybody says, you give excellent advices. Now, as I had to come to town, I thought I had better hunt you up, and get an advice."

"Very well. About what do you wish me to advise you? Is it a lawsuit you have on hand?"

"Lawsuit! I never had one, and don't expect to. I don't take no stock in 'em."

"Are you thinking of making a division of your property? Is it a case of 'Betsy and I are out'?"

"No, there's no division at my place: all hands pull together first rate. As for Betsy, she's the old grey mare, and she has been out to pasture for the last six weeks or more."

The lawyer smiled. "Do you wish to raise money on a mortgage?"

"No, sir-ree! Not much I don't! The old farm is clear of debt now; and I don't propose to change that state of affairs, if I can help it."

"Well, then, what is the matter about which you desire to consult me?"

"Why, haven't I told you already that I want an advice? Of course I intend to pay you for it."

The lawyer smiled again, and, taking his pen, began to write:

"What is your name?"

"Judson Thompson."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-six."

"Your business?"

"Farmer."

Writing two lines in addition to this information, the lawyer folded the paper and handed it to his singular client, saying: "Ten dollars, please."

Mr. Thompson paid the fee, and carefully deposited the advice in his old-fashioned wallet, to be shown to and read by his wife. He himself was not

able to read writing that 'didn't look tolerable like print.'

Arriving home about five o'clock he was asked by one of the farm-hands whether or not the hay was to be hauled in that evening. It was all ready for the barn.

"Leave it till to-morrow," said Mrs. Thompson, "there's not time now."

"But the weather may change," said the harvester.

"Rest easy, Judson," rejoined Mrs. Thompson. "The wind is in the right quarter. There'll be no rain for three or four days, maybe."

Judson did not exactly know how to decide; but, happening to remember his visit to the lawyer, he produced the advice, and, handing it to his wife, said: "Here, Mirandy, read this."

She opened the paper and read: "*Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. In other words, don't procrastinate.*"

"You don't say so!" cried Judson. "Is that the way the thing reads? Well, that settles it. We'll get that hay in to-night, or I'll know the reason why. Here, boys," he called out, "get to work!"

Mrs. Thompson attempted to remonstrate, but was silenced by her husband's remarking,

"Look here, Mirandy. D'y'e suppose I'm fool enough to pay ten dollars for that there advice and then not make use of it?"

So the hay was got in, and this turned out to be a most fortunate evening's work; for that night there came an extra high tide, which flooded the lowlands, and swept away the hay of all Mr. Thompson's neighbors.

Next day the old farmer discovered that the insurance on his big barn was about to expire, and acting on the advice he had purchased, renewed his policy within twenty-four hours. "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do

to-day," he repeated. Before the end of the week the building was struck by lightning and entirely destroyed.

"See what it is to have gumption, Mirandy! That lawyer is a knowing feller, I'll say that for him. *No more prognosticating!* My, but they do use big words! That one was worth ten dollars though, every cent of it."

Judson never regretted the money paid for his advice; on the contrary, he declared that it was the best investment he had ever made; and it is an excellent counsel to follow in matters spiritual as well as temporal.

Power in Weakness.

The power of a child's lips and a child's fingers over the heart of a strong man has often been remarked. It is a wonderful thing, this helpfulness of helpless childhood!

When the famous actor, Mr. Sol Smith Russell, lost a valuable business block in Minneapolis by fire one Winter, he became for a time deeply despondent. It was impossible to play the comical rôle that he had undertaken with such a load lying on his heart, for the fire had destroyed a large part of the earnings of a lifetime. While he was meditating his misfortune one evening in an Eastern city, a letter was handed to him, and a glance told him it was from his little daughter. His face brightened and his habitual smile returned as he read these words, laboriously scrawled in a childish hand:

DEAR PAPA:—I went to see your store that was burned down, and it looks ever so pretty, all covered with snow and ice. Love and kisses from

LILLIAN.

The child's point of view wrought a complete change in the mind of the susceptible actor. "Nobody," he said, in relating the incident, "ever went on the stage with a lighter heart than I did that night."

In Behalf of the Negro.

AS regards the Jews and ourselves, the assertion of Imperial Wizard Evans, of the "Invisible Empire," that "Jews, Catholics and Negroes do now, and forever will, defy every fundamental requirement of assimilation," is too preposterous to deserve notice. It is different, however, in the case of the Negroes, and we are glad to note an able rejoinder to the calumny by one of themselves, Mr. James Weldon Johnson, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. "There is every reason," he declares, "to believe that the Negro can and will rise to the highest level that American citizenship demands. Mr. Evans asserts that 'the experience of centuries confirms the conclusion' that he can not do this. I declare that the experience of the last half century demonstrates absolutely that he can. When it is remembered that only fifty-six years ago at the emancipation from slavery, which had lasted more than two centuries, the race was practically penniless, homeless and illiterate, and has had to meet almost insuperable obstacles, the progress which it has made economically, socially, educationally, is little short of amazing; and there are no signs that the race has reached the limits of its possibilities for development."

Preaching in St. Augustine's (colored) Church, Washington, D. C., many years ago, Archbishop Ireland expressed the same views. They were then characterized as extreme, but would now be regarded as the sober truth by all except the class to which the Ku-Kluxers belong. "Equality for the colored man is coming. The colored people are showing themselves worthy of it. . . . Let our colored brethren be industrious, purchase homes, respect law and order, educate themselves and their children, and keep insisting on their rights." And this is

what the colored people of the United States have been doing ever since, and what the persecution of the Ku-Klux Klan will cause them to continue doing, only with increased energy and renewed courage. As showing the spirit which animates them, and the enlightenment that is becoming more and more general, we append a letter received some time ago from a colored woman in one of our Western States. There are no changes in it, only omissions.

Rev. Father, while reading *THE AVE MARIA*, I read an article concerning the Negro.

The extract of the Southern Negro's speech is true, Father, and very mildly spoken at that. The same bitter prejudice exists right here in — where I was born and live.

We have a law on our statute books reading: "No one shall be excluded from any public place on account of race, color or previous servitude"; and yet, Father, we are not allowed into the majority of "movies," and are Jim Crowed in the ones admitting us. In no hotel or café are we allowed to walk in and eat. Can you blame the Negro for not respecting the law, and becoming Bolshevik? Think what the American Negro is—a mere ignorant, crawling babe in the lap of civilization, with no help to grow aright. It is not the South only that is making a human brute of him, but the North also.

Our boys rallied to "Old Glory," went overseas, fought and died for world-wide democracy, and, when the surviving ones returned, how were they greeted? With the same old story, "Jim Crow Car." And in one place where an officer (col.) refused, he was dragged from the coach in uniform and arrested.

In June, 1919, two other women and myself, hearing of a splendid picture in the Orpheum, went to the ticket office, and were refused tickets, unless we were buying for white persons. We told the agent they were for ourselves; she refused. We asked why, and she answered, "we do not admit your people." We told her we were law-abiding, red-blooded Americans. I said: "One of my sons went over and received a slight injury in the Argonne." We told her Mexicans had just entered who were as dark as we. Just then one of the young men ushers stepped forward and spoke like we were brutes.

We said let us speak to the manager, please. He was not in. We waited quietly for forty minutes, but he never came. The same usher

ran out to a near-by 'phone, then came back. After whispering to his co-workers, he stood in the entry, as if we should attempt to enter he would throw us out.

This is no fairy tale, Father. Neither religion, womanhood, motherhood, nor anything sane, could cover our race.

Now what can America expect of a mis-treated, misguided people like the Negro? How can you demand respect, Father, for what you do not respect yourself?

Greece to herself doth a barbarian grow,—
Others could not, she doth herself o'erthrow.

And that is just what the white American is coming to by letting their race prejudice, in the Church and out of it, carry them beyond all law and order.

Not a year ago, Father, right here, a respectable (?) white man was killed in one of the lowest Negro resorts in town. He was married. His young wife, an expectant mother, sat at home waiting for him, when word was brought of his death. They said: The law must be respected, and the Negro (who shot the man unintentionally) was tried, sentenced, and is now serving time in the state prison.

In April of 1920, a Negro lad about 18, and a white lad near the same age, were "tramping" together near Mulberry, Kan., when they met a white girl. The same old act was committed,—the black boy was accused, and lynched right there and then, although he pleaded innocent; the white lad was placed in jail, and a few weeks later made a written confession of the whole crime.

These are only a very few of the horrors of race prejudice right here,—not in the South, for which, Father, I do pray that God will send deliverance. How can we grow into law-abiding citizens under such lawless influence!

On account of who you are, I am taking this liberty of writing to you, to assure you that even an unbiased statement of the true conditions of my people in America would be shocking and incredible.

I thank you, Father, and ask you to remember us in your daily Mass.

The writer evidently expressed only a part of what she felt, but her points are well taken. We have received letters from college graduates that were far less creditable to them than is the one above quoted to a representative of the race that is described as ignorant, superstitious, and "hopelessly incapable of higher development."

Notes and Remarks.

The assertion that the political prestige of a single powerful government would be the surest guarantee for the safeguarding of the rights of Christendom in the Holy Land, is combated by Cardinal Bourne in a preface to the new edition of Fr. Meistermann's "Guide to Palestine." His Eminence contends that it is only by the presence there of Catholics of every race and language that their rights can be maintained; and he expresses the hope that pilgrims in ever-increasing numbers from every country in the world will undertake the journey to the Holy Land. Of especial importance and timeliness is this statement of the Cardinal: "Reliance on any one nation, or influence, or speech, can, in present circumstances, only lead to misunderstanding and ultimate disaster. The Holy Places are the sacred and inalienable possession and concern of all who profess the Catholic Faith, whatever be the language in which they proclaim their Faith and offer their prayers to God. To use such things with a view to the maintenance or extension of worldly power or political influence would indeed be a misuse of them, neither meriting nor deserving to receive God's blessing."

Catholic organizations like the Knights of Columbus have a field for the exertion of their influence in Jerusalem as well as in Rome.

There is much with which many readers will not agree in a new book by Mr. Hubert Adams Gibbons ("Europe Since 1918"), though in the light of fuller knowledge, certain of his opinions and statements seem quite incontrovertible; for instance, that "the yearning for humanity expressed at the Peace Conference in Paris was a sham; and the proclamation of the doctrine of self-determination, a falsehood. The moral

issue was simply buncombe to make people feel good and to arouse them against the Germans."

Mr. Gibbons has travelled much in Europe, and talked with many leading men there during the five years which have elapsed since the peace, thus gaining a considerable amount of real knowledge which he is eager to impart to all who are disposed to accept it. As a result of his investigation of conditions and of his association with persons who are well informed, if not always so frank as they might be, he has come to the conclusion that: "These are the three reasons why Europe since 1918 has not found peace. The League of Nations is impotent, with or without the United States as a member, to restore Europe to peace until the three Furies—Vanity, Greed, and Revenge,—cease raging."

Presidential candidates are being announced by their supporters, or are announcing themselves. It is more or less inevitable that among names still to be definitely put forward will be that of Governor Smith of New York. His being a Catholic will undoubtedly affect his chances for the nomination, but possibly not to the extent that a good many of our co-religionists seem to take for granted. Political expediency, rather than religious prejudice, will most probably be the determining motive in naming the Democratic candidate. In any case, if we are ever to have a Catholic President, it is time that a Catholic candidate should face the country. Even if unsuccessful, as it is not improbable he would be, the ice of bigotry will at least be broken, the idea of a Catholic President will work its way into the mentality of average Americans—and some future Catholic candidate will be successful. In the meanwhile, there is something of timely interest in a declaration made by the late Theodore Roosevelt in Novem-

ber, 1908. In his characteristically vigorous style, he said:

"You say that 'the mass of the voters that are not Catholics will not support a man for any office, especially for President of the United States, who is a Roman Catholic.' I believe that when you say this you slander your fellow-countrymen. I do not for one moment believe that the mass of our fellow-citizens can be influenced by such narrow bigotry as to refuse to vote for any thoroughly upright and fit man because he happens to have a particular religious creed. Such a consideration should never be treated as a reason for either supporting or opposing a candidate for political office. Are you aware that there are several States in this Union where the majority of the people are now Catholics? I should reprobate in the severest terms the Catholics who in those States (or in any other States) refused to vote for the most fit man because he happened to be a Protestant; and my condemnation would be exactly as severe for Protestants who, under reversed circumstances, refused to vote for a Catholic."

While admitting that Dr. A. J. Barnouw, in his new book, "Holland Under Queen Wilhelmina," writes judiciously and with an intimate knowledge of the events he describes and of the men who controlled them, the *London Times Literary Supplement* reproduces the following passage to show the anti-British bias of the work:

Those who feared or hated the Germany of the Hohenzollerns did not necessarily love the England of the Harmsworths. Especially the older generation, who could neither forget nor forgive the Boer War, felt little inclined to give Great Britain credit for throwing in her lot with Belgium and France in their hour of need. Self-interest dictated to England that course. Her own safety demanded the maintenance of two small States such as Belgium and Holland on the opposite shore of the Continent; and for England to advertise herself

as the protector of small nations was deemed a piece of brazen hypocrisy. England's best friends in Holland did not deny the selfish motive. . . . The manner in which the Boer generals, Botha and Smuts, rallied to the assistance of the Empire was a painful surprise to the Dutch friends of the Boers. Instead of taking it as a proof that England's liberal policy in South Africa had made amends for the crime of fifteen years earlier, they saw in the two distinguished Boer leaders traitors to their own cause.

Hollanders have reason to be proud of the part played by their country during the World War, and of the firmness and courage shown by Queen Wilhelmina in maintaining its neutrality.

That the political and economic emancipation of women has been on the whole a benefit to the civilization of the Twentieth Century is a statement which may be disputed; but that the emancipation has been accompanied by conditions the reverse of lovely is scarcely open to question. The reaction to the acquisition of privileges from which they had long been debarred has been, in a number of cases, distressing; and there is good ground for re-echoing these words of the *Boston Pilot*: "Time was when the words, mother, wife, and child, bore about them a sweetness and a sanctity almost supernal. Modern women in the press and on the lecture platform will much more effectively advance the cause of true womanhood, if they use their best efforts to try to make society conform to these ideals, instead of sacrificing them, their noblest heritage through the ages, to the exactions of modern society."

From "Miss Watts," a new novel, described by its author, Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow, as "an old-fashioned romance," we quote the following fine passage, referring to the conversion to the Faith of one of the characters:

Of several things which have always vexed me in the Roman Catholic religion, the cultus

of the Virgin Mary has always been one of the foremost. But all of a sudden my old grudge was torn up by the roots, my mind was wrenched right round. . . . This was the Woman whom a very archangel saluted; the Woman who said that all generations should call her blessed; the Woman on whom Christian art had lavished its most loving pains; before whom the purest Saints, the most learned Doctors, the most splendid Pontiffs, have knelt in reverence. A Woman, in one sense, dead nearly two thousand years; a Woman who was always sorrowful, always poor, yet a Woman who was, somehow, for Lady Hilda and Dollie, for the Marquis and Lady Cressover and Felix, and for Parkes, the postman, and for the little children from Sillmouth, a friend, a mother, yet, withal, a Queen enthroned above the sun and moon. And in the shadowy church, while the blinding heat ran like a river of molten lava, down Broad-street, we faced each other, this Woman and I,—she with her pity, I with my pride.

The daily newspaper has come up for discussion once more. Mr. Chester S. Lord's book, "The Young Man and Journalism," emphasizes the utility of the press as an instrument for arousing popular fervor during the war. "All governments," declares this candid volume, "used the press lavishly with intent to guide, to conceal, to accomplish. They 'felt the pulse' of the people constantly and subtly. Proposed policies were often tested. Often they were suggested to divert attack from the real policy, or to take the sting from it." Mr. Villard, the crusading editor of the *Nation*, thereupon shook his fist at the cynical and time-serving honesty of Mr. Lord. "He either fails to appreciate what this degradation meant to the press of the world, or he glories in its shame," comments the *Nation*. "That the free press of the world should have been so prostituted ought to cause every newspaper man to hang his head, for never in the history of journalism has it been so debased. At no other period has it printed such a mass of lies as during and since the war, with the result that

it has lost prestige and standing with the masses, who no longer have any faith whatever in the statements of the conventional daily."

A noble sentiment, but it smacks of idealism. Whether people have faith in newspapers or not, they spend most of their reading time going up and down the columns of the daily. Since this must build up practically their only mental conning-tower, it remains quite as plausible as ever to suppose with Mr. Lord that the world looks at the world through the windows of the newspaper office. Not to destroy these, but to repair and cleanse and brighten them is the great practical opportunity of the honorable journalist.

Any one who knows anything of the Roman Catholic Church in South America knows that never probably in the history of that Church—and that is saying a good deal—has its religion reached such a low ebb as in South America in recent times. There are multitudes of people who are supposed to be Christians of the Roman Catholic Church who are virtually non-religious, and in many cases absolutely nothing short of heathen.

This slur on the Catholicity of South America was made several months ago by Canon Wilson, Anglican rector of St. Mary's, Cheltenham, England. A long-delayed reply to it, by Richard Cannon, M. D., a resident of Viña del Mar, near Valparaiso, Chili, appears in a recent issue of the *London Tablet*:

I have been some fifty years a resident in Chili and have seen the country from Tacna to Punta Arenas, as well as many other countries in South America, and I have had a wide knowledge of Roman Catholicism both in the laity and clergy of these countries, and I can aver that a vast majority of those people are as good Catholics as can be found in any country; and, as regards being incredulous and heathen, they have nothing to envy the so-called more enlightened peoples of Europe or the States in those particulars.

Here in Chili we have a highly educated and saintly clergy and episcopacy, and a pious, devoted and most charitable laity; and I am sure

the Almighty will reward them in just proportion to their merits equally with the more pharisaical peoples who pride themselves on moral superiority.

I have known the piety of our Irish people, and Pius IX. personally told me that Ireland was very dear to his heart by having always preserved the Faith; but I can state that in our churches all over Chili I have been as much edified by the devotion I witnessed as ever I have been in Ireland. In the homes of the poor in Chili when illness or misfortune, such as earthquake or pestilence, tried to the utmost the hearts of the people, I have been edified beyond measure to see the true Christianity displayed by those poor souls in resignation to the Divine Will and in Samaritan-like help to one another. That is where true Roman Catholicism finds a field for its exercise and a touchstone for its sincerity. The country abounds in orphanages, hospitals, asylums, and such-like charities.

As regards public morals, this city puts to shame many and many a European city I could name. Here the streets are decent at night. One may be robbed, it is true, or murdered, as in any city; but pure-minded young men or maidens can safely walk without being molested by the vileness of solicitation which shames any great city in the United Kingdom after nightfall.

We reproduce only those passages of Dr. Cannon's letter which are most to the point. It is a deplorable circumstance that, as in this instance, false accusations against the Church should remain so long unanswered. It would have been easy for many persons nearer to London than is Valparaiso to have convicted Canon Wilson of ignorance and falsity; and no time should have been lost in doing this, considering the severity, frequency and wide publicity of strictures on the Catholics of South American countries.

An impression obtains, more or less generally, that the more absurd among the accusations against the Church gain credence only with the most illiterate people. It may be interesting, therefore, to quote a passage from the autobiography of a person of quite a different class. An ex-officer of the British

Army contributes, under his own signature, to a sectarian English paper (the *Christian Herald*) an article called "A British Soldier's Life-Story," which contains the following utterly preposterous statements:

My parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents were all Roman Catholics. They belonged to the strictest sect of the Roman Catholics—the Jesuits. Every Saturday night we had to confess before the priest, paying for the indulgence of our sins according to our worldly possessions. (I paid half a crown every week for I don't know how long.) If I cared to pay £5 down, I was granted an indulgence of three hundred days—that is, for three hundred days I could sin as much as I liked, and if I died during that time, I should certainly go to heaven.

The United States, of course, has its fair share of morons, but it is altogether doubtful that, outside our insane asylums, there can be found so thorough a lack-wit as the author of such assertions as the foregoing.

If the religious condition of other States of the Union is found to be like that of Indiana, which is typically American, future statistics of the Institute of Social and Religious Research are sure to be studied with particular interest. Some of the facts gathered about Indiana are:

Sixty-one and one-fifth per cent of the population is not identified with any religious denomination, and half of the Protestant children of Indiana do not attend Sunday school; fifty per cent of those who do attend are absent half of the Sundays that their names are on the roll. So that only a small number receive a total of twelve hours of religious teaching annually.

These figures are all the more significant from the fact that Indiana is the most Ku-Klux of all our States, at least of all the Northern States. Indifference is likely to be followed by irreligion, and in time irreligion will be followed by anarchy.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

God's Fairest Flower.

BY M. W.

THE angel sang
Of thy blessed state,
O Mary born
Immaculate!


To thee, be honor,
Through every hour,
O purest lily,
God's fairest flower!

Oh, keep our hearts
As fresh as dew,
That we may sing
Thy praises, too!

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

XXIII.—SURPRISES.

HE brigadier and his sergeant, carrying behind them Harnisette and Nassimar, had started at a gallop on the trail of the moving picture artists. All four were boiling with rage and thirsting for vengeance, as was not unnatural in view of the trick which Snappy had played them.

Learning, from peasants met with along the way, the direction taken by the automobiles, they finally reached the entrance of the chateau's grounds where they saw the two cars near the gatekeeper's lodge.

"They are here!" exclaimed Harnisette and Nassimar, slipping off the horses' backs, and hurrying towards the gate.

Less impulsive, the brigadier and his companion concluded to get some information before dismounting. They called to the gatekeeper.

The keeper came out of his lodge and

approached the riders, politely saluting, as was proper, the representatives of authority.

"Could you perhaps inform me," questioned the brigadier, "where they have gone, the persons who occupied these automobiles?"

"You mean the cinema artists?" replied the keeper.

"Artists! Humph! Yes, they impress me as being famous artists! Didn't they have with them a young boy?"

"I saw two lads, and the bigger one was fashionably dressed. Good heaven, what a comical boy he was!"

"Comical, eh? That's your opinion, is it? Well, let me tell you that it is your taste that is comical," rejoined the officer, frowning on his informant. "'Tis for him that I am here. Sergeant, forward!"

He made as if to pass into the garden; but the keeper uttered a cry of protest, and placed himself before the horses with outstretched arms. He respected authority, of course, but on the other hand he had an equally strong sense of his responsibility.

"There's no entering here without permission from the owner," he protested. "I can't let you pass."

From the interior of the lodge the keeper's wife heard the discussion, and at once hastened out to assist her husband in resisting the invasion of the garden. The keeper seized the bridle of the brigadier's mount, and his wife grabbed that of the sergeant's horse.

"We are pursuing criminals," indignantly cried the officer.

"That makes no difference. This is private property," rejoined the keeper, who was beginning to grow somewhat angry, himself.

The brigadier dismounted in a rage, and his sergeant followed suit.

"We'll see whether you can prevent our going in," said the former. "Sergeant, follow me."

Leaving their horses in the hands of the protesting keeper and his wife, both policemen set off at a run through the nearest alley. Encouraged by their example, Harnisette and Nassimar hastened through the gate and followed them as fast as they could.

Occupied in holding the horses, the guardians of the gate had been unable to oppose their entrance. Outraged by the invasion, they now let go the bridles, and, seizing a rake and a pitchfork which leaned against the wall of their lodge, they made haste after the invaders, delivering at the same time threats and menaces.

It was this noise that Snappy had heard and that forewarned him of the arrival of the peasants and the police.

After running through different garden paths, the four pursuers of the escaped lawbreakers came in sight of the group on the terrace, in the centre of which stood Artie and his mother.

On beholding so respectable a company of ladies and gentlemen, both peasants and police were a little taken aback. Recognizing Snappy, however, they felt their anger flaming anew, and recovered their courage.

The anger of the respective couples, be it noted, was not directed against the same individual. It was towards Artie that Harnisette and Nassimar rushed, while the brigadier and his sergeant reserved their frowns and threats for Snappy, who, at sight of the officers, pretended to be overcome with terror, although he was on the sly making faces at both of them.

"Here he is! The young rascal!" cried Harnisette, running with outstretched arms towards Artie, who had taken refuge behind his mother.

And the furious Nassimar, giving free rein to his hatred, clenched his fists as he exclaimed:

"He's ours, and he must be returned to us. If not there'll be—"

"You little imp, I've got you at last," said the brigadier in his turn, grasping Snappy by the shoulders.

His words were drowned by a violent outbreak of barking. Rex had at once recognized the peasants, his persecutors at Tellivot; and he faced them with bared teeth that promised to do injury if they came any nearer to his young master. The noise grew tumultuous.

"For the love of the Muses, what is all this about?" groaned Madam Gibbous, covering her ears, and throwing horrified glances around her.

Ichabod, to show how completely he was in unison with his mistress, at once put on an expression of boredom, exclaiming: "What confusion! What a hurly-burly! How repugnant is all this to the artistic sense!"

There was one of Nolatri's company, however, who apparently did not think the scene at all repugnant to art; for Winder was busily working his camera with the utmost unconcern. Once there was question of a film, he allowed nothing whatever to interfere with his getting every movement faithfully entered on his reel.

Prevented by the valorous resistance of Rex from getting possession of Artie, the peasants appealed to the police officers.

"Are you going to make them give the boy back to us? Yes, or no?" demanded Harnisette.

As for Nassimar, allowing the instincts of his savage nature to overcome him, he brandished his cudgel as if to crush the dog's skull.

Artie uttered a cry of terror and put himself directly in front of Rex, to protect the beloved dog.

"Brigadier!" Madam Rolante in her

turn called out to the officer; "what is the meaning of this scene? By what right do you come into my garden to threaten my guests? I shall complain to your superiors about the violence of those who accompany you."

Thus recalled to order, the brigadier dropped Snappy and threw himself on Nassimar whose arm he arrested as it was about to deliver a blow with the cudgel.

"Have you lost your senses?" he demanded. "I'll finish by putting the iron bracelets on you."

Abashed, the peasant dropped his cudgel, saying: "Well, then, make them give up what is ours."

"To be sure!" chimed in Harnisette sharply. "'Tis queer business, I must say, to see the law taking the part of rascals against honest people. Yes, or no? Isn't it down on the paper that we are the guardians of the boy?"

"Yes, or no?" repeated Nassimar, "didn't he run away from us?"

"Doubtless, doubtless," said the brigadier in a soothing tone; "and I am here to see that justice is done to you."

Satisfied with this assurance, the peasants consented to let him explain matters to Madam Rolante.

The brigadier placed his hand on Artie's shoulder.

"Your pardon, Madam!" he began. "It is this boy that these persons have come to seek. Their documents are in order; I have examined them. Consequently, and with your permission, I arrest him in order to restore him to his lawful guardians."

Rather proud of having spoken so eloquently, the brigadier wiped his brow, while he took hold of Artie's arm.

"With my permission!" cried Madam Rolante. "Do you imagine for a moment that I shall allow you to take this child away? By what pretended right do these people claim him? I am curious to know."

"'Tis marked down on the papers," exclaimed Harnisette and Nassimar in unison, the former waving the will in triumph.

"That's about the way it is," commented the officer. "It appears that the deceased grandfather of this boy appointed them with all due legal form to be his guardians."

Thoroughly impressed, Madam Rolante took the greasy paper, and, with rising indignation, read the last proof of hatred left by her implacable father-in-law. At the same time, by the permission of Providence, this very paper, designed to keep Artie forever separate from his mother, furnished her with a new and absolute proof of the identity of her son.

"Making this will," said Artie's mother, "was a wicked action; but, fortunately, it is worth nothing at all."

"Worth nothing?" roared Nassimar, his eyes flashing with fury.

"That's to be proved," commented Harnisette, striking an attitude of strong defiance.

"And may one inquire," asked the astounded brigadier, "what makes it null and void?"

"It is null and void," said Madam Rolante, "because the grandfather of this boy had no right to dispose of him and confide him to the care of this, that, or the other guardian without the consent of the boy's mother,—the mother who is living. That mother is myself."

Harnisette and her son changed color. "You are—"

"The mother of Artie, the widow of Georges Rolante; or, if you will, Mrs. Mary Connor Rolante. I presume, brigadier, that a mother's rights take precedence over all others. You will not dispute that?"

The officer had no intention of disputing it. Turning on the stupefied peasants a withering glance, he dismissed them summarily.

"You have heard?" he said. "You've deceived me and mixed me up in a matter that might have effected my disgrace! Off with you, and see that you don't get in my way again!"

"Sold, you cowardly villains, sold!" shouted Snappy, charmed at this sentence.

His jubilation was, however, a little ill-timed; for his remark brought back to the brigadier's memory the account he had to render for the trick played at the inn. Through the intercession of Artie, aided by the request of his mother, however, the officer finally agreed to let bygones be bygones, and even consented to shake Snappy's hand, as did his sergeant.

In the meantime, the defeated peasants had resolved to make at least one more attempt to retain their position at Tellivot. They perceived that the appearance of Artie's mother had played havoc with their design of keeping control of the boy; but they cherished the hope that, by playing on the generosity of the mother, they might still hold their places on the property, and continue to enjoy the numerous privileges.

Accordingly, they asked permission to address Madam Rolante again; and, having obtained it, Harnisette proceeded to tell of the esteem they had always entertained for old Mr. Rolante, his good opinion of them, the length of time they had been in his service, their care for the little grandson, their affection for the boy, and the kindness they had shown him after the old man's death.

At this last barefaced lie, Artie made a movement forward, and was just going to contradict the old woman flatly, when Snappy, who had slipped up behind him, pulled his jacket; and, when Artie turned around, put his finger to his lips to impose silence. He wanted to see how far Harnisette would push her boldness and her lying.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Pope's Tiara.

The tiara, or triple crown of the Pope, was originally a plain high cap, much like those in which the Doges of Venice are so often represented in old pictures and medals. It was first introduced by Pope Nicholas I., in 860. It is doubtful when the first coronet was added; but the second was placed by Pope Boniface VIII., in 1295; and the third by Pope Urban V., about 1368. It has been held that the three crowns refer to the Holy Trinity, though that evidently could not have been the original idea, or they would not have been added one after the other, with an interval in each case of many years. Others affirm that they denote the threefold royalty of the Bishop of Rome: one being the symbol of the temporal power over the Roman States; another, the spiritual power exercised over men; and the third, the authority over all Christendom.

Punished as He Deserved.

A miser having lost a purse containing ten pounds, offered a reward of one pound to the finder. Next day a poor man presented himself with the purse, saying he had found it on the road. But the miser refused to pay the reward, insisting that the purse, which he pretended to examine very carefully, now contained only nine pounds. The poor man was advised to take the matter to court, and when the case was tried, the judge asked the miser if he had the purse with him. It was produced, and the judge ordered the clerk to count the money and whisper the amount to him. This being done, he said to the miser, "You are sure this purse contained only nine pounds when it was returned to you?" — "Yes, your Honor." — "Then this can not be your purse, for it contains ten pounds. The finder may keep it until the real owner appears."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Mr. Shane Leslie's new novel, "Doomsland," is written round the events leading up to the recent revolution in Ireland. Chatto and Windus are the publishers.

—A fine set of the famous Complutensian polyglot Bible, produced under the supervision of Cardinal Ximenes, in six folio volumes (1514-17), was sold last month in London. It came from a royal library.

—Mr. Hilaire Belloc's new book, "Sonnets and Verse," (Duckworth) includes only those poems which he wishes to preserve, though he has written three volumes of verse. The selection is varied, including epigrams, songs and fine tributes to the Faith.

—An admirably simple and concise method of practical bookkeeping, with sundry short cuts in figures, is "The Vest Pocket Book-keeper," by F. M. Payne (New York: T. J. Carey & Co.) In exceedingly brief space it imparts much that is of importance in the science of accounts.

—"Christianity and Reconstruction," a new book by the Rev. J. M. Bampton, S. J. (Sands & Co.), is described as "an attempt to indicate the lines on which reconstruction, especially in the world of Labor, would proceed, if carried out on the principles of Christian ethics, and an examination of methods proposed for the solution of the Labor Problem which involve a departure therefrom."

—The especial merit of Lady Lovat's new book, "The Church and the Christian Soul," is that it gives the cream of many treatises which are too voluminous and erudite for the generality of readers. She has rendered a distinct service, and it is a pleasure to recommend once more a book of such great excellence and usefulness. It is now for sale in this country (Price, \$2). A volume of convenient size, and nicely got up, it would be an appropriate and acceptable gift.

—Those who are interested in poetry are not justified in any way if they overlook contemporary beauty in verse-form. There is a host of singers on all sides of us, repeating in new strains the things that have always mattered, and discovering here and there something that had escaped attention. Many attempts have been made to gather into one book some of the best of modern poems. A fresh and interesting one is "Verse of Our Day," as collected by Margery Gordon and Marie B. King.

(D. Appleton & Co.) This book contains over three hundred poems by almost half as many authors. The principle of selection employed is broad and catholic enough, although not everybody will be satisfied. Personally we miss poems by Mr. Belloc, Lady Sackville, Wilfred Blunt, Irwin Russell, Helen Parry Eden and John Boyle O'Reilly, to mention just a few. In general, however, this volume will prove decidedly useful.

—Lord Charnwood, in his recent study of Lincoln, says of the famous address at Gettysburg, delivered on Nov. 19, 1863: "The few words of Abraham Lincoln were such as perhaps sank deep, but left his audience unaware that a classic had been spoken which would endure with the English language." The popular notion that this address was "dashed off" while on the way to Gettysburg is quite false; it was very carefully prepared. The first public appreciation of its beauty, strange to say, was expressed in England.

—A collection of poems, for the most part by undergraduates of the University of Notre Dame since 1917, has been brought out by the Scribblers' Club of that institution. The fifty selections are representative of the serious and excellent work which the young men have accomplished in the field of poetry. Religion, love, war, and nature in her varied moods are the chief subjects of the poems, and they are characterized by spontaneity, simplicity and felicity of expression. A creditable production in all respects is "The Scribblers' Book of Notre Dame Verse."

—"Goode's School Atlas," by J. Paul Goode, Ph. D. (Rand McNally & Co.), is a substantially bound large quarto of 149 pages thus distributed: 12 pages are given to the table of contents and preliminary advice to the student and teacher; 96 are devoted to the maps; and 40 to the very full index. The outstanding feature of this atlas is, at first view, the brightness of the coloring of the maps. Another feature which differentiates the work from others of its kind is the altogether subordinate place assigned to Mercator's projection. Among the maps worthy of particular mention are those showing climatic conditions, density of population, races of men, the great religions, paths of cyclones, world-trade divisions and regions, ocean cables, the flow of ocean commerce, steamship lines, and principal coaling and fuel oil stations. The index differs

from those of most other atlases, by referring one to the degree of latitude and that of longitude in which the particular place is situated on an indicated map. A very complete and valuable book.

—"Cures," by James Walsh, M. D., is more particularly described in the sub-title as "The Cures That Failed." The author's thesis seems to be that the cures under discussion were invariably successful whenever a patient had nothing very serious the matter with him, provided he could summon up enough belief to make himself well in spite of any objective ill-effects of the panacea. Among the means by which human credulity has thus been constituted a factor in pathology are a curious variety of drugs, fetiches, baths, harmless waters, mechanical and electrical devices, incantations, and laying on of hands. The book is up to the minute with a diverting exposition of Couéism which, it is interesting to note, is set down as a species of psycho-analysis. Dr. Walsh labors to be as serious as possible in treating the topics he takes up; but, of course, like a good many writers who are facetiously inclined, he misses an occasional opportunity of displaying restraint. However, the reader will be grateful to discover valuable scientific discussion as the flow of humor goes merrily on. D. Appleton & Co. are the publishers.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Life Everlasting." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan, D. D. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.

"The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal." Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers.) \$6.

"God or Gorilla." Alfred Watterson McCann. (Devin-Adair Co.) \$3.50.

"Christian Spirituality." Rev. P. Pourrat. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$4.20.

"The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart." Maud Monahan. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

"The Conversion of the Pagan World." Paolo Manna, M. Ap. (Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.) \$1.50.

"The Life of Cornelia Connelly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." A. Member of the Society. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.

"The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.

"The Life of Cardinal Gibbons." Allan Sinclair Will, Litt. D. Two volumes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$10.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Valentine Austin, of the archdiocese of San Francisco; and Rev. John Brislan, S. J.

Sister M. Joseph and Sister M. Xavier, of the Order of the Presentation; Sister M. Antoninus and Sister Rose Vincent, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Cyprian, Sisters I. H. M.; and Sister M. Vincent, Sisters of Mercy.

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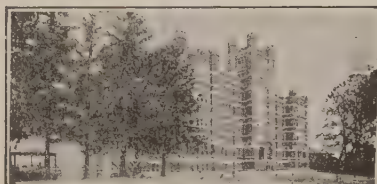
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No. 25

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The King of Heaven was cradled
In the crib where oxen fed.
Yet Heaven's light was shining there,
Making the cave, so cold and bare,
Heaven's anteroom, most wondrous fair.

Venite adoremus Dominum!

No servitors moved round Him
With hushed and gentle tread,
Only a Maiden kneeling
Beside His lowly bed
In adoration deep and still:
Such love no heart save hers could fill.
No sound save angel-music stirred,—
In deepest silence came the Word.

Venite adoremus Dominum!

Thoughts at the Crib.

BY DOM BASIL WELD, O. S. B.



T. JOSEPH was a scion of the tribe of Judah and of the House of David. As such, in obedience to the edict of

Rome, it was necessary for him to present himself at Bethlehem of Judah, the home of the House of David, to which he belonged. With St. Joseph went Mary, his virgin spouse, who was then with Child.

Over hill and vale they passed until at length they reached the country of

Benjamin and the land of Judah; just north of the border stood Jerusalem, and a few miles south of it Bethlehem. All along the route the holy couple must have met others travelling to their respective cities and towns; and no doubt as our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph neared their destination, and crossed the fields of Booz, wherein Ruth many generations before had gleaned the corn, and the pastures where David the King, of the root of Jesse and of Ruth, had tended his flocks, they thought of all these treasures of traditional and written lore so dear to the Hebrew heart; and they must have passed by the way of Rachel's tomb, wherein Jacob laid his beloved to rest; and remembered that it was at Bethlehem of Judah that Samuel, God-chosen, had been anointed king.

Mary must have remembered also that it had been foretold that the Messiah would be sprung from the House of David and of the seed of Jesse; and that by the prophet it had been written: "And thou, Bethlehem, the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah; for out of thee shall come forth the Captain that shall rule My people Israel." And she may have asked herself who would anoint Him as King? Moreover, she now knew, so far as human reason could tell, that her own Son was to be born in this same city; that there she was to raise up the Seed which was to crush the serpent's head, the Fruit of the Second

Eve, which was to manifest to the Jews the God of their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and to the world, the Saviour of all those who would hear His voice and listen to His teaching.

As they approached Bethlehem, Mary and Joseph saw that it was crowded, and a cold fear passed into that Mother's heart lest there should be no room for her and her Babe in the inns and lodgings of the town. And so, indeed, it proved. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." "And it came to pass that when they were there her days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." And our Blessed Lady found verified in her those words of the Prophet Isaias: "Behold, a Virgin shall conceive, and bring forth a Son; and His name shall be called Emmanuel,"—which, being interpreted, is "God with us."

The inns and houses being too full to admit them, Mary and Joseph were compelled to find shelter in a cave, or cavern, on the side of the hill, a place used for the stabling of cattle on the Winter nights; for in Palestine the nights are cold, and often the snow lies on the ground "deep and crisp and even." Here, in the humble home of the beasts of the field, the ox and the ass, our Divine Saviour was born.

On the hills hard by shepherds were watching and keeping guard on their sheep: "And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign to you: you

shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger."

Imagine the spellbound astonishment of those humble, simple men. They—could it be true?—were to be the first to recognize their God on earth! "And suddenly there appeared with the angel," who had announced the joy to them, "a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." Spellbound still, "it came to pass," continues the Gospel narrative, "after the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us. And they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in a manger."

Imagine the surprise of the shepherds on entering that grotto so well known to them, where perchance they had driven in their own sheep when the wolves were about. They had come to find a King! What splendor the idea of a king must have conveyed to minds such as theirs! And yet here was the Saviour of whom the angels had spoken,—"the Infant lying in a manger"; and with Him Mary and Joseph, alone of all the human race! What must have been their surprise and wonder!

Imagine, too, Our Lady's feelings at this moment. Who can speak them? Had she also heard the strains and melodies of the angelic choirs? Had she been comforted by the sight of the hosts of angels that hastened to and fro in that little cavern to obtain a glimpse of their King? It may be: we are not told; but we may well think it must indeed have been so. At such a moment Mary's vision must have been raised, we would say, beyond the mere sphere of human understanding.

The Gospel story tells us only of the shepherds: "And seeing, they under-

stood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this Child." They came and adored. How wondrously beautiful the scene in its very simplicity! "And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them." Such was their first Christmas Day,—a day they could not possibly have forgotten to the end of their lives. "And all that heard wondered, and at those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these words, *pondering them in her heart.*"

To our Blessed Lady the marvellous ways of God, quite inscrutable to human unravelling in their deeper depths, had become a source of wonder, astonishment, and study. She felt that she was now entirely in the hands of God; that she was, after all, merely His instrument, through whom and to whom He was to do those "great things" for men. She felt, too, that reliance on the right hand of the Most High was her only hope, her only consolation; that without Him she could do nothing, but with Him all things "that were written" might be accomplished.

"And after eight days were accomplished that the Child should be circumcised," Mary and Joseph passed up north to Jerusalem, and the Child was named Jesus, "which was called by the angel before he was conceived in the womb. And after the days of her purification were accomplished, *they carried Him* to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord.... And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem named Simeon; and this man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was in him. And he received an answer from the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Christ of the Lord. And he came by the Spirit into the temple. And when His parents brought in the

Child Jesus, to do for Him according to the custom of the law, he also took Him into his arms, and blessed God and said: Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace: because my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people: a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel. And His father and Mother were wondering at these things which were spoken concerning Him. And Simeon blessed them."

Such was holy Simeon's joy, — a gladness which enabled him to sing his *Nunc Dimittis*, and to be content to die for the peace of it. Christmas Day should be to us also a day when the vision of our Divine Lord in the Crib, as represented in our own humble way in our churches, should prove to each one of us a pledge of our eternal salvation; a day of rejoicing exceeding great, with a spiritual gladness, in that on this day "a Child is born to us," a Son is given to us, whose name shall be called the Angel of the Great Council, Wonderful, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace. On that day a Light shall shine upon us, which shall be a sign to us of future glory and a pledge of never-ending beatitude.

GOD is a Being most simple in His essence, admitting no composition whatever. If, then, we desire to render ourselves as much like Him as possible, we should endeavor to become by virtue what He is by nature; that is, we ought to have a simple heart, a simple soul, a simple intention, a simple mode of action. We ought to speak simply and to act frankly, without deceit or artifice, always letting our exterior reflect our interior, and never regarding anything in all our actions except God, whom alone we should endeavor and desire to please.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

Once Upon Christmas Eve.

BY PAUL CROWLEY.

FATHER CHARASSON had just heard a knock, a timid, hesitating knock, at his door. And so he put down his diary—he kept a diary at odd intervals—and listened. After a few moments, the knock was repeated.

"Now, who can that possibly be?" he wondered.

It was seldom that anybody came in of evenings. The town of Grand Valley was not large. As a matter of fact, it contained thirteen houses, one of which happened to be empty. Generally the inhabitants of these houses went to bed early, being simple folk who worked hard all day and saw no reason for sitting up at night. Besides it must be admitted that the priest himself was somewhat averse to hospitality.

To-night the snow huddled thickly all around Grand Valley; and under the Christmas moon, a wind that blew by fits and starts dashed handfuls of cold, white dust against the windowpanes. This gave Father Charasson a thrill of comfort as he began the entry into his diary with the sacred phrase, "*Christus hodie natus est!*"

He went to the door and opened it. A woman was standing there with her child, a comparatively young woman with wisps of yellow hair straggling over her soft eyes.

"Come in, come in!" Father Charasson commanded.

She did so.

"I haven't the honor of being acquainted with Madame," he continued, pointing to a chair which stood beside his little stove. "And so, if she will explain her mission—"

The woman, though the priest thought of her instantly as a girl, still trembled with the cold. But she turned to him

and smiled in a way that was both wistful and confiding.

"I am Nanette," she said, "the wife of Jules Robideau. We don't live in Grand Valley, *mon père*, but out in the country nearly six miles. And I have come to you because I must go somewhere."

The priest reflected a moment and weighed certain suspicions.

"You are not running away from your husband?" he demanded.

"From Jules?" she asked. "Indeed, why should I be running from him, *mon père*? But to-night we were just out in the stable to milk the cows, when the house caught fire. Before we could do anything, the flames had risen so high that everything burned down, even the big stable. It is very hard, *mon père*! And so I came to Grand Valley on foot, because of the little one. Jules is trying to save the cows and pigs and geese. There was no other place for me to go but here, *mon père*."

All of this quite took the priest's breath away. On Christmas Eve a mother had come to his house with her child, because there was no room for them....

"My dear child," Father Charasson reflected sadly, "this is indeed hard, very, very hard! And to think you have walked so far! But surely you see that it is quite impossible for you to stay here? I have no housekeeper. People are always ready to besmirch the good name of a priest, you know. There are evil and malicious persons in this world, Nanette."

That was a phrase which found its way naturally into the priest's mind. He was a rough, poor man. It had taken him a long time to find his vocation and to complete the necessary studies. And so he knew the world very well; and what he knew didn't increase his respect. It was a hostile, a back-biting, wicked world.

"Oh, what shall I do, *mon père*?" the woman pleaded, with a suspicion of sobbing in her voice. "There is no one else to whom I can go but yourself—and the little one—for the love of the Infant Jesus, *mon père*!"

He hastened to reassure her.

"Why, the problem is not so bad as that, child,—not so bad at all! In fact, it's rather simple. All you have to do is go to the house of M'sieu Le Beau. It is he who keeps strangers over night when they come to Grand Valley. That will be the best place for you and your child. I will go—"

The woman shook her head sadly enough.

"You do not quite understand, *mon père*. I have already been to the house of M'sieu Le Beau. It is true that he has the room, but he will not let one stay without money. 'I can not live on charity,' he said—and I have no money, *mon père*!"

"Ah!" said Father Charasson.

Back into his mind there flashed the old, old story. No room in the inn.... A sudden flood of tenderness poured into his worn and disappointed heart—tenderness for a mother and her child,—for the most sacred compact of humanity, to which Our Lord had bowed with all reverence.

"So, you have no money," he reflected aloud; "and you must stay for at least three days. Le Beau is a devil—I mean, my child, that M'sieu Le Beau is a business man. But what can I do?"

The woman looked up at him trustingly. Did she know in her heart that he was weakening? Perhaps, but she could not have guessed at what had suddenly come into the priest's mind.

"Wait a minute!" he said gently—"wait a minute, Nanette."

Father Charasson hastened from the room as if he had been called to put out a fire. Then he crossed the corridor to his small and bitter-cold chamber. For

a moment he hesitated on the threshold and shook his head. A stranger watching the priest's movements would have supposed him on a search for something not to be found. But in another instant he had crossed to the bed and gone down on his hands and knees beside it. Then he looked up for a moment and hesitated. Finally, he dove under the rickety springs and drew forth a small tin box.

"Holy Mother Mary!" Father Charasson groaned, while he held the box against his breast.

In another instant the box was open. The priest drew forth a handkerchief, untied it, and looked down upon a number of shining coins. Some of them were large and others quite small, but lying together there they seemed to the poor man like heaped-up doubloons of hidden treasure.

"Holy Mother Mary!" he prayed again.

But the Holy Mother looked down at him from a faded print on the wall quite as indistinctly as usual. Oh, she knew well enough why Father Charasson had been hoarding that money so long, why he had stopped his subscription to the *Review*, and why his pipe was lighted only after meals.

Outside the baby was crying, and the mother began to lull a song. The priest stood erect, tied the coins into his handkerchief again, and hastened back into the room where the fire was burning.

"Nanette," he said as cheerfully as he could, "here are a few dollars which—I happened to draw from the bank—yesterday. Altogether it is not—a great deal, but you can pay M'sieu Le Beau and stay at his house until your husband comes. The problem hasn't been so difficult, has it now?"

Her thanks were genuine. "You have the heart of an angel, *mon père*! And you have saved our lives. Jules and I will never forget, *mon père*!"

Then tears came into her eyes, and she looked a little like the Mater Dolorosa. The next words of Father Charasson were rather indistinct and meaningless.

"Come," he said then, "it is high time you were resting, Nanette, — you and the little one. I will accompany you to the house of M'sieu Le Beau, but I can not enter there to-night."

"But you will tire yourself, *mon père!* The way is easy to find. . . ."

He shook his head very firmly, got down the ulster which had hung in the hallway for twelve years—the twelve he had spent in Grand Valley—and walked, with his guest, out into the snow. How dark and quiet everything was, under the moon! Not a candle gleamed in any of the thirteen houses, not even a dog made a stir—and to-morrow would be Christmas morning.

They came to the house of M'sieu Le Beau, which stood at the end of the street, as if it had been trying to run away from the church. Father Charasson knocked, once, twice. Finally there was a responsive echo, and soon a light gleamed somewhere within. The light approached, and the priest bade his guest a happy night, cutting short her profuse thanksgiving with an exhortation to come to Mass at six.

"That will be the Mass of the Infant, Nanette. And probably it was He who sent you to me. At least, you had better thank *Him*."

With that he was off, hurrying back through the snow to his little room where the diary still lay open on the desk. But all the way, Father Charasson couldn't repress a feeling of intense sadness, a bitter conviction that he had been imposed upon. Of course, he repeated to himself, over and over and most firmly, that charity is a privilege—that this was quite like meeting the Holy Virgin and her Son, who had found no room in the inn that Wintry

night so long ago. Still, it was hard to make room, very hard.

Back beside his fire once more, Father Charasson listened a moment to the snow that brushed against the window-pane. Now that was no longer comforting, but sad, as if the snow were homeless and friendless, too, like so much of the rest of the world.

"Holy Mother Mary!" he prayed, "after all, you are to blame for this. Where am I ever to get the white statue of you for which I saved so hard and so, so long? Why is it that *she* had to come to-night?"

The priest felt like weeping. There, in the catalogue, had been the picture of the little statue in marble, the little statue of Mary, so delicate, so white and pure, that he had told himself instantly, "I must have that!" and now—after two long years!

He went to bed without having completed the entry in the diary. Somehow the words wouldn't come. And during the night, fierce gusts of wind raced over the snow and enveloped the rectory in gleaming mist. Everything was still, otherwise.

But Father Charasson, who never dreamed, had a dream during this night. It was most beautiful. A thousand stars were huddled close together over a town called Bethlehem. The streets were thronged, even at this late hour, with strangers and revellers. And queer though it was, his rectory stood at the end of the city, and he was alone in it, writing—the diary. The noises of the night drifted in, and the sound of Latin spoken by the soldiers of Cæsar as they kept the watch. Then there came a knock at the door. Wondering, a little fearful, too, he went out to see: and behold, it was a young woman with a face so beautiful that he felt instantly like going on his knees. Upon that face was written the sadness of human life, but also a hope that

somehow was more radiant than man.

"Good evening, my child!" he said.

And she told him, very wistfully, everything—how upon this night a child was to be born, and how there was no room to be found anywhere. Tears came into her eyes, so that she looked a little like the Mater Dolorosa.

"I also have no place, my lady," he replied, "but—yes, wait a minute! There is at least something I can find for you."

It was pleasant to do this lady a service. He felt sorry for her and yet worshipful. Now, he saw also that a man had accompanied her,—a plain, honest-looking man who followed respectfully. And together they went out to the edge of the city, where a farmer lived with his family, in a house of two stories. The lower of these was practically a cave and sheltered two beasts. When the farmer came down it was arranged that the lady should stay below, with her spouse. The price was a gold coin.

The lady's thanks were so graceful and sweet that Father Charasson heard the music of them in memory. They pursued him down the road, till he found it impossible to go back, and walked up and down instead, wondering and looking at the farmhouse. Was the lady a princess in disguise? Or an angel, maybe?

After a while some country folk came along, shepherds with crooks and long beards, who moved slowly as if in a happy sleep.

"Can you tell us where the Child is that was just born?" they asked of him.

"The Child just born?" he replied marvelling. "Why, yes! There in the stable, just there. But why do you ask?"

And their words resembled the chanting of a glorious song. "Because, this day, is born to us a Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord."

Now he understood, but dared not go

back into the lodging. He was not worthy. Instead he hastened home, trembling, and there wrote hastily into his diary the words, *Christus hodie natus est*...

When Father Charasson came to say Mass the next morning, he surveyed the congregation. There was Nanette with her child. There was even M'sieu Le Beau. But in his heart, constantly and lovingly, there remained the image of the face which had thanked him so sweetly in his dream.

The Bells of St. Mary's.

BY CHARLES BUTTEVANT.

IN his "Pillar Towers of Ireland," Denis Florence MacCarthy, the popular Irish poet, tells us that:

Two favorites hath Time—the pyramids of Nile

And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle;

As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has its nest,

Thus Time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples of the West.

This mention of the halcyon, or kingfisher, as it is more usually called now, recalls a beautiful Christmas legend, preserved in imperishable verse by the same poet. The halcyon is a Christmas bird, and has been associated with that festive season for ages. Even before the dark night of paganism was pierced by the star rays of Bethlehem, the halcyon symbolized peace and happiness; it was into birds of that species that pitying gods transformed the loving pair whose funereal dirge is chanted by the waves in whose embrace they perished. The period of the Winter Solstice being the breeding time of these mystic birds, it is at Christmastide that their storm-subduing influence is strongest. Then the wildest wind lowers its voice to a whisper, and moves over the hushed sea as softly as a shadow, so as not to dis-

turb the enchanted pair, sitting on their floating nest.

The Christmas legend that inspired the sweet harp of MacCarthy tells the weird story of the lost bells of St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick. These bells were not of Irish origin, however, but were cast in sunny Italy by a founder who lived so long ago that his name has been forgotten. No other bell founder of his time could make such melodious chimes as he did. The sweetest of them all was one that he presented to a convent in honor of our Blessed Lady. This chime consisted of eight bells of solid silver, and the donor loved to sit at his door and listen to their pealing, for the convent was not far off. When an old man and alone in the world, for all his nearest and dearest were dead and gone, the most beloved object that remained to him was the chime of silver bells to which he still listened as of yore.

Then, suddenly, the scourge of war fell upon the land, the invaders sweeping all before them. The home of the poor old bell founder was laid waste, the convent sacked and pillaged, and the chime carried off as a trophy. It was a terrible blow to their maker, especially as no one knew where it had been taken. Then began the wanderings of the bell founder, for rest he could not in the neighborhood of the ruined convent from whose desecrated belfry the bells no longer pealed. He made up his mind to find them, or die in the attempt. But as time passed, and he heard nothing that could even give a hint of their whereabouts, his step grew feeble and his aged form more bent. Then at long last, and when far from his native land, he was told by a traveller, met upon the way, that Ireland, the land of saints and song, of learning and devotion, was said to possess the sweetest chime that was ever heard on earth. But when pressed as to the

exact locality, he could only say that, according to rumor, the wonderful bells were in some city that stood on the banks of one of the largest and stateliest rivers in the country.

Sick at heart with hope deferred, and vague as these indications were, they spurred the weary wanderer to yet another effort. He took ship for Ireland; and from the moment that its verdant shores were sighted, he strained his ears for the sound of distant bells. The swish of the waves and the booming of breakers was all he heard, however, till the vessel entered the mouth of the Shannon, and drifted down that queen of rivers. Presently he beheld, far off, but illuminated by the crimson rays of the sinking sun, the steeple of the grand old cathedral of St. Mary's, from which, as the ship drew nearer, the Angelus sounded amidst the harmonious chiming of his beloved silver bells. With radiant face he listened, extending his trembling arms, as if he would fain have gathered his long-lost treasures to his heart. That Angelus was his last earthly prayer, and, we may be sure, it was said in thanksgiving to the loving Father who had guided him thus far, so that he might have the one wish of his old heart gratified before he died. As the poet expresses it:

Leaning forward, he listens, he gazes, he hears
in that wonderful strain
The long-silent voices that murmur, "Oh, leave
us not, father, again!"
'Tis granted. He smiles—his eye closes—the
breath from his white lips hath fled:
The father has gone to his children—the old
campanaro is dead.

Happy for him that he died then, and that he did not live in the dark days of the so-called Reformation, when the faith of the Irish was despised and persecuted, the altars of Ireland overthrown, the crucifix trampled by the despoiler, and the churches wrecked or devoted to a false religion. But long before that evil day had dawned, and

while the Cathedral of St. Mary's, erected by the piety of an Irish king, was still in the hands of the Catholics, a native of Limerick made it a magnificent present, a peal of silver bells which he had purchased while travelling in far lands. Though none were then aware of the fact, it was the chime of which the old Italian bell founder was in search, and heard for the last time as he approached Limerick.

Then came the Reformers, as they called themselves, and those who loved the bells of St. Mary's trembled for their safety. After some consultation, it was resolved to sink them all in the river. This was done at dead of night, the actual spot where the bells were lowered being kept a profound secret. The oldest of the friars in the neighboring Augustinian convent alone knew where the bells lay. The secret was whispered to him by the previous oldest friar, when he was at the point of death; he in his turn having had it whispered to him by another old friar who was dying.

Writing on this subject, Mr. Terence O'Hanlon says: "Time was, and not so very long ago, I'm told, when it was the custom for the people of Limerick city to foregather towards midnight on every seventh Christmas Eve by the banks of the Abbey River. There, with no whispered word to break the solemn stillness of the scene, they would wait on bended knees to hear the buried bells of their ancient cathedral ring 'down below the waters.' But only those who had the grace of God about them could hope to catch the mystic music.

"When the last note had died away, every church steeple in the old city clanged out its own *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, and every window burst into a dazzling splash of light; while the listeners by the river melted quietly away to celebrate the Messiah's coming at Midnight Mass."

Our Lady's Lullaby.

THE stars are peeping from the sky

To tell that night is passing by;

The angels sing Thy lullaby,—

Sleep Thou, my Babe, sleep Thou and rest!

Thy Father with protecting care

Will guard Thy slumbers, Babe most fair,

And I His watchfulness shall share;

Safe wilt Thou be upon my breast.

My faith beholds Thee, Babe Divine,

The hidden Godhead's sacred shrine,

And yet my love proclaims Thee mine,—

My Holy One, sleep Thou and rest.

But even while Thou sleepest, pray

For those who from Thy love will stray,—

Thyself the Victim they would slay

Upon the altar of my breast.

MARIE.

Vanna's Sacrifice.

BY MARY AMELIA CARNE.

IV.

MORE than one bitter Winter had buffeted Murray's Court, with its winds and snows, and more than one Summer had scorched and parched it; but, even though the duty that led her there had been accomplished, Vanna remained.

Madre Maddalena's complainings had been silenced forever when Death's finger touched the palsied lips; not, however, before she had begged for the pardon Vanna tenderly gave. Scarcely had Madre Maddalena's pitiful life ended, when, to her long roll of iniquities, poor old Zia Caterina added another: she began to drink heavily—so heavily, that had it not been for Vanna's constant watchfulness, she would very speedily have died in delirium, or burnt down the house.

So a new chain again bound Vanna. To have thrown it off, and sought the life she had longed for, would have been possible; but, at the cost of leaving a soul to throw itself headlong into hell.

So, not because she had forsaken the fountain of wisdom, but with the hope of yet bearing some of its waters to a soul that was perishing, Vanna still dwelt in her "enemies' land."

Her enemies' land, in very truth, for not only was the Court still unwon for God, but the girl had to submit to Zia Caterina's hatred. There was no doubt that she did hate her,—diabolically almost, sometimes, when she had had a little liquor. But once and again, the girl heard tones in her aunt's voice, or saw an occasional look in her eyes, when she spoke of Madre Maddalena's death, that told her there was still a spark in this soul that God's grace might yet fan into flame.

Outwardly, her life was not much changed, except in one way: she tended the cart with Zia Caterina. She dared not leave her to do it alone. It exposed Vanna at first to certain great unpleasantnesses, but St. Joan's armor was hers now.

The mustard seed of her mission in the Court had produced only a tiny plant, but Vanna was still trusting. The priest was not unknown there and was always treated with respect. Here and there, a little white soul made its First Communion, and strengthened with the "Wine of Angels," gave the good Lord's eyes a white marsh lily to rest on amid the Court's ugly weeds. The place, on the whole, was slightly more decent; but the Lord was far from reigning there. This was a heavy cross, but Vanna had learned to take even this failure from God's Hand. Perhaps He was only delaying; and she had learned to wait. She knew His mercy now. Had He not lifted her from the depths of misery, and given her the honor of holding this lonely outpost for Him?

"I've done my best, Father," she said one day to the priest who came there. "I've prayed for it, and suffered for it, and lived for it. I can do no more."

"Only one thing, child," he replied. "Die for it. But that the good Lord may not ask."

"I would not refuse it, if He did, Father," she answered quietly.

And the Lord heard, but the time had not yet come.

Into this life of mingled peace and pain, as it flowed on for Vanna, one day there came an unexpected joy. Old John Gregg came upon her suddenly one hot afternoon, when Zia Caterina had been unusually trying. Vanna was leaning wearily against the cart, for customers were few, when a man's figure crossed the sunny street, and a pair of shrewd, kindly eyes smiled at her. The Scotchman lifted his hat. It was not, she noticed, the familiar, red-banded cap of the Salvation Army.

"Aye, lassie, it's John Gregg," he said warmly. "Ye're lookin' ower thin and pale. It's a hot day, but I'll no' be keepin' ye lang. I've a bit of news for ye, to be sure."

"Good news, I expect," said Vanna smiling, for his face looked very happy. "You've left the Salvation Army, I see, Mr. Gregg. You're going back to Scotland maybe, and be made a laird."

"I'm gangin' back to my ain countree,—nay, I've gone," he said, simply; "but it's no' Scotland. I've gone back to God's ain countree, to dwell in His house forever. The Army's weel meanin', but I saw it began too late. It's aye had a braw General, but the good Laird would sure never leave His warid wi'out defences for nineteen hundred years! I kenned He must have had an army before that; so I lookit back, and I saw it marchin' doon the centuries. I ken, noo, how He mobilized it in Jerusalem, and sent it out on Pentecost to gather volunteers all over the warld. Lassie, your Sign is mine noo!"

He made the Sign of the Cross reverently, and Vanna's eyes filled with joyful tears.

"Thank God!" she said. "I've always felt in your debt, Mr. Gregg, ever since that evening on the bridge; but God has paid you for your kindness to His wandering sheep."

"Aye! aye!" he answered, and then a sudden flush overspread the honest face. "Dinna remember all my foolishness, lassie. Ye min' how I told ye I was no' for Popery. I'm fair ashamed of it, noo, to have so named God's Church! But I've more to tell. Sure, since I tried to spread the Army through the world, I could no' remain idle in the Church. Child, there's an army amang your people that's all the Salvation Army is, and more. I'm gangin' awa to enleest under the Franciscans, and gi'e my life forever to the Laird, for the sake o' His outcast ones. I'll no share in any o' the grand warks o' the Order. I'm no' fitted in mind or vartue to stan' at the altar o' the Laird. I'm to be a lay-brother, as they name them."

An intense enthusiasm shone in the rugged, sincere countenance, and Vanna's face was aglow with kindred joy. John Gregg asked some questions about her own life next, and Vanna told him. She spoke of a duty that held her where she was, but, guarded although her terms were, since she would not send Zia Caterina's shame broadcast, a pair of sharp ears overheard, and a pair of sharp eyes watched her. But Vanna, thinking the old woman slept at the further corner of the cart, went on, quite unconscious of danger, to speak of her hopes and fears. John Gregg bade her keep up her courage.

"The Laird's Arrm is no' shortened, lassie. And, noo—good-bye. I'll mayhap no' see ye mair, but dinna forget the bit prayer, for I'll need it still."

He turned aside after that, but looked back, as he reached the corner of the street. Zia Caterina, her head on her arms, lay apparently asleep, and

Vanna's face was turned toward the sun. Still, she looked so very young and frail that the kind old heart was moved with pity.

"Puir lassie!" he murmured. "She's aye alone! Nay, John Gregg, ye're forgettin'. There's no outpost too lonely for the Captain to guard. Ye can trust the lassie to Him."

To Him, indeed! For His sheltering arms were enfolding her closer and He seemed strangely present, everywhere, that evening. Vanna had never felt so safe or sheltered. The maudlin Zia Caterina's sharp words passed unnoticed, and the girl failed utterly to see the cruel glint in her eyes. She did detect the odor of spirits; but she resolved that the poor wretch should not get out to procure any more.

Vanna drew her chair across the open doorway, that led out on the fire escape. She had the key to the other, in her pocket. The hot day was ending in storm. Flashes of lightning were beginning to illuminate the sky, and, as Vanna sat gazing, a sudden torrential burst of rain emptied the Court of humanity and promised refreshment for the morrow.

The old woman seemed to be searching for something in the closet, so Vanna drew out her Rosary. A flash of lightning showed her a shadow; black and witch-like,—Zia Caterina, in the act of raising a flask to her old lips. Vanna sprang to her side in an instant and grasped the flask. The girl was startled at the evil glint in the bloodshot eyes, the malevolent smile on the withered lips.

"Keep off," she cried furiously, "or it will go ill wid ye! I'll have no more of your holy ways mockin' my soul! Keep away! Ye're of God, and I'm not for Him."

"Zia Caterina, you are not yourself," exclaimed the girl, still struggling for the flask. "You do not know what you

say! Oh, where do you get this evil stuff?"

"Where?" hissed the old woman, "down dere!" and she pointed one shaking finger at the Court. "Dere's dem dere who gives it to me 'cause dey hates you! Dey wants no saints among dem down here!"

Like the knell of hope fell the words on the girl's soul. She was hated here for her very goodness! Was not this utter failure? But her armor of trust clung around her still. If she had failed, was not God still powerful?

"In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped," Vanna prayed; "let me not be confounded forever!"

But the old woman, fighting with a demon's strength, was still hissing on in her ear.

"I heard ye! I heard ye, down dere at de cart. Ye said ye wanted God, but ye stayed in Murray's Court to save a soul. Ye meant mine, but eet ees lost already, so ye can leave Murray's Court now. Go home to God, if you will!" And with a superhuman effort, the half-mad old creature suddenly whirled Vanna through the open doorway against the rotten railing of the fire escape. It cracked and split, and sent the poor girl crashing down on the rain-drenched stones below.

But one cry passed her lips in that awful fall.

"My God—for her—for all of them!"

It was the final offering of the one possession left her, her life,—a broken utterance, but understood and accepted. It was a lonely death, as lonely as her life had been. There was no priest near, no candles burning, no Sacraments. No loving voice bade the Christian soul go forth. Instead, it had been her murderer who bade her harshly, "Go home to God!" But even that was God's mandate for her, His summons and His welcome.

Above, a dazzling flash split the skies,

a deafening roar shook the earth. It looked as if hell opened before the wretched old creature, left shuddering on the landing. She reeled forward, as if she would have plunged after Vanna, but, steadying herself, caught at the broken railing. "My God!" she cried, "my God, spare me! No send de lightnin' to kill me!"

Once more, the roar of the storm drowned her voice. Her drink-clouded brain grew sober in these moments of terror. Every sin of her long and mis-spent life stood before her, down to that last fatal deed. Was that the wind tearing at her dress, or was it the clutch of demon hands? She screamed again despairingly.

"I am lost! I am lost!" She staggered across the doorsill into the empty room.

No, it was not empty; there was a shelter there. A tiny, blue lamp lighted by Vanna was still burning before the white-robed figure of Our Lady of Grace. It was the moment of God's mercy. The next instant Caterina had fallen on her knees. The demons, whose grasp she had feared, could not enter here; and, breaking the long, sinful silence of years, the prayers of her childhood leapt to her lips, in the familiar Latin in which she had learnt them: *Salve, Regina, Mater misericordiae, vita dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve . . . Eia, ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte.*

Then she fell prostrate on her face, with a wild flood of tears. Down below, Vanna's body lay on the stones, like a broken lily; but, surely, from the martyr's court in Heaven she rejoiced, as Zia Caterina lay prostrate at Our Lady's feet,—a soul redeemed.

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"Aye, me leddy, ye would no' ken Murray's Court, noo!"

Honest John Gregg faced Mother

Margaret in the convent parlor. It was the last day before the gates of his chosen home would close behind him. He had sought Mother Margaret in the new convent which she had been sent to found in a distant city, to bear to her the whole story of Vanna's death. With tear-dimmed eyes and prayer-filled heart, the good nun heard of the girl's martyrdom and of Zia Caterina's repentance.

"Aye, me leddy, ye'd no' ken Murray's Coort, noo!"

"Why?" she asked.

"The Coort's changit in mair ways than one. I no doots it's owin' to the lassie. She said mony a prayer for it, I ween."

"I am sure of that," said Mother Margaret gently; "but tell me about the change."

"Aye, there's mony a soul there gone back to the Laird. And it's no' only inwardly it's changit, either. The law took notice on it, after the lassie's death brought it before them. There's a civic league there that made them root oot the warst amang them, and tear doon mony o' the buildin's to clean up and gi'e light and air. 'Tis a tidy place noo. And, best of all, the good Fathers were wantin' a church near, and they're aye buildin' near where she lived and died. The Father is thinkin' o' callin' it St. Joan's."

Then John Gregg told Mother Margaret, graphically, of the scenes that had followed Vanna's death. Zia Caterina's conversion had opened the eyes of the Court dwellers to the simple courage of the life that had been lived and ended among them. Sin-hardened as they were, there yet dwelt the spark that glows in admiration of true bravery; and she, whom they had scorned in life became their heroine in death. To Vanna's coffin they all came. Many a soul went repentant back to God; many others were caught back on the

brink of sin's worst whirlpool; the little children found a new and brighter outlook on life.

Nor was the change only temporary. The city's assuming guardianship of the Court ended the old days and the old ways. The foul plague spot was no more. It was now a place of honest people and peaceful homes. Best of all, the Cross was raised above them, and He was coming in His Sacramental Presence, whose kingdom Vanna had longed to establish there.

All of this did good old John Gregg tell, while Mother Margaret listened with a full heart. Finally, as he turned to go, he said:

"Ye'll no' forgit me, me leddy," for he had told her his story too. "Ye'll say the bit prayer, noo the lassie canna. Aye, I'm forgettin'; it's no' bit prayer, but a lang one she'll say noo. For God's gi'en her all eternity to pray and to praise."

"To pray and praise"!—the words rang triumphantly in Mother Margaret's heart. For surely, she who had prayed in her weakness, praised God in her utter desolation, was now praying and praising in triumph forever. Vanna had upheld her oriflamme, and wrested Murray's Court from the hands of its enemies. The Lord would reign there now, at St. Joan's. To Mother Margaret, the name commemorated not only the warrior saint, but her who, from her lonely cloister, sin-encompassed, had won the virgin-martyr's double crown.

(The End.)

Peace and Joy.

BY S. M. M.

OH! may there be Christ's peace to compass you,

His one star in your sky;
And in your heart the joy His Mother knew,
For that your Lord is nigh.

Ernest Hello.

BY ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

ERNEST HELLO was born November 4, 1828, at Lorient, in the west of France. Like the bulk of Bretons, he was a Catholic as a matter of course; and it is no exaggeration to say that he was a good Catholic from the cradle to the grave. His father was a distinguished magistrate, and the son studied law, as did another brother. But when Ernest Hello attended a bar association meeting, at which it was agreed that it was the pleader's right and duty to strive to secure the acquittal of his client when he has absolute knowledge of that client's guilt, he said farewell to the law forever. At every turn of his life we have evidence of perfect frankness, and of an uncompromising honesty which took no account of consequences. Straited in purse, as this unworldly apostle always remained, he calmly declined to accept an inheritance consisting of funds which had been secured by means of which he did not approve. With him it was the merest matter of course to follow the command, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness"; and he showed no particular interest in the promise which accompanies the command.

When Ernest Hello gave up the law, he began to study theology, apparently with never a thought of entering the priesthood, as did a third brother, but with the intent of helping mankind more intelligently and effectively through the written word. "Words are actions," he wrote, when he published his masterpiece, "Man," during the Franco-Prussian War, "and that is why I try to speak."

The young apostle was profoundly influenced in these early days by Father Gratry — clear-sighted theologian and moralist,—and by the eloquent preach-

er Lacordaire. He would have nothing less than absolute truth. He cared nothing at all for the secondary matters which keep most of us in play; and it is in this reach for the Infinite that, ever and anon, "words fail him," and he becomes "great."

Ernest Hello was always weak and sickly of body, and it was generally expected that he would die young. And it is here that we must make the acquaintance of that remarkable young woman, Mademoiselle Zoé Berthier. Several years older than Hello, the daughter of a poor officer, and hence trained to cook, sew, garden, market and economize, blessed, moreover, with musical and literary gifts—under the pen name of Jean Lander she published two or three volumes of clever short stories,—Mademoiselle Berthier married the young philosopher; and, by the most extraordinary care and devotion, kept him alive and useful for thirty-one years. The best part of Hello's work is just as truly the work of this unselfish woman. She counted no labor too great to save his delicate health from shocks which might impair it.

He had great difficulty in sleeping if there were any noises or disturbance about him. There is a story told of a night when he had just fallen asleep, with the usual difficulty. The quick ear of his loving watcher caught a dog's barking in the distance; she slipped out through the kitchen, located the offending animal, soothed and fed him, till he at last consented to lie down and follow her husband into the Land of Oblivion; then she crept back to the house to find the philosopher still peacefully asleep.

This shrewd and well-balanced woman saw clearly that her husband's only salvation was the most carefully regulated regimen and programme; and her docile ward accordingly lived by the clock. He rose at six, prayed and heard Mass at seven, then read and wrote un-

til noon. The early part of the afternoon he spent with his wife, and later in the day, the two went visiting.

One of his great inspirations was the voice which bade him surrender himself entirely to the good judgment of his wife. Not only was she a wise physician and nurse—with her unfailing good humor, and her whimsical alertness of spirit,—she was the most refreshing of companions. "Your talk," he wrote of her, "is for me like a health-giving, perfumed bath; it brings me peace and rest." And when the tired body lay down to rest forever, and the soul passed on to a better world, the faithful woman remained to make possible the two or three posthumous volumes which have added so materially to the value of the gentle thinker's labors.

Ernest Hello had first attained prominence in 1858, when he and Georges Seigneur launched *Le Croisé*. The paper, *L'Avenir*, undertaken a few years before by Lamennais and Lacordaire, had failed because its management fell under the imputation of heresy, and lost the support of good Catholics. The new paper was abandoned because of lack of harmony between the editors. We have no direct information as to the merits of the disagreement; but there is record of overtures for reconciliation which came some years later from Seigneur, and of Hello's hearty agreement to ignore the past. There is no evidence, in this incident or elsewhere, of anything but the most generous and honest intentions on the part of the ardent Catholic apostle; but it was perfectly clear from the beginning that a man of Hello's type could never manage successfully so sober a business enterprise as a newspaper.

The failure of *Le Croisé* seems not to have discouraged its senior editor unduly, for he at once entered the lists of free-lance journalism. For a quarter of a century, the name of Ernest Hello

appeared in the newspapers of France and Belgium,—and now and then, Americans may be interested in learning, in *Le Propagateur* of New Orleans,—signed to certain of the most emphatic, erratic, unequal, yet frequently inspired and always suggestive scraps of Catholic apologetics which the French-speaking world has ever been privileged to read. Hello wrote like no one else. "When a man has attained his style," he himself theorizes, "he is compelled, like sovereigns, to forego the pleasures of incognito. He betrays his identity the moment he appears."

His manner is pretty severely, but vividly and not altogether inaptly, qualified by a French contemporary, as leaving the impression of an anthology from the writings of some great phrase-maker, padded with conventional prose. The padding, however, does not always suffice to maintain continuity. Hello hated transitions. The Bible disdains them, he reminds us; and he reckoned them a somewhat cowardly trick unworthy of his pure and exalted purpose. So we stumble after him on these stepping-stones he sets for us—some of them set well together, and some painfully distant,—a little out of breath, but all the better for the exercise.

As for Hello's message, it remains clear, simple and constant. There is no hope for this selfish, spiteful, pleasure-loving, feverish world until it returns to God and the Church. There is one truth, one life, one love, one health, one prosperity, one success, and they are to be found at the foot of the Cross.

All Hello's biographers have been struck by an incident of the great Paris Exposition of 1857, told first, I think, by the apostle's friend, Lasserre. Down one of the gayest avenues of the Exposition grounds walked a drawn-faced man in neglected, disordered garments,—a figure of pain and perplexity among all this wealth and cheerfulness. Recogn-

nizing a familiar face in the throng, the strange figure cried out: "My friend, I am astonished! I just came past the Tuileries, and they are not yet on fire!" Three years later, France was groveling in the dust at the feet of Prussia, and the eager Communists were putting petroleum and the match to the proudest structures of Nineteenth-Century Babylon. There also seems to be prophecy at longer range, finding partial fulfilment in our day, in the warning: "Europe is a dead weight upon herself, because the time has come for her to give and distribute her blessings. It is a universal law that he who thinks only of himself ruins, crushes, consumes, destroys himself...."

Hello was cold toward the world's material progress, because he could not see that man's many inventions were bringing him any nearer to his God. "The railroad draws men's bodies together, the telephone brings their voices together. And man touches man to strike him, and man approaches nearer to man to hate him more bitterly." And even where there is not hate, there is selfishness: "Except in Christianity, fraternity is only what each man demands of others."

In 1858, Renan published his frivolous "*Etudes d'histoire religieuse*." Hello answered him with a slender volume, "Renan, Germany and Nineteenth Century Atheism," in which he went straight to the heart of the brilliant writer's sophistries. The baffling Proteus of religious scholarship had admitted, in so many words, that he would refrain from attacking the Church if he felt the slightest apprehension that his attacks would harm it, because he reckoned the Church a useful institution.

The inexorable logician, Hello, who saw too clearly the unity of God's creation ever to cherish the delusion that expediency could be separated from truth, called on France and the world

all his life long, with all the voice God gave him, to bow to the Lord of all, who is Lord, whether France and the world chooses or not. He speaks somewhere of the futile blasphemer who steels against God the heart which this same God allows to continue beating, when He could still it forever at any moment; and he reminds the world that "Catholic orthodoxy watches over the earth; and when orthodoxy is attacked, the earth trembles, without knowing why."

The present writer is no theologian, and this is no place for a learned appraisal of a theological system. As the "Thoughts" of Pascal are a marvellous orchard which bears a fruit here and there for even the casual visitor, so the essays of Ernest Hello are rich in isolated beauties. We have read that the philosopher, Joseph Serre, who has written a Life of Hello, has put the most pregnant parts of his work into one compact volume. His principal books, invariably collections of short essays, occasionally in narrative form, are "Man," "Physiognomies of Saints," "Words of God," "Extraordinary Stories," "The Beams of the Balance," "Philosophy and Atheism," "The Age."

Ernest Hello once wrote, in one of the lapidary phrases which he occasionally attained: "That art which dreams of applause, abdicates. It sets its crown on the forehead of the mob." Yet he suffered keenly from lack of that popular approval which is as bread to the hungry soul of the creator. Barbey d'Aurevilly was wont to say that he accepted a man's reaction toward the writings of Ernest Hello as an index of that man's capacity; and the present writer likes to group together the two prophet phrase-makers who blessed the world with these glorious and comforting paradoxes. The first one is: "You would not seek me if you had not found me"; and the other: "Would you flee God? flee to Him!"

Folklore of the Nativity.

IN all countries of the Old World much folklore has gathered round the Feast of the Nativity. Not only do the bees sing and the dumb beasts kneel in reverence at midnight on Holy Night to honor the new-born Saviour, but the common plants of everyday life are held to have received some especial gift or peculiarity from their connection with the Holy Family or the rude stable of Bethlehem.

The black-hellebore in pre-Christian times was held to have the power of driving away demons and evil spirits. It had further honor, and became the Christmas rose when the little daughter of one of the Shepherds, to whom the "tidings of great joy" had been announced, searched the snowy plains for some gift which she might bear to the Child in the manger. As she looked, the legend says, she beheld roses ablow, and gathered them for her offering; ever since the black-hellebore has bloomed towards the end of December.

The bramble and the bracken are joined together in one legend. Both were used to form the bed on which the Babe was born. The former, joyful at being so highly honored, burst into bloom, and was rewarded by its colorless blossoms being turned into gold. Up to that time the blossoms of the bracken were like those of any other ordinary plant, but ever since it has been flowerless.

Three sweet-smelling plants — rosemary, thyme, and lavender—have the same story told of them in different lands. On these Mary spread the swaddling clothes of her Son to dry, and ever afterwards they possessed an exquisite fragrance.

Saintfoin, or holy-hay, was the dry and withered fodder that the owner of the ox and ass in the birthplace of our divine Saviour had left for the use of

these animals; and on this hay the Holy Infant was first laid to rest. At once the sap ran through the dried grass, and it burst into bloom.

One variety of thistle bears, from its broad, green, smooth leaves, speckled with white spots, the names of milk thistle, Our Lady's thistle, and variegated thistle. The same story of the white spots appearing when a drop of the Virgin's breast-milk fell on the plant is told in nearly all European countries. Poor Mary Stuart carried off-shoots of this thistle from France to Scotland; she also planted many sycamore trees in her kingdom, remembering the legend that Mary often nursed her little Son under the shade of a sycamore.

The Star of Bethlehem has its name from its resemblance to a star, and as it was a common plant in Palestine, it is said that, in full flower, it has a resemblance to that planet which guided the Wise Men to Bethlehem.

Mullein, which has large flannel-like leaves, gets the name of "Saviour's Flannel," because it, too, was among the fodder in the stable. It was then that the plant, legend tells us, received its "pleasant yellow floures."

IN the Incarnation, the Godhead was united to human nature, that so man might be partaker of the Divinity; so in the Adorable Sacrament, the person of the God-Man is presented to us in the form of bread, that so each of us may be in some manner partaker of it, and incorporated with it. Our dear Lord was not content to be amongst us, He desired to be within us; He was not satisfied with belonging to our kind, He desired to belong to every individual; He did not think it enough to be seen and touched by the few who had the happiness of knowing Him in the flesh, unless all who came after, as St. Macarius writes, "could have the same blessing."

—Cardinal Wiseman.

St. Antony and the Child Jesus.

(From the Chronicle of St. Antony of Padua.)

THE monastery of Arcella was a mile distant from Padua; and it was inconvenient, and often impossible, for St. Antony, with his multiplied labors, to get there for the night. It sometimes happened that when he preached or heard confessions in the evening, the city gates were closed before he had finished. It was necessary for him, therefore, to find a lodging in Padua, where there was no lack of candidates for the honor of receiving him. The successful man was a good citizen, who gave him a room where he could be quite private and uninterrupted. He is generally said to have been Tiso, or Tisone, of the ancient family of the Counts of Camposampiero, famous in the records of their time; and he is called in the ancient chronicles "Il Borghese," most likely from the custom of giving that title to the family which was the chief of a fortified town or "borgo."

Tiso loved and revered Antony greatly, and when he became an inmate of his house he closely observed everything about one whom he held to be a great saint. One night, as he was passing by the door of his room, he saw brilliant rays of light streaming under the door; and on looking through the keyhole beheld a little Child of marvelous beauty standing upon a book which lay upon the table, and clinging with both arms round St. Antony's neck. Who was He? But as Tiso gazed, unable to take his eyes away, and saw the flood of heavenly light with which He was surrounded, and the ineffable tenderness with which He embraced St. Antony, and in return was caressed by him; and as he felt his own soul filled with an ineffable sweetness and rapture in watching the Saint and his wondrous Visitor, Tiso knew that it was indeed the Divine Babe of Bethlehem who was consoling

His favored servant, and filling him with heavenly delights.

After a time Tiso saw the Child point toward the door and whisper into St. Antony's ear. Then he knew that his secret was told; and that his Lord, in the act of so wonderfully favoring His beloved Antony, was not unmindful of His poor servant outside the door, nor displeased with his loving boldness. So Tiso watched on with deepening joy and rapture, till the beautiful Child vanished and Antony came back to common life. Then he opened the door, and charged his friend, for the love of Him whom he had seen, to "tell the vision to no man" during his life. Tiso promised faithfully; and it was not till after the Saint's death that he related what he had seen. He could never speak of it without shedding tears.

This favor is, perhaps, the most generally known event in the Saint's life; and, although it rests on the evidence of but one person, all the old chronicles say that Tiso's high position and character, his holy life, and the deep conviction and emotion with which he mentioned it, made him an unimpeachable witness. The whole story, indeed, has such a character of truthfulness in its simplicity and minute details, that it commends itself to our belief on that ground also.

THE custom of putting various greens in the churches on Christmas Day is a very ancient one. It would seem to be in accordance with Holy Scripture; for we read in Isaias: "The glory of Libanus shall come to thee, the fir tree and the box tree and the pine tree together; to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will glorify the place of my feet." An old Saxon couplet ran,

Whosoever against holly doth cry,
In a rope shall be hung full high;
while a Fifteenth Century carol begins,
Holly and ivy, box and bay,
Put in the church on Christmas Day.

Saints Who were Fond of Animals.

A STRIKING fact connected with the Fathers of the Desert, and which shows itself every here and there in their histories, is the kindliness with which these holy solitaries invariably regarded animals.

It is related in a very old chronicle that St. Macarius at one time lived in a cave in the desert, and that beyond his cave was another, wherein dwelt a panther. "One day when he opened the door of his cave the panther drew nigh and, taking hold of the skirt of his garment, drew him along gently. And the holy man wondered and said to himself: 'What can this animal want?' And he went with her until she arrived at her cave; and she left him outside, and went in and brought out her young, which were blind, and dropped them at his feet. And when he saw them, he prayed, and spat in their eyes, which were opened straightway; and the panther took them and went inside. And on the day following the panther came bringing a sheepskin, and she approached and placed it before St. Macarius. Then the holy old man smiled to himself at the knowledge which the animal had shown; and he took the skin and kept it until it was worn out."

In the account of the burial of St. Paul, the first hermit, we have another quaint story of two lions which came and dug his grave. "As they stood before St. Anthony, near the body of St. Paul, they wagged their tails, rubbed their heads together and purred; and then they dug a hole in the ground with their paws. This done, they drooped their heads and tails, and licked St. Anthony's feet. Having prayed over them, he told them to depart, laying his hands on their heads as he did so. When they had gone St. Anthony buried his friend."

"Whatever the facts may be in this

instance," says the learned Dr. Budge, from one of whose books these stories are quoted, "it is clear that St. Anthony was accustomed to be with lions; and that kindly hermits in all countries have lived on friendly terms with beasts of every kind is so well known as scarcely to deserve mention."

Of Abbot Theon, another holy man, we are told: "His food consisted of garden herbs; he used to go forth from his cell by night and mingle with the wild animals of the desert, and give them to drink of the water which he found. The footmarks which appeared near his abode were those of buffaloes and goats and gazelles, in the sight of which he took great pleasure."

The Hawthorn of Glastonbury.

NEAR Glastonbury Abbey stands an old hawthorn that has been the subject of many legends, the current belief, however, being that it sprang from the staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea, who, it is asserted, was the first preacher of Christianity in Britain, and who, to convince the islanders of his mission, thrust his staff into the ground, when it at once budded and blossomed. The tree has ever since flowered, not only at its proper season, but also at each Christmas, the anniversary of its miraculous origin.

"A piece of this tree that came under my notice," writes F. Edward Hulme, "had eight bunches of flowers upon it, and each of these was composed of from twenty to thirty blossoms and buds, about a dozen in each bunch being fully expanded. The blossoms were a little smaller than would ordinarily be looked for, but had all the beauty and regularity of form and the characteristic scent of the normal hawthorn plant. The only thing abnormal in the appearance of the spray was the entire absence of foliage."

A Cause for Rejoicing.

AMONG the multiplied and multifarious considerations suggested by the advent of Christ's Nativity, one, very commonly overlooked, is that we should really be grateful that Christmas is now so generally celebrated. It was not always lawful even, either in this country or in the British Isles from which came the first settlers in America, to observe the day as one of joy. The Puritanical rigorism that was a by-product of the Reformation protested against Christmas as a heathen festival, and the protest was incorporated into laws of the old countries and the new.

In England, acts were passed forbidding the observance of Christmas. In 1664, Parliament ordered that December 25 be observed only as a solemn fast. People were ordered to pass the day in humbly bemoaning the great national sin which they and their ancestors had committed by eating plum pudding, drinking ale, and romping beneath the mistletoe! Soldiers were sent to the homes of suspected persons, with instructions to seize all dainties which might be discovered,—although no particular orders, apparently, were issued as to the disposition of them.

In Scotland, the clergy set themselves against the celebration of the day, calling the good old Christmas customs "Popish pranks." Their observance of the fast consisted in making their wives spin and their servants weave and their tenants drive yokes of oxen to the plow. Anent these practices, by the way, it is interesting to read the comment of one John Hamilton: "Our Lord has not left it unpunisht; for their oxen often ran mad and brake their necks, and lamed some ploughmen, as is notoriously known in sundrie partes of Scotland."

On this side of the Atlantic, especially in New England, similar legislation was enacted and similar practices obtained.

Anything savoring of "Popery" was anathema to Pilgrim and Puritan; and the joyous pomp and splendor that marked the celebration of Christmas in Catholic lands afforded more than a sufficient reason for placing the day under the New England ban. In accordance with the Blue Laws of Connecticut, for a man to have a sprig of holly in his house on Christmas Day was a crime for which he was punished by a fine of one-shilling and confined in the stocks. In Massachusetts, it was ordered that any man found observing the day, by forbearing to labor, by feasting, or in any other way, should pay for every offence five shillings fine. Still further to mark their detestation of the mirth and good cheer which their Catholic ancestors had considered so fitting to the Christmastide, the New England governors began to appoint December 25 as the annual fast-day.

With the restoration of Charles II. in England, a reaction from the ultra-rigorous anti-holiday laws set in, and Christmas began once more to assume throughout Great Britain its old-time aspect of civic as well as religious gladness, so consonant to the spirit of the Angel's message: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people." Even as late as the middle-Nineteenth Century, however, anti-Christmas laws were on the statute-books of several of our American States. Certain of these laws were repealed only in 1861.

Among innumerable other reasons, then, for our rejoicing during the blessed Christmastide, and for our celebrating it in a thoroughly Catholic spirit is this—that the festival of Christ's Nativity is recognized throughout the land as the holiday of holidays; and that, even among those who contest or deny Our Lord's divinity, His birthday is acknowledged as the supreme festival of peace and good-will.

Notes and Remarks.

Considering the large number of Catholic Poles and Polish Jews in the United States, nothing said by General Haller during his recent visit among us needed saying more than this: "It has come to my attention that erroneous statements have been circulated throughout the United States to the effect that I conducted a campaign of persecution against the Jewish people in Poland since the Armistice. I deny categorically these charges. At no time have I ever issued an order, official or unofficial, that the Jewish people should be treated any differently from other nationalities residing in Poland. I have sat side by side with Jewish people in the Polish Parliament. During the time these alleged persecutions were said to have taken place I was absent in France with my army."

Gen. Haller spoke for other members of the Polish Parliament besides himself. Its attitude toward the Jewish inhabitants of Poland has been misrepresented. Having endured persecution for centuries themselves, there is little likelihood that the Poles will now persecute others. It is a fact, however, that the Jews of Poland do not deserve great consideration. They have much to be forgiven.

Among the problems which are at present occupying the attention of Catholic charity workers is that of the Catholic deaf-mute. Father Higgins, C. SS. R., an active worker in this field, is authority for the statement that in this country there are three deaf-mutes for every 2000 Catholics,—a number somewhat greater, perhaps, than the ordinary reader has thought probable. A correspondent of the *Catholic Charities Review*, discussing the measures to be taken in order that these afflicted members of the Church may receive the care

which is their due, says: "First of all, it would seem necessary to bring home to our priests in general some knowledge of the importance of work among the deaf. Not infrequently there are found in parishes deaf-mute children who are unknown to their pastors. These children have received no religious training whatsoever, have never made their First Communion, and have never been to Mass. A decided lack of information as to what is necessary to aid this class prevails."

The teaching of the sign language in novitiates and seminaries is one means proposed for increase of sacerdotal zeal and ability in looking after the deaf-mutes; and its adoption will undoubtedly do much to solve what is obviously an urgent problem.

That very much of the criticism launched against the Knights of Columbus Historical Commission was unintelligent, not to say ridiculous, has been abundantly proved by the results already accomplished by the Commission. That there was a real necessity for such work as it has done is being made additionally clear from month to month. Here, for instance, are some eminently suggestive paragraphs, quoted from an article contributed by Mr. F. McSweeney to *Columbia*:

It has been found that the teaching of history in the public schools is often perfunctory and indifferently regarded. Inquiry among teachers as to why certain textbooks have been permitted to be introduced and formally accepted as the true history of the United States has brought forth the reply, "How can we teach history when we do not know anything of the history of our country. We were never taught history at school." Taught by teachers who themselves are not well prepared in history, students have easily become the victims of propaganda accompanied by sinister implications....

The history of the American Revolution, its causes and the personalities associated with it, are more fairly and justly taught in many

English histories than in those of the United States. Students leave high school with little knowledge of the causes or effects of national events in historic sequence, their effect on the relations of the United States with other nations, and no impression of what is historically significant....

The Oxford University Press has recently published a book entitled "The Cause and Character of the American Revolution," by H. E. Egerton, an English author. Mr. Egerton is in fundamental agreement, and in many ways indicates the English reaction to the work in which the Historical Commission has led the way, with the truer interpretation of American history. He finds that the causes which led to the American Revolution were deep and fundamental, the culmination of events and conditions that worked for separation throughout the entire Colonial period. American writers of history textbooks, on the contrary, limit their survey of the causes of the Revolution to the period from 1763 to 1776, and to the specific acts of the King of England and his Ministers. This book alone makes the authors of the propagandized textbooks appear ridiculous.

Pious Presbyterians, of whom there are numerous kinds, are now making strenuous efforts to establish peace among themselves, but apparently with little prospect of success. Still do the liberals of the denomination accuse the conservatives of narrowness, even of bigotry, while those of the strict observance, who claim to have a stronger grip on the supernatural than their fellows, declare that the teachings of the Westminster Catechism must be upheld, and innovations opposed as instigations of Satan. But many Presbyterians, among them Dr. Henry van Dyke, formerly a moderator of the General Assembly, do not believe there is any such being as Satan, or any such place as hell. They regard the Bible as "the only infallible rule of faith and practice." As to how many passages of Holy Scripture are to be interpreted, or as to what is to be done when interpreters differ, nothing is said. Some Presbyterians use only psalms in singing, others sing

almost anything else; some oppose secret societies, others join them; some do not vote or hold political office, others never fail to vote or to accept any political preferment that may come in their way. How peace is to be established in the Presbyterian Church we fail to see, doctrine being so unsettled and discipline so divergent.

Our readers will have noted in their daily newspapers the despatches registering the defeat in Scotland of the prohibitory measure, known as the "Local Veto Act"; and they will naturally be interested in some of the utterances which doubtless had a good deal to do with effecting that defeat. The Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow delivered his judiciously formed opinion in these forthright words:

As to the production, sale, and consumption of strong drink in general, there exists a Catholic attitude in the proper sense of the term. That attitude is that neither the production, nor the sale, nor the consumption of strong drink is necessarily evil. Also it is a Catholic attitude in the proper sense of the term that the production, sale, and consumption of strong drink may very easily become evil....

With regard to "No License" or "Total Prohibition," I am convinced that it is far from clear that these remedies are, first of all, real remedies for the situation they are put forward to cope with. I am equally convinced that it is far from clear that even if they were real remedies they are the only or exclusively real remedies for the situation. I am least of all convinced that they are the best remedies for the situation.

As a general ground for his convictions, the prelate mentioned the fact that very many men and women, Catholic and non-Catholic, generally recognized as persons of sound sense, wide knowledge, and sane and deliberate judgment, refuse to countenance "Total Prohibition" or "No License" by law. It is not, he added, that such persons are interested in the traffic, or that they are not sincere advocates of real tem-

perance, many of them being total abstainers. No; it is, rather, that "they distrust in itself and in its consequences the effort to introduce into certain spheres the principle of absolute compulsion by legislation; and they consider that not every sphere of activity of human beings should be at the mercy of mere majority-made law. At the best, the principle underlying 'Total Prohibition' and 'No License' by law is not clear in its relation to the sphere of Faith and morals."

The foregoing quotations may be regarded as academic rather than practical, so far as this country is concerned; but they probably coincide with the opinions of a large number of sane-minded Americans. Law is law, of course; but the legislation of the Congress of the United States is not necessarily a replica of the Divine Law or of the law of nature.

To any of our readers, Republicans or Democrats, who are still in doubt as to the advisability of American membership in the World Court of the League of Nations, we earnestly commend a recent speech by Senator Moses. It ought to be issued as a public document and circulated all over the United States. Two telling paragraphs may here be quoted:

The League Court came into being, and it exists now as an integral part of the League of Nations, from which it can not be disentangled by any reservation or by any textual amendment short of the destruction of the entire protocol. Like the Treaty of Versailles, the League Court carries obligations and implications which the United States can not undertake unless we are prepared to repudiate the verdict of 1920, and to take the first step in a path which leads to the vortex of close and inescapable entanglement in European problems....

We are daily assured by those who wish to profit by our power and our authority that we possess the moral leadership of the world. If so, why not assert it—in better phrase, why

not reassert it—by turning again to the Hague tribunal, a living body, which needs only to be nurtured to become what we once sought to make it? Why should we turn our back upon a child of our own creation in order to fondle the rag dolls of foreign diplomacy?

The Senator from New Hampshire will have no fear whatever of abuse from any quarter for this downright speech of his. He is a man with the courage of his convictions, and he never fails to express them in words that are plain, often picturesque.

What is aptly described as "one of London's spiritual power-houses" is the Men's Sodality of the Immaculate Conception at Farm Street. There, we are told, no small number of business and professional men, and others who should be Catholic lay-leaders, are formed spiritually, and go forth to swell the ranks of every Catholic movement. At the recent annual dinner of the Sodality—a dinner attended by Cardinal Bourne and other ecclesiastical and lay dignitaries,—several notable speeches were delivered. A most timely one was that of Dr. E. E. Ware, a distinguished Catholic surgeon, who spoke of the question of Lourdes miracles.

We have already noted in these pages that a controversy has been going on in England relative to the character of the cures effected at Lourdes; and the remarks of this English surgeon are well worth reproducing for the benefit of Catholics the world over, especially such as have close relations with persons claiming to have been cured at this or that sanctuary or shrine. Dr. Ware, then, besought the interest of Catholics in the action which the Guild of St. Luke (a society of Catholic physicians and surgeons) is taking in regard to alleged miracles at Lourdes. The Guild has evolved for sick persons purposing to go to Lourdes a certificate which is really scientific, and not merely

the usual certification "fit to travel." The only possible solution of the questions that have arisen is for patients to take with them such scientific certificates. "We members of the Guild of St. Luke," said Dr. Ware, "are doing our very best to make this possible, and it is your duty to help us. If you leave unsaid or undone things which you feel ought to be said or done, you are not doing your duty."

There are, in this country and in Canada, shrines where are wrought cures which warrant their being classed as extraordinary; and, in the interest of the shrines themselves and of the Church at large, the sick who go thither in the hope of being cured should take with them certificates, from duly qualified medical men, stating specifically the nature of their malady and the stage at which it has arrived. In the case of a cure, these certificates will obviously prove of telling worth in determining whether supernatural, or merely natural, action has been involved.

In the course of a recent discussion, among English Catholics, of anti-Catholic history, Mr. Shane Leslie confessed to a sneaking regard for such history because, having been brought up and nurtured on it, he did not think he could have found the Faith without it. He recalled the case of an Irish bishop in the South, who deplored that his people did not show the same keenness as the Catholics of the North. The bishop consulted a man from the North as to the best remedy he could suggest; and the answer was, "Start an Orange Lodge." Possibly the keenness of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia may be explained on much the same principle. Southern bigotry has awakened, and kept awake, their combative spirit just as thoroughly as Orange intolerance has done among the Catholics of Ulster. If the Klan, which has apparently con-

quered some of our Northern States, succeeds in stimulating the Catholics of these parts to a zeal comparable to that of the Georgia laymen, it will prove not an unmixed evil.

Under the caption "Conspiracy," the editor of the *Catholic Union and Times* prints this extract from the Federal Criminal Code:

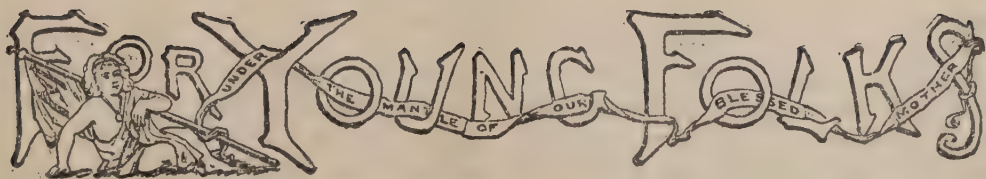
If two or more persons conspire to injure, oppress, threaten or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution or the laws of the United States, or because of his having so exercised the same; or if two or more persons go in disguise on the highway, or on the premises of another, with intent to prevent or hinder his free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege so secured, they shall be fined not more than five thousand dollars, and imprisoned not more than ten years, and shall, moreover, be thereafter ineligible to any office or place of honor, profit or trust created by the Constitution or laws of the United States. (35 Stat. L. 1092.)

The wording of the statute would seem to cover the case of the Invisible Empire outlaws, and we echo the inquiry of our Buffalo contemporary: "If this is the law, and it is the law, why is it not enforced?"

A novel contrast between Catholic and sectarian teaching was drawn by the Rev. Dr. S. A. Gray, an Anglican vicar, in a recent sermon on "The Unpopularity of Popular Religion." He said: "For some centuries religion in England has proceeded on two lines—Roman and non-Roman. The one has been rigid, the other pliant; the one has said, 'We have something to give the world and we will not give it anything else'; and the other has said 'We have something to give, but if you don't want what we have to give, we will give you what you want to have.'"

Dr. Gray might have gone a little further and added that the pliant line is becoming obliterated.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



For Christmas.

BY F. H. SWEET.

FOR Christmas, holly and mistletoe,
And merry girls and boys;
A soft and silently falling snow,
And bells to chime its joys.

A country house with pleasant nooks,
And homely, kindly ways;
And garrets filled with picture books
For cold and stormy days.

A barn with hay in monster beds,
And hens that hide their nests,
And turkeys, too, that raise their heads
And gobble at their guests.

O merry hearts for Christmas Day,
And souls to thrill and glow;
And in the evening games to play
Beneath the mistletoe!

Christmastide in Spain.

BY EDWARD BRENNAN, O. P.

YOU may go from one end of the world to the other, but I doubt if you will find any place where happiness is more thoroughly felt at the coming of the Saviour than in sunny Spain. Perhaps you wonder why Spain is called sunny? It is not only because the days are bright and full of sunshine, but also because the faces and hearts of its children are always aglow with the light of kindness and love.

Everything in Spain is pleasant and cheerful at Christmas time. The days are cold, it is true, but the air is crystal clear and tingling with health. The nights, like the days, are wholesome and inviting, and the moon—just try to pic-

ture it for yourself, a ball of dazzling brilliance, climbing its way to the very highest heavens, flooding its rays of silver upon the earth. Would you not like to spend a Christmas with me in Spain? We can not travel there, of course; but we can go at least in spirit and imagination to this distant land of romance.

It is the Eve before the great festival, and, judging by the countenances of the children, all are joyfully anticipating the blessed day of Christ's birth. The evening meal is in preparation. The little ones are romping and dancing through the house, singing snatches of Christmas carols. The logs on the hearth, blazing with unusual vigor, add to the good cheer. Out through the window, a large lamp sends its rays across the snow to welcome the friends of the family. The clock chimes out the hour of seven. All is now ready and waiting.

There is no need of calling the children to-night. With one accord they rush to the dining-room. The very first object to greet their eyes on entering is a delicious fancy-shaped cake that rests in the centre of the table. Close beside the cake is a dish heaped high with toast that has been boiled in rare Spanish wine. These are delicacies which appear only at Christmas time. The meal is blessed by the father; or, perhaps, the family is fortunate enough to have a priest preside. The cake is divided and the meal begins in real earnest. One story follows another, until two hours speed by before dinner is done. Grace is said, and those not of the family circle take leave of their host with many wishes for a Happy Christmas. When the table has been cleared,

the chat is continued at the fireside; and the jovial company is broken up only when the bells, ringing far and wide over the frosty air, summon the family to Midnight Mass.

We should be sadly ignorant of the meaning that Christ's Birthday has for these merry-eyed people were we to leave out of account the religious element which is the very heart and soul of their Christmas. Beneath all their gayety and enthusiasm lies a deep Catholic faith which makes this solemn day all that it should be to every Christian people,—a day of peace and Communion with God, of kindness for the poor, and of friendship for all men. You may be sure that the Spanish children would be sad and lonely if they could not go to the Christmas Mass, just as lonely and sad as the American child would be if no Santa Claus had visited him.

There are very few who do not take some part, however small, in the liturgy; in singing or serving the Mass, or in playing the simple instruments,—the castanets, the flute, or the drum, which so often accompany the music. The airs are so easy and familiar that even the youngest can follow them without difficulty. All is hushed for a moment at the time of Communion, while the priest prepares his flock for the reception of the New-born King.

Before leaving the Church, the little ones must pay a visit to the crib and receive the Infant's blessing. There is nothing, even in our finest cathedrals to surpass the Bethlehem of the Spanish churches. In the sanctuary, under the very eyes of Jesus in the tabernacle, stands a grotto, lighted by a lantern, and surrounded on all sides with the white-capped hills of the City of David. Around the manger strewn with straw we see the prostrate forms of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. Even the oxen are kneeling in adoration. Shepherds await at the entrance.

Angels, too, singing the praises of God, are winging their way through the air about the poor stable. Far off in the distance the Magi are coming, guided by a large shining star that sets just above the crib of the Saviour. As the children approach the stable, the priest offers each one the Babe, *El Nino*, as they call Him, to be kissed. All during this touching scene the people are singing the "Adeste Fideles."

After the ceremonies are over the people go home again. When all has become perfectly quiet the parents prepare the little Christmas surprises that each child is to receive. In our great land of bounty there is usually a Christmas tree, with all its splendid tinsel and shining snow, its candles and gifts, loaded down with such a burden of toys that we wonder how it manages to stand beneath the weight. But the Spanish children, who know nothing of our Christmas tree, have something which is just as good. It is the "Home Bethlehem," the crib with its manger and Infant, of which every Spanish family, even the poorest, can boast. Really it is hard to describe the devotion which these children have for the Infant Jesus.

How charming and inspiring it is to watch them on Christmas morn as they gather round the cradle of Jesus who is to-day a child like themselves; to listen to their innocent prattle as they tell Him of their joys and sorrows; to hear them ask the Saviour's blessing on father and mother and all their other dear ones! The Babe of Bethlehem, the Giver of all good gifts, the Master of the house, has not forgotten them this day. Around His manger they will find their presents; and the light of gratitude brightens every little countenance for whatever token of affection He has left them on His Birthday.

Everyone goes to another Mass. When it is over the fun of the children begins with a zest. Dressed in

highly-colored garments, they go about the town singing the popular Christmas airs and dancing to their own music. Before the houses of well-known families they prolong their sport until some one, appearing at the door or window, throws a handful of nuts or other dainties into the happy and expectant group. With shouts of laughter they scramble for the prizes. Then the gay little band passes on.

Sometimes the spirit of adventure prompts the youthful dancers to visit the nearby towns. Their first stop is always at the village church to see the Bethlehem and compare it with their own. After kneeling a few moments in prayer they draw around the crib and sing one or two hymns. Then the dance is continued through the town until it is time to hasten home again.

You have heard something perhaps of the bull-fights that form so favorite a pastime with the Spaniards; but you may not know that the greatest contest of the whole year is held on Christmas afternoon. At this time enthusiasm swells to the highest pitch. For the Spanish boys it is as though some gigantic circus was coming to town.

On the third day after Christmas the Church celebrates the Feast of the Holy Innocents. Holy Innocents' Day in Spain is something like our April Fool's Day. Every boy must be on the lookout for some trick or frolic from his playmates; and the one who falls into a trap is greeted with a loud and mirthful *Innocente!*

As the hours of the Old Year wane, the people gather to celebrate the entry of the New Year. Interest is centred in Madrid, the nation's capital. Thousands crowd into the city's most important square, called the Gate of the Sun, which is ablaze with lights. The huge clock that regulates the time for the whole kingdom is slowly turning to twelve. At the first stroke of the chimes

every eye is directed to the tower of a large government building; and at the same instant a white ball, that had been hanging on the top of the tower, falls to the ground. It is the signal for loud and long cheering. The bells of the city ring out, the whistles blow, and the guns boom. Greetings are exchanged, the noises gradually die away, and the crowd disperses.

With the coming of the three Kings to adore the Saviour Christmastide is over. On the night before their arrival, the Eve of Epiphany, the children of Spain hang empty boxes from the window in the hope that the Magi will fill them with sweets.

Boy Wanted.

BY MABEL FARNUM.

II.

CAME the early days of December, and the Feast of Mary Immaculate. Jimmie went to early Mass and received Holy Communion. That morning something had happened. After Communion he had lifted his eyes to the statue of the Immaculate Mother. Jimmie himself never quite knew what happened, but he felt that, somehow, his precious project was to be realized; that somehow his mother and father and the baby would be attended to, while far away, in the quiet of a seminary, he would find the dream come true.

There was a smile on his boyish lips when he reached the office. He went on with his work serenely. He handled rough boxes, went on errands, and did other tasks, going about with the habitual modesty which had won the heart of the cranky old owner of *The Eagle*.

And there was the voice of Mr. Jennings, now in angry tones: "I tell you I'll not give it an inch of space! We don't want that trumpery! I don't like the Blessed Virgin—that's all there is to

it! It's all sheer nonsense, — processions, and all that; and I'll have none of it! If they want to have their goings on, they can do without any publicity from me. I'll ignore the whole business — I'll—I'll—"

Mr. Jennings, issuing from his office, and waving his arms furiously, stopped short at sight of a white-faced boy who stood directly in his path.

Jimmie's heart throbbed wildly. He felt that here and now was to be the scene he had long dreaded.

"Well, boy, what's the matter? What are you gaping that way for?"

"I heard what you said about—about the Blessed Virgin,—Mr. Jennings," replied Jimmie in low, set tones. "I want to tell you that you're wrong in speaking disrespectfully of her. Because—"

"Eh, what? What do you know about it, I'd like to know? And by what right do you criticize and dictate to me? Boy, if I didn't like you somehow, I'd tell you to get your cap and go—right now! But get out of my way before—"

"I know a great deal about it, Mr. Jennings," replied Jimmie staunchly. "I know—*all* about it!"

"What's that?"

"Because—because I'm a Catholic, and I—love the Blessed Virgin. I went to Mass in her honor this morning. It's the Feast of her Immaculate Conception."

"Look here, boy—" Mr. Jennings was stupefied. "Why didn't you confess this business before? Because I'd have fired you,—fired you right out that door! Don't you know I've no use for the Catholic Church? Why have you deceived me?"

"Because," Jimmie answered bravely, "you didn't give me a chance. I tried to several times, but you always hurried me away. I knew you didn't like—the Church, and I didn't like to cheat you."

"Well,—you can get what money's due you and go now!"

Mr. Jennings abruptly turned away.

Two minutes later a slight, boyish form, with set, white face, passed by the door of the private office on his way to the street.

Mr. Jennings called in subdued tones lest the others should think him weakening: "Here, you, boy!"

Jimmie stood silently at the door.

"You,—come in! I won't eat you! Now, then, let's be reasonable. I like you, and I like the way you work. From what I've heard outside, you need this job all right. Your folks depend on you,—don't they? I was hasty, I'll admit. But you know my stand;—and I never change my sentiments. I can't change 'em; I'm too old, maybe. But you're young. By and by you'll get sense. Now, then, if you promise to drop this nonsense and keep away from the Catholic Church, I'll take you back; and, by George! I'll add another dollar to your wages. Yes, sir, I will!"

But Jimmie did not stir: "I'm afraid you don't understand, Mr. Jennings," he said quietly. "I can't change my mind—not for anything in the world!"

The old man sat upright as if he had received an electric shock: "I'll—I'll give you *two* dollars more," he said huskily, feeling that he was bidding for something very precious.

"No—" said Jimmie.

"What!—not for so much money? I had plans for you, understand,—you young scamp! I hadn't told you of 'em. But I was thinking that, so long as I'd no son of my own, I might send you to school—by and by. Eh?"

"Not for the whole world! Mr. Jennings," said Jimmie; and turned away.

Something in the soul of the proud old man died down into ashes; but he would not give in.

Jimmie, meanwhile, went slowly out into the bustle of the streets. He dropped into a dim old church, and there, after a visit to the Blessed Sacra-

ment, he dropped on his knees before the sweet image of his Heavenly Mother. On the Lady Altar, candles and fragrant flowers were wasting away in honor of her feast.

By and by, Jimmie imagined, as he knelt there, stern sacrifices would confront him, if he was permitted to embrace his chosen career—persecution, fire, the sword, martyrdom,—for such was the portion of the captains of the army of Christ. But, he thought, never would any sacrifice be heavier than that which had been asked of him on this beautiful feast day of his Queen. And it may be that he was right.

From that day, Mr. Jennings saw no more of Jimmie,—that is, for some time. Meanwhile the old man tried various applicants, finding them all unsatisfactory. He had been spoiled by the faithful and respectful service of Mary's little knight, Jimmie Daly. He missed the ready smile, the little courtesies that knights are accustomed to render.

Then Christmas Eve came. Seated in his lonely apartment, Mr. Jennings thought of Jimmie—wondered where the boy was. With all his money—and he had a great deal of it,—he had not much consolation. Mr. Jennings realized that he had paid dearly for his experiment with Jimmie. He would have liked to go in search of him,—but he was too proud. No,—the boy had chosen his course, and he must abide the consequences.

But he did decide to pay another sort of visit—out of curiosity, perhaps. He put on his great coat, took his tall hat and walking stick, and went out. He walked, or rather limped, until he came to an old red-brick church, half-hidden in a back city street. He went in and sank into a rear bench; he looked straight ahead of him, straining his eyes for the sight of a figure once very familiar to him. Ah!—there it was.

He drew within the shadow of a

pillar, for there, kneeling at the feet of the Blessed Mother, was—yes—Jimmie Daly!

Perhaps—probably,—he was praying for a job, thought the old man. He waited in the shadow to see what Jimmie would do. He felt his hand touch something. He drew it out to the light—some one had evidently left a rosary in the seat. He fingered it carefully—curious sensation. But a very long time ago he had experienced something similar,—a very long time ago!

How long the boy stayed! The old man, his head sunk in his hands, went back over the years,—twenty years, more or less. The beads twined themselves about his hard fingers. He pressed them tighter. His hands had been so empty during the long years.

A fragment of a poem came to him.

Ye are the only badge I wear,
A sign that I am but the slave
In life, in death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

A tear trickled down through Mr. Jennings' fingers and moistened the rough wood of the beads.

Jimmie Daly rose, genuflected, and turned down the aisle. Mr. Jennings remained motionless until with light step, the boy had passed. Then he rose stiffly, and followed him out.

Face to face they encountered each other on the porch.

The old man endeavored to assume a cynical expression:

"Well, did you get a job?" he asked in his usual harsh voice, striving to disguise his feelings.

"N—no," faltered Jimmie. His face was very white and thin in the gaslight. He could not imagine what had led the old man here,—curiosity, perhaps.

"Well, I'm looking for a boy, just about your size,"—the old man turned aside to cough once or twice. "The pay is fifteen dollars a week, with chances of advancement, later on."

So it was that Jimmie went back to his old job. But not for long, for one morning, a few weeks later, Mr. Jennings called him into his office, and said: "Young man, I've been thinking I could use your father, now that he's getting well and strong again. And of course he's worth a lot more to me than you! So, if you'd like to go to a Catholic college somewhere, I think I can see the way clear for you to go."

When Jimmie opened his lips several times trying to find voice with which to utter his thanks, Mr. Jennings said in a queer tone:

"Don't thank me—thank the Blessed Virgin!"

One morning, some days later, Jimmie saw his old friend approaching the Communion rail at St. James' Church, with a string of brown beads trickling through his bony fingers.

(The End.)

The Bird of Bethlehem.

BY MICHAEL WALSH.

HUNTING the wren is an old Christmas custom, not only in Ireland, but in parts of Great Britain and in the South of France. This small, bob-tailed bird is one of the smallest of European songsters.

It sings every day in the Winter, except when the frost is very severe. It is known in parts of England by the endearing name of "Jenny" or the "Kitty wren"; while in France and Italy it is recorded that as many as one hundred and thirty-nine endearing names for it have been heard in rural districts.

There is an amusing fable which relates how the wren got its dignified title "King of all Birds." It is said that on one occasion all the fowls of the air had a great meeting. The object of the assembly was to choose a leader and ruler from amongst the multitude. It

was decided that whatever bird was capable of soaring the highest should be elected king.

The eagle was victor. All the birds were about to acknowledge him as their ruler when a wild burst of warbling was heard in the air far above them. Perched on the back of the eagle was a little wren, proud and exultant over its victory. Unfelt and unseen, it had been borne upwards on the back of the lordly eagle.

It has never been explained why the wren builds two nests at the same time, one quite convenient to the other. The nest in which it lays and hatches its young is remarkable for neatness as well as for inconspicuousness, while the second nest, built apparently for no purpose and for all to see, appears rather clumsy.

The wren figures in many Christmas songs and ballads, and on St. Stephen's Day, the children in Irish country places still eagerly look forward to the coming of the "Wren Boys." It is good to know, however, that the cruel custom of killing the wren is rapidly dying out, and that the "Wren Boys" when going their rounds only pretend to have in their possession the dead body of the little bird. Very often they carry a small bit of fluff tied to a pole instead, which serves the purpose.

In Spain, it is said that the wren had a nest in the bleak stable where the Christ Child was born; and for that reason it is sometimes called the Bird of Bethlehem.

Our Greatest Gift.

Everyone is grateful and joyous at Christmas, because on this day, over eighteen centuries ago, we received the greatest of all gifts from heaven—our Blessed Saviour. The name of Christmas comes from the Latin *Christi-massa*, or Mass of Christ.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—We recommend to readers of French who are interested in keeping in touch with Continental matters, the review, *Les Lettres*, which appears monthly as the organ of young French Catholic writers.

—"Voices from India," an illustrated octavo brochure of fifty-four pages, tells of the activities, the needs and the hopes of the Bengal Mission of the Belgian Jesuits. The very interesting text is supplemented by an excellent map of the district confided to these devoted missionaries.

—In a list of new publications from Burns, Oates and Washbourne we find these titles: "The Life of Faith and Love," by Fr. H. Reginald Buckler, O. P.; "Loaves and Fishes, Being Extracts from the Notebook of Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J."; and "Thoughts of St. Teresa for Every Day," selected and arranged by Kathleen Mary Balfe.

—"The Town Landing," by Mabel Farnum, is a pleasant story of life in a great American city. The people are, for the most part, ordinary folk who struggle on, winning their daily bread and keeping an eye open for the realities of the life of the soul. One follows the adventures—perhaps experiences is the better word—of Barbara and Francis with interest and enjoyment. The book, an attractive one, will be enjoyed and prized by boys and girls. P. J. Kenedy and Sons.

—From The America Press come two pamphlets as interesting as they are timely: "The Christ Child," and "God and Cæsar." Both are from the pen of the Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. The former treats of the Christ Child in prophecy, devotion to the Christ Child, and the poet laureate of the Christ Child ("The Little Flower"). "God and Cæsar" discusses bigotry in this country, the Church and politics, and kindred topics. In view of the apparent expansion—at least in some of our States—of the infamous Ku-Klux Klan, this pamphlet is well worth exploiting.

—"The Training of the Will and Other Essays on Religious Education," by Judith F. Smith, is a brochure of 60 pages which, despite its brevity, is a complete manual of pedagogical principles of great utility to the catechist and to instructors of children generally. Believing that the secret of successful teaching consists in the ability to help the child to help himself, and that to do this is "the most difficult branch of a difficult art," Miss Smith sets

down in these brief essays some frequently neglected but very sound principles of child psychology and not a few helpful suggestions as to their application. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—From the very dawn of history, the existence of human suffering, physical and moral evil, has puzzled the minds of serious thinkers. Men have asked, as an abstract question, "Why should it be so?" and each individual, no doubt—for all have suffered in some way,—has asked for a solution of the concrete problem, "Why must I suffer?" In a little book just published by the *Franciscan Herald Press*, whose title is this latter question, the Rev. F. J. Remler, C. M., furnishes an answer which is possibly as complete, and certainly as simple, as any yet given. He assigns fifteen reasons why God either imposes or permits suffering. Many will find this "A Book of Light and Consolation."

—"Talks to Boys," by the Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S. J., is a series of instructions upon practical religion originally contributed to the *Queens Work* and here reprinted in book form. The "talks" are inspirational rather than directly didactic, though the author assures us that some of his boy correspondents call them "stories." This seems to indicate that sound and saving doctrine has been imbibed along with diversion. When the preacher and the story-teller are combined in the same person, solemn truth puts on a pleasant face,—becomes indeed irresistible. Let "Talks to Boys" be placed in the hands of boys everywhere. They will read it and profit by it. The pictures might have been dispensed with—they disfigure rather than adorn. The paper binding of this book puts it within the reach of every purse. Benziger Brothers.

—The death of M. Maurice Barrés, of the French Academy, removes from among Continental littérateurs one of their most picturesque figures. Before and after the war, Barrés won a great, if dubious, reputation for his emphasis on the principle of nationality. His "Colette Baudoche" did as much as any work to inculcate French aspirations towards control of the Rhine countries. There was much of the pose of the dilettante about him, and his literary style was colored by an artifice that reflected the instability of his philosophic doctrine. But the Catholic movement in France remains deeply indebted to Barrés.

Though he did not profess the Faith, he manifested a deep regard for its beauties and social powers. He spoke many a good word for religious teaching bodies, for the preservation of churches, and for the encouragement of religious worship. One of his last articles contained a fine tribute to the work of the Christian Brothers in the Near East.

—It does not take long to read the average book. The demand for good literature, therefore, should be commensurate with the supply. Some parents, fortunately, have formed the habit of securing only the best stories for their children. Among such are those of the Rev. Fr. Finn, S. J. His latest book bears the title of "Lord Bountiful."—The same publishers (Benziger Brothers) have simultaneously brought out a story by Fr. Spaulding, S. J., a more recent, though scarcely less successful, worker for the same cause, entitled "In the Wilds of the Canyon." Both stories, since they are replete with adventure and romance are sure to please those for whom they were written,—the American boy. Moreover, they will, since they are also Catholic, instruct in what is useful and inspire to what is noble and elevating. The market will never be overstocked with such books as these: it requires a great deal of experience and not a little skill to write good juveniles.

—Lord Charnwood has not produced in his scholarly work, "Theodore Roosevelt," a biography, as that term is generally understood: he himself calls it a "political biography." It may not inaptly be called also a purpose biography. The purpose, though possibly a secondary motive, is the fostering, through the presentation of the outstanding qualities of Mr. Roosevelt's personal character and political activities, of that *entente cordiale* between England and the United States, so ardently desired, it is said, by Mr. Roosevelt himself, and by all who believe that in it lies the greatest guarantee for world peace. The peculiar charm of the book, aside from its excellent literary style, is found in the skill with which the author shows us his subject in and through his work. To tabulate appreciatively Roosevelt's actions, whether in State, Federal or international politics; to tell of the friends he made abroad; to describe his journeyings into the wilderness as a naturalist,—all this is but to portray the man himself. For, as Lord Charnwood rightly says, "Roosevelt was always just a 'plain American,'" that is, a man who said bluntly just what he thought, and acted vigorously according to his convictions. While the estimate given of the renowned

President does not lack the limitations, possibly inevitable, of a foreigner's point of view, a careful reading of it will, we believe, convince those who need to be convinced that Roosevelt may not inappropriately be included among the greatest of our chief executives. The average American reader will, no doubt, find points on which to criticize the author of this volume, for instance, that passage in which he insinuates that Roosevelt felt resentment at the attitude of the Holy See in the "Vatican Incident." This we believe unfair to the Vatican as well as to Roosevelt himself. Atlantic Monthly Press.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. William Gordon, of the archdiocese of Liverpool; Rev. Daniel Mulvihill, diocese of Des Moines; Rev. Thomas Fitzgerald, diocese of Brooklyn; and Rev. James Smith, diocese of Hartford.

Mr. Edward Taylor, Mr. Paul Hoelscher, Mrs. James Doherty, Mr. J. H. Guhl, Miss Anna Mangan, Mr. William Oliver, Mrs. Susan Elder, Mr. Gilbert Roth, Miss Helen Brun, Mr. John Gaffney, Mr. Henry Schleter, Mr. William Doran, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Scully, Mr. Thomas Bradbury, Mrs. Mary Sheil, Mr. Joseph Cartier, Mr. John St. John, Mrs. Veronica Schell, Miss Catherine Feeney, Mr. Alexander McIsaac, Mrs. Henry Thompson, Mr. Patrick Scully, Mrs. Robert Lamb, Mr. Edward O. Brown, Miss Mary Jung, Mr. Timothy Driscoll, Mr. William Hagerty, Mr. Edward Larkin, Mrs. Mary Atchison, and Mr. Henry Austen.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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... The volume is exceptionally well written and of great interest from the psychological and the apologetic point of view. Nothing more effective or convincing could be put into the hands of a truth-seeking Protestant, especially of the Anglican persuasion, than this book.—*Fortnightly Review*.

As an humble religious, Father Fidelis has worked for over a half a century in the vineyard of the Lord. The history of his conversion to the Church, like that of Von Ruville, will knock at the door of many hesitating and undecided souls and, with the grace of God, help them to dissipate all doubts.—*Herold des Glaubens*.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 8.—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.	TUESDAY, 11.—St. Damasus, P. C.
SUNDAY, 9.—SECOND OF ADVENT. St. Leocadia, V. M.	WEDNESDAY, 12.—Our Lady of Guadalupe.
MONDAY, 10.—Translation of the Holy House of Loreto. St. Melchiades, P. M.	THURSDAY, 13.—St. Lucy, V. M.
	FRIDAY, 14.—St. Nicasius, B. M. St. Agnellus, Ab. St. Spiridion, B.
	SATURDAY, 15.—St. Christiana, V. M. St. Valerian, B.

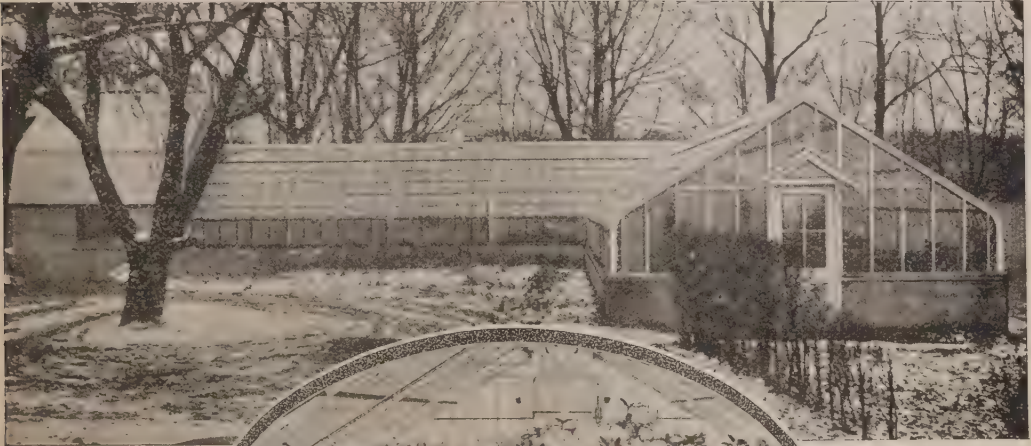
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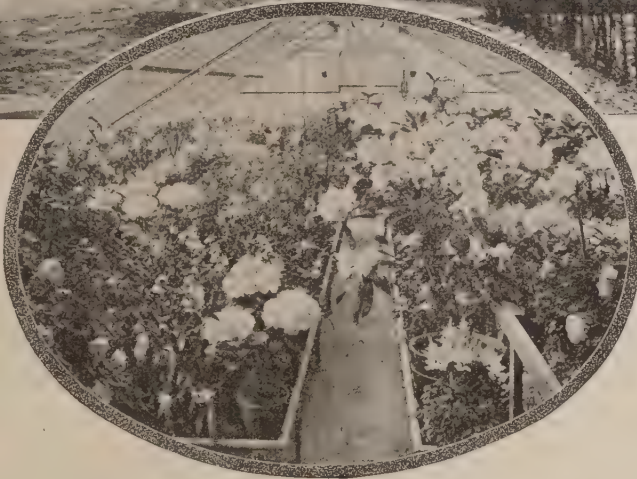
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No. 23

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Alma Redemptoris Mater.

BY R. O'K.

O BOUNTIFUL Mother, full of grace!
O path of light 'twixt heaven and earth
Unknown before!
By thee the Saviour of our race
Descends, and, Child of thee, hath birth
For evermore.
By thee, Celestial Gate, doth man
Ascend, led on by thee, fair Star,
To heaven above.
Through thee the reign of love began;
Lead home thy children wand'ring far,
With mother-love.
O Mother-Maid! God's mystery!
Nature amazed, the wonder saw,—
Its God thy child.
All hail! thy children cry to thee:
Make us, in hope and love and law,
Live undefiled.

A Marian Poem of the Twelfth Century.

BY THE REV. J. T. McDERMOTT, D. D.



THE Establishment of the Feast of the Conception of Our Lady, commonly called the Feast of the Normans. By Richard Wace, Norman Poet of the Twelfth Century." So runs the title-page of a remarkable poem published for the first time in 1842, from the manuscripts of the Royal Library, by G. Mancel, librarian, and G. S. Trebutien, assistant librarian, of the library of the city of Caen, France.

Apart from its excellence as a tribute of love and homage to the Mother of God, this poem, voicing the mind of an age seven hundred years in the past, is possessed of literary and historic merits which make it an object of interest to the general student of letters. It stands one of the most ancient monuments of the French language, and is a curious, beautiful revelation of the spiritual ideas and the refined beliefs of the Middle Ages,—a period instinct with poetic inspiration of the highest quality.

Wace's poem on the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary is a versified compilation of existing poetic prose. It is the artist's presentation of matter found chiefly in the Apocryphal Gospels, — those semi-orthodox recitals which the Church has always more or less tolerated, from which she has borrowed certain rites, and which, left to the imagination of the people, facilitated the transition from the brilliant mythology of paganism to the rigid principles of Christianity. "The apocryphal writings," says an eminent French critic, "are a most beautiful monument; we know no literature possessing anything so elevated or so complete." For a thousand years these writings ruled the soul of the people, as well as the imagination of the poet and the artist. They gave to the Middle Ages that pleasing character of naïveté which has ever been an inspiration to artistic and literary effort.

To these works, which he has repro-

duced almost textually, Wace has added a mass of facts, anecdotes, digressions, and commentaries, mostly furnished by Anselm, Eadmer, and other ecclesiastical writers. A little work entitled "The Miracle of the Conception of the Holy Virgin," generally attributed to St. Anselm, is the foundation and suggestion of the poem under consideration. In that work this narrative is given:

William, Duke of Normandy, had proved himself the conquering master of England. But, while still in the flush of victory, he was filled with alarm at the news that Sweyn the Second, King of Denmark, was contemplating an invasion into the newly acquired territory. Weary of war, and anxious to substitute diplomacy for arms, William vested Helsin, abbot of Ramsay, with the power of peace ambassador, and commissioned him to negotiate with the Danish King. Helsin faithfully accomplished the mission entrusted to him, and after a few months set out from Denmark with messages of peace and friendship from Sweyn to William.

Helsin and his companions had proceeded but a short distance on their return homeward when the sea, at the beginning of the voyage as calm as a dreamless slumber, began to moan and fret, and angrily dash its waves on high. The lightning showing the vast deep, the rending thunders rolling onward, the loud winds sweeping over the billows, shook the strongest nerve, appalled the bravest soul. The crew, trained to the signs of the storm, knew that fatal shipwreck was upon them, that no natural power could now avail. In their distress they turned to the supernatural. They humbly knelt and confidently sought relief from the Virgin Mary, Star of the Sea.

The cry of anguish was quickly answered. Amid the deafening crashes of thunder, the kneeling Helsin heard his name mysteriously pronounced. Look-

ing aloft, he beheld an angel, who thus addressed him: "Helsin, I come to you on the part of the Mother of God; and I am ordered to say that if you wish to escape shipwreck and regain your native shores, you must promise to establish and celebrate the Virgin Mary's Conception." Showing his instant readiness, Helsin asked: "On what day is it Heaven's wish that this feast be celebrated?" The angel replied: "The eighth day of December." Helsin then inquired concerning the character of the Office that should mark the day; and was told that the Office of the Virgin's Conception should be the same as that of her Nativity, with the single difference that the word "Conception" should replace the word "Nativity." Helsin promised, the angel vanished, and the storm ceased.

Immediately on arriving at Ramsay, the holy abbot fulfilled his promise, and, in manner formal, established the heaven-ordered feast. The inspiration of Helsin's act spread on all sides, and the 8th of December became a day of general joy and exultation. But the new feast took possession in particular of the hearts and the minds of the good people of Normandy; and with such holy transports was the 8th of December celebrated throughout that entire country that the feast of Mary's Conception was called pre-eminently "the Feast of the Normans."

This is the narrative around which Richard Wace has built up his delightful poem of the Twelfth Century, and which he has taken as a point of departure for his beautiful tribute to the entire life of the Most Blessed Virgin. The poet takes as his suggesting guide the "Gospel of the Birth of the Virgin Mary," and from this work he gives the reader lines of rare poetic beauty. With fine, artistic touch he paints the sorrows of the childless life of Joachim and Anne. For twenty years this

afflicted couple prayed and sighed and wept that God might grant them offspring; and the boon sought is obtained when least expected.

It is the day of the Jewish feast of the "Dedication." Filled with the religious spirit of the occasion, Joachim, with relatives and neighbors, goes to Jerusalem to present his humble offering in the Temple. Absorbed in prayer and bowed in grief, he is met at the door by the high-priest Issachar, who cuttingly rebukes him, and sternly orders him from the holy spot. Stung and wounded in his tenderest sensibilities, Joachim blindly staggers away through the curious throngs; and as he moves along he feels the stigma of shame imprinted in his very soul by each word of Issachar: "God has judged thee unworthy of children: thy offerings can not be agreeable to the Most High; for the Scriptures say: 'Accursed is he who does not beget in Israel.' Joachim, thou art accursed,—thou art a shame amongst thy people."

One listening moment Joachim pauses, and then, maddened by the sense of his degradation and ignominy before his people, he hastens on and tarries not till he has reached the desert, the place of refuge in which he expects to spend the rest of his days, away from the jeers and taunts of men, alone with his shame and misery. In his abode of solitude, Joachim passes the time in fasting, praying and weeping. But God is with him. And, lo! one day while the holy man kneels in prayer, a light from heaven flashes before his gaze; in its midst an angel appears, and says in reassuring tones:

"Fear not, Joachim! I am an angel of the Most High. I am sent to thee to announce that God has heard thy prayer, and is prepared to remove from thee the reproach of sterility. God punishes sin and not nature. When the Almighty permits the defect of sterility,

it is that His works may shine out more splendidly. For eighty years Sara yearned for a son; and then Isaac, whose name is blessed, was born unto her. Samuel the holy, Samson the strong,—did these not have as mothers women once sterile? But if thy reason forbid belief in my words, believe in facts. Thy wife Anne shall conceive and bring forth a child, and the child's name shall be Mary. This child will be consecrated to God from her infancy, and will be filled with the Holy Spirit from the womb of her mother. Forever she will remain a virgin; and, by the power of the Infinite, she will be the Mother of the Saviour of the world. And behold the sign by which thou shalt know the truth of what I announce: when thou arrivest at Jerusalem, thou wilt find thy spouse awaiting thee at the Golden Gate."

Here the poet turns aside from the "Gospel of the Birth of Mary," and, following the beautiful narrative of the "Protevangelium of St. James," gives a touching picture of the afflicted Anne during the absence of her husband. Clad in the garments of mourning, by day and by night she bewails the loss of her husband and the shame of her barrenness. Amongst her own she is despised. Her very servants look at her with insulting eyes. On the day of the angel's apparition to Joachim, a maid reproaches Anne for her incessant tears and lamentations, and bids her lay aside her senseless grief and appear in a manner befitting her station in life. Anne replies: "Leave me, for God has laid His hand heavy upon me!" Irritated by these words, the maid disdainfully murmurs: "Is it my fault that thou art shamed with barrenness?" With the insulting words of the servant ringing in her ears, the desolate Anne flies to a remote corner of her garden, and there, under a laurel tree, kneels in prayer.

While praying, she for a moment

raises her head, and beholds a sparrow's nest in the laurel tree. Bursting into tears, she gives eloquent expression to the overmastering grief, the sublime dejection, and still more sublime resignation, of a loving spouse, shut out from the joys of maternity. This outburst of the sorrowing Anne recalls the most touching lyric passages in the Bible. "Alas!" the yearning wife exclaims,— "alas! to what can I be compared? What mother has begotten me to be accursed before the children of Israel? My God, I am spurned, I am insulted, I am driven from the Temple! Alas! to what am I like? I can not compare myself to the birds of the air, for they are fruitful before Thee, O God! Alas! to what am I like? I can not be compared to the animals of the fields, for they are fruitful before Thee, O Lord! Alas! to what am I like? Not, O Lord, even to the waters, for they are fruitful before Thee: the waters, calm or agitated, praise Thee with the fish of the deep. But, alas! to what can I compare myself? I can not be compared to the earth, for the earth brings forth its fruits, and it blesses Thee, O Lord!"

Here Wace returns to the "Gospel of the Birth of the Virgin Mary" and recounts the angel's apparition to Anne. "Fear not, Anne!" says the heavenly spirit. "I am the angel who has carried thy every sigh, thy every prayer, thy every offering, to the throne of the Most High. And now I come to announce that a child shall be born to thee. The name of the child shall be Mary, and she shall be blessed amongst all women. From her conception she shall be full of grace, and the shadow of sin shall never darken her life. In prayer and fasting, by day and by night, she shall be consecrated to God in the Temple. Without example, without sin, without corruption, she, ever a virgin, shall bring forth a Son; she, the servant, shall be Mother of the Master. Arise,

go up to Jerusalem; and when you shall have come to the Golden Gate, for a sign you will meet the husband whose loss you have mourned."

Now, again, the poet takes up the charming narrative of the "Protevan-gelium" and pictures the meeting of Joachim and Anne. In a transport of joy, Anne throws herself on the neck of her husband and cries out: "Now I know that God has blessed me much! For, behold, I who was a widow am so no longer; I who was barren will now be a mother!" On the following day Joachim brings his gifts to the Temple. His offering is accepted, and he goes down from the house of the Lord justified, declaring: "Now I know God is propitious to me. He has had mercy on me, and before the children of Israel I shall be in honor." The full miracle is accomplished, and Mary, the child of prophecy, is born.

Drawing his matter from the "Gospel of the Birth of Mary," the poet then presents to us the angelic life of the child in the Temple. She lives in an atmosphere of the supernatural. Miracles signalize her high destiny. Angels often visit her and with her hold familiar converse. She reaches the age of fourteen,—the age when, according to the Law, the high-priest publicly announces that the virgins of the Temple must return to their parents and prepare for the marriage state. The virgin companions of Mary with eagerness obey the command of the high-priest; but Mary pleads for the privilege of remaining in the Temple, declaring that her vow of virginity is perpetual.

Embarrassed by the resolution of the young virgin, Mary, the high-priest retires into the Holy of Holies, there to invoke God for light to solve the difficulty created by Mary's singular attitude toward the Law. After prolonged prayer, he comes forth and publicly orders that every unmarried man of the

House of David should come to the sanctuary, bearing in his hand a rod; for Heaven had decreed that one particular rod should miraculously blossom, and from its top a dove heavenward spring; and this miracle, before all Israel, would indicate God's choice of a husband for Mary.

An aged man of Bethlehem, Joseph, unknown and unnoticed, dressed as an ordinary workman, obeys the mandate of the priest and presents himself in the sanctuary. With head bowed and lips moving in prayer, all unconscious of his nearness to the Infinite, Joseph stands amid the throng. There is a moment's pause of holy expectation; eyes glance from rod to rod,—and now every eye is riveted on the one borne in the hand of Joseph; for from that rod has blossomed a stately lily — the flower of virgins, most sweet and spotless,—proclaiming without words and beyond words, the truth of Mary's immaculate purity. And out from the rod's top there springs a snowy dove, type of holy love and blessed peace; and on silvery pinions the dove of the miracle mounts heavenward. Joseph sees and understands; and, in humility and obedience, he returns to Bethlehem to prepare for the marriage ceremony. Mary goes back to Nazareth with her parents.

Many beautiful lines are devoted to the Angelic Salutation, the visit of Mary to Elizabeth, and the perturbation of Joseph; and we are brought to the birth of Christ, with which ends the second part of the poem. The Apocryphal Gospels, as well as the Canonical, are silent concerning the life of the Virgin at this period. The grandeur of the Son has overshadowed the brilliancy of the Mother. This break in the history of Mary, Wace fills with lengthy commentaries drawn from the ecclesiastical writers of his day. He has massed, in an informal but powerful manner, all the known arguments in

favor of the Immaculate Conception, and all the reasons establishing the power of the Mother of God. He closes the episode by giving, after a tradition of the Middle Ages, the genealogy of the Virgin Mother.

In the third and last part of the poem, Wace makes use of a work entitled "The Book of the Passing of the Blessed Virgin Mary," written by Melito, Bishop of Sardo. In the early centuries this work was widely known, and exerted a vast influence on the art and literature of Christian Europe. The verse of Wace faithfully follows the charming prose of Melito.

The Virgin Mother had realized unto perfection every detail of her divinely ordained life. To earth she had brought light and hope and salvation; and now heaven claims her as its own fair Queen, as its first glory, its best and rarest ornament. The day of coronation is at hand. The year is the twenty-second after the death of Jesus. Mary kneels in holy rapture in the humble house of the parents of the Beloved John, at the foot of Mount Olivet. An angel suddenly stands before her and reverentially salutes her: "Hail, Blessed of God! Behold the palm branch which I bring thee from paradise! This palm shall be carried before thy bier when, three days hence, thy soul will have been liberated from thy body. Thy Son awaits thee, with the Thrones, the Angels, and the Virtues of Heaven." To these words of the angel Mary quietly, humbly, confidently gives reply: "Tell my beloved Son that I wish, ere I die, to see the Apostles reunited in my presence." And the messenger of heaven answers: "Even to-day, by the power of God, the Apostles will stand before thee." Mary takes the palm branch, and, undisturbed, continues her prayer.

On the same day, at the same hour, three of the afternoon, John, beloved of

Jesus, is preaching at Ephesus. And, lo! while in fervid tones he proclaims the law of holy love, a mysterious cloud envelops him, and, before the eyes of the multitude, he is raised and transported to the house of Mary. At the sight of the favored disciple, the Mother of God is filled with joy. "Remember, my son," she says,—“remember the words of Calvary, by which I am thy Mother, thou art my child. In three days I shall die.”—“How unable am I alone to prepare obsequies worthy of thee, my Mother!” replies John. “Would that the others were here to do fitting honor to thy remains!” And even as he speaks, Peter and James and Andrew and the rest of the holy band, by divine power, stand physically present, saluting one another, and doing homage to their Queen.

As the angel had announced, the Holy Virgin dies. Her stainless soul goes out like an aspiration of ecstatic love. Death has her; but on the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending. The voice of Christ is heard: “Come, my beloved one,—come to thy realms of immortal beauty!” The Virgin Mother dies surrounded by angels, in the midst of the Apostles. Peter and Paul reverentially carry the holy remains, and John goes before them bearing in his hand the palm branch from paradise.

The poet now establishes the high probability of the resurrection of the Blessed Virgin, and closes his work with a magnificent picture of the Assumption—the triumphal entry of the Immaculate Mother of God into the eternal kingdom of her Divine Son.

WE must give the spur to this jade of a body of ours, to make it trot on and get forward. Many a good soldier dies in battle, many a good sailor on the sea, and many a good doctor in the hospital.

—*St. Camillus.*

Vanna's Sacrifice.

BY MARY AMELIA CARNE.

II.



IT was high noon in Murray's Court—high noon in many ways,—for excitement and news were plentiful. The drunken cobbler, on the right-hand side of the Court, had beaten his wife and been hauled off to jail; there had been a hair-pulling affair between two Lithuanian women; somebody's dog had bitten somebody else's poor little child. As usual, when the sun shone and news was abundant, the Court was out-of-doors.

Frowzy women, in dirty aprons, exchanged details of the events. Their dirty and ragged offspring listened, open-mouthed, or, if their elders grew personal and sharp-tongued over the discussion, indulged in private warfare of their own. The conversation was spiced with vile words, the worst of which the children seemed to catch the most readily; and, despite prohibition, there was more than one whiff of spirits borne on the breeze, which was redolent also of decaying vegetables.

Suddenly, across the rough cobbles of the Court, passed a slender figure, making her way among the crowd with a timid tread and a shrinking horror. One of the talkative women stopped her argument just long enough to nod over her shoulder, as the slender figure passed.

“That kid of the Dago woman's—she ban lookin' terrible. This no place for her. She die, or go crazy yet.”

Poor Vanna did not hear the words. Her sole idea was to keep from slipping on the foul stones and breaking the milk bottle she carried, and to pass unobserved. She had been observed—oh, enough!—when she first came; and to slip through the crowd unnoticed and gain the dark stair that led to her

mother's room was part of every day's program; and she carried it through now safely.

Murray's Court was really an oddly constructed square, where the houses faced inward, around a block of cobbles. It dated back to the city's earliest days. The houses belonged to a past period, —high, rambling old structures, in each of which scores of families dwelt. Up the narrow stairs of one of these, Vanna climbed. When she reached the landing outside of her own door, she put down the milk, and, stretching her arms above her head, leaned in an abandonment of weariness against the wall.

Could Mother Margaret have looked from her convent cell and seen her ewe lamb now, her kind heart would have bled to breaking. This was not the Vanna who had turned from the convent gateway, strong in her new armor, with her eyes full of light and hope. It was not only that the young face was pinched and pale, that there were great shadows lying under the dark eyes—this Vanna looked not only pinched, but blighted. The tumbled blouse, the shabby skirt, the half-dressed hair, seemed but the outward tokens of the utter hopelessness that shadowed the young face, the utter wretchedness that looked out from the young eyes. As she leaned against the cracked and dirty wall, she seemed as much an offspring of Murray's Court as those outside, with this difference: they were producing their own foul atmosphere, and it, in turn, was producing Vanna.

Suddenly, above the confused noises in the shop of the man who sold junk across the Court, a vagrant clock struck clearly, shrilly, twelve. To the hopeless ear of the girl on the landing, the sound brought a sudden thought. At Marymount, they were now saying the noon Angelus. "*Angelus Domini nuntiavit*" —but, shudderingly, almost hysterically, she put the words away from her.

What! Say them here, to mingle with those curses from below? Had an angel ever announced anything here?

Roused from her miserable reflection, she passed on into the dingy room with its meagre furnishings, broken floor, and one small window, through which the babel of sounds from below swept in. The girl advanced to her mother's bedside. Pouring some of the milk into a glass, she held it to the trembling lips, one hand tenderly stroking the grey hair the while.

Ah, here, at least, she had not failed! She had contrived a screen of mosquito netting for the window, that excluded flies; the bed was spotless, and a small table beside it held a few wild flowers in a cracked pitcher—Vanna had walked far to find those flowers. The old face smiled up at her, as if she were the one spark of Heaven's goodness visible in all that awful place. The depression seemed to lift from about her, as she ministered tenderly to her mother, and soothed her with loving words. Something of the light of old days stole into her eyes; for, if she were the one spot of Heaven's brightness to Madre Maddalena, her ministry to the poor old creature was the one saving thing in the wretchedness of her own sad life.

When at last, after Madre Maddalena's face and hands were bathed and she slept peacefully, soothed by Vanna's Italian lullaby, the girl shoved her own poor meal aside untasted, and sank on a stool by the window, hiding her face in her hands. She sat that way many times now, when Madre Maddalena's eyes were closed. It was almost habit, for her one impulse from the first had been to shut out the sights and sounds that crushed the heart, so long attuned to holy things.

Alas, she felt, it was so attuned no longer! The life and ways of Marymount seemed as far removed from her

present life and thoughts as day from night. Not that Vanna had fallen into really evil ways. The foulness of sin, as it reigned in Murray's Court, would have repelled any but the most hardened; and to this poor girl it was nothing but horror. But it blighted her, none the less, in that its foul presence was stifling in her what was good.

Sensitive to an extreme, she had felt so keenly the horror of the evil around her that she seemed, by her very presence there, to be a partaker of it. Perhaps, also, without her knowledge, her goodness had been a little of the hothouse variety, and needed the atmosphere of Marymount to flourish at its best. She seemed unable to pray. How could she, she asked herself, frantically, pray from this pit of evil? Could her voice reach God amid the curses rising around her against His name? Had He not closed His ears of necessity to Murray's Court and all therein? So she wildly reasoned. Madre Maddalena, only half-conscious and none too well-instructed, could not help her. She had been a good woman, but not devout, and was content with the priest's Easter and Christmas ministrations.

Zia Caterina, her sister, was unfortunately, a shrewish old renegade, who had long ago sold her birthright for a Jewish husband who had led her through a life of wretchedness; and now she was dragging out an embittered old age of widowhood. She was another of Vanna's sharp trials; nothing the girl did pleased her, and, accustomed as Vanna had been to love and kindness, the never-ceasing abuse had the effect of crushing her spirit and rendering life more intolerable.

Vanna had never revisited the convent since coming to Murray's Court; it lay at the other side of the city. Besides, she did not dare,—the contrast was too cruel. To Mother Margaret's tender letters, she responded briefly,

but as cheerfully as possible, to hide the real truth.

As she crouched by the window, with her face hidden, the forlorn untidiness of her dress, indeed her very attitude, told the whole story. Where was St. Joan's oriflamme now? Dragging hopelessly in the dust, for none conquer who despair. Despair brings forth her children, too, and one of them had visited Vanna. Must she bear this always? Was there life—joy—nowhere?

As if in answer to her inward cry, the sound of music reached her. Raising her eyes, she saw, through an opening between the houses, the gay awnings of the dance hall and moving-picture house on the next street. A sudden color crept into her face. She did not know it, but it was the instinctive lifting of her young heart to life and brightness out of the darkness in which she dwelt. The thought crossed her mind: "There is music there and laughter, and perhaps beauty—why don't I go?"

Mother Margaret had always spoken plainly to Vanna of life's dangers, and, in a flash, she remembered what the nun had said to her about places like that. A flush of shame, that seemed to scorch her in its agony, went over her; and if Vanna had only called her angel, surely he would have shadowed her with his wings.

But, instead, she dropped her head lower, and fell crouching on the floor. To her poor soul, starving for the help she was not seeking, the thought, almost innocent as it had been, seemed to place her forever with those among whom she dwelt.

She did not know how long she crouched there in her shame. A thousand mocking voices filled her ears; every vile word and every oath, which she tried daily to shut out, seemed to echo around her,—seemed almost her own heart's utterance. St. Joan—she

dared not think of her. Were those evil spirits which were ridiculing her, mocking her?

"Vanna! Vanna!"

Her mother's voice, thick and halting, reached her.

"Vanna—de water! You deed not—hear me—call. I tried—to get eet. Eet iss—all upset! Why—deed you—not come?"

Trembling in every limb, tortured beyond all endurance, Vanna rose.

"I can't be listening always," she said.

The pained, surprised look on the old face shocked her into silence. What had she said? Scarcely knowing, she silently repaired the damage, and then, to her relief, Zia Caterina came, stumbling, scolding, up the stairs. She had shoved the pushcart home early on account of the heat. The moment that she entered, Vanna snatched her hat from a nail and hurried down through the Court into the street.

Where she was going she did not know, and where she went she did not care. Through business sections, across handsome avenues, anywhere, to try and fight off the terrible sense of this, her final failure. She felt ruined, blighted forever; and, worst of all, she had failed in her duty to her mother. This had been the one spark of vitality in her dead life, and to have quenched that meant utter failure. Struggle as she might, this thought came uppermost, and finally, breathless, weak and spent utterly from her long tramping, she paused about sundown on the bridge, and leaned, half-numbed, against the railing.

The fresh breeze from the water gradually revived her. She glanced about her. Past her hurried countless mortals, all unheeding of her, and all, alas! so far removed. This was life, which was flowing around her,—there was life in the rippling waters, life in

the fresh breeze, life in the happy, prosperous, human beings. This was the part of man's world which God had blessed. She came, she thought, bitterly, from the part He had forgotten. And thus, while life ebbed around her, she, a most miserable and wretched failure, seemed already numbered among the dead.

Among the dead! The idea brought relief. Was it a voice that whispered the next thought in her ear? Her eyes dilated and her hands clung convulsively to the railing. The thought seemed almost alive in its terrible power. It would all be so fatally easy. She was light of foot—one step on the railing—one downward plunge—and the waters would close over her shame and her failure forever. Suddenly, sweet and appealing, the sound of a bell fell on her ear.

Involuntarily, her hand sought forehead and breast in the blessed sign. As it was made, a strong hand grasped her shoulder, and she was drawn back from the rail, and seated forcibly in a sheltered corner.

"Lassie!" said a voice, with a broad Scotch accent, "lassie! ye may thank the Laird for that bell!"

Vanna glanced up quickly, to meet the kindly, quizzical gaze of a pair of grey eyes, and the fatherly smile, which the grizzled beard did not hide, of a sunburned man in the Salvation Army uniform, who was fanning her with his cap.

"I've seen the look in your eyes, often," he went on, "and it's not one in ten gets by. I'd have jumped in after ye, if ye had gone, but the bell and your sign saved ye; so thank the Laird for His mercies, lass."

Then, as Vanna still only gazed at him with bewildered eyes, he went on, as if half to himself,—“It stands to reason, the Sign of the Cross would draw the Laird's mercy doon. Didn't

it bring it doon over all mankind, when they lifted it up in Palestine? Perhaps," he added, shrewdly, seeing Vanna was recovering herself somewhat, "if ye'd made it oftener, lass, ye'd no' have been in such sore need of it, then. That's what I'm thinking."

"I don't know," burst out Vanna, forgetful that she was talking to a stranger, "I don't know! Perhaps you are right. Perhaps I have forgotten God; but how could I call upon Him from Murray's Court?"

The shrewd eyes of the kindly man softened as Vanna lifted her pitiful glance to him.

"Child, I'm nane of your belief. Ye're a Catholic, I take it, by your crossing yoursel'; but though I'm nane of yours, I'm sure of this: there's never depth on earth the Cross is no' tall enough to lift ye out of. I ken Murray's Court, too; but I've noticed that, bad as it is, the Laird still lets His stars shine over the nights. Just the same as over them good leddies up there"; and Vanna, looking where he pointed, saw, rising on the hill above, the convent at Marymount.

She was near Marymount! And—and—what was it this kind old man had said about the stars over Murray's Court? She had never lifted her eyes to them. Was it, indeed, she who had abandoned God, not He who had left her? The eyes which Vanna lifted to the earnest old face were tear-dimmed now.

"I used to live there," she sobbed, pointing to the convent, "but I have been away so long—or it seems so long,—and I feel so wicked, that I dare not go there now."

"Nay, lassie, dinna talk so," the man answered, warmly. "I've known human nature this mony a day, and I can tell ye've never done varry wrong. Just got lost like, and hame's where ye want to be. Noo, ye're shaky like, so ye'll

just walk wi' me. I'll take ye up the hill to the good leddies"; and, before Vanna realized it, the firm old hand had grasped her arm, and she was led back once more to her beloved Marymount. Her guide would have left her at the gate, but Vanna grasped his sleeve.

"I thank you so," she faltered, but he waved her off.

"Nay, no thanks, lassie, only—hold to your sign tighter, and maybe say a prayer sometimes, for auld John Gregg. I'm nane of yours, but I'd be glad of it"; and he turned quickly and left her just as Sister Cherubim unbarred the gate.

So changed was poor Vanna that, with her head held low, the short-sighted little Sister did not know her. Then Vanna saw the dear figure of Mother Margaret standing beside the statue of St. Joan.

"Mother! Mother!" she cried, wildly. "I've come home! Take me back, Mother, even as a servant! Do not send me out into the world again! I shall die—I shall fall—there! I have failed, Mother, been defeated in St. Joan's cause. Take me back, or else I can not save my soul!"

(To be continued.)

Amends.

BY EDWIN B. MCELFATRICK.

THE garden's drab, the cricket's hushed,
No more the asters greet the sun;
And weary wraiths of daffodils
Say, Summer's days are done.

Above the smoky, wooded hill
A flock of wild-ducks wing in row
To some remote and tropic port
Beyond the line of frost and snow.

The mocking-bird is silent now,
The lowering clouds bring mist and rain—
But, heart of mine, your presence brings
The spirit of the Spring again.

Memorials of St. Ambrose.

BY THOMAS F. RYAN, S. J.

NO one who goes to Milan can remain there long without knowing that St. Ambrose is the patron of the city. Other places may have quite as much pride in their heavenly protector and quite as much confidence in his aid, but nowhere will one find more real enthusiasm for him than in Milan. "Sant' Ambrozio" is regarded as a local possession, stories and legends are told of him, children are called after him, dates are remembered by reference to his feast, and the "Ambrosian rite" is a constant reminder of him.

Most Catholics know that, in certain parts of the world, the Church sanctions special ways of saying Mass and performing other Church ceremonies which differ somewhat from those used in Rome and in the greater part of the Christian world. These are allowed because of their antiquity. In the early days, when communication was difficult and persecution made it necessary for Christians to practise their religion in secret, it was not easy to observe strict uniformity in matters of rubrics; and then the form adopted in each place acquired the strength of a custom. The name of St. Ambrose was sufficient to make the people of Milan unwilling to change anything confirmed by his authority, for he was one of the most illustrious Fathers and Doctors of the Church; and so the Ambrosian rite remains.

When he was quite a young man, St. Ambrose was a consular governor under the Roman Emperor—it was the Fourth Century,—and was the civil ruler of Milan. His father, the prefect of Gaul, who ruled as the representative of Roman power over modern France, Britain and Spain, was a Christian; but Ambrose, though a firm believer in

Catholic doctrine, was not yet baptized, for in those days a false reverence for the Sacrament made people often postpone baptism until late in life.

During his term of office, the Arian heresy, which denied the divinity of Christ, was very widespread, and did great harm in the Church. The See of Milan was occupied by one who professed this heresy, and the city was in a sadly disturbed state. So strong was the feeling between the orthodox Catholics and the Arian section, that the Emperor Valentinian was asked to nominate a new bishop when the Arian prelate died. But the Emperor refused, and said that the ordinary course of the time—election by the people—should be followed.

It was Ambrose's duty, therefore, to see that peace was maintained in the city during the anxious period of election; and he began the proceedings by addressing the citizens, and urging them to preserve order. While he was speaking, the cry was raised: "Let Ambrose be bishop!" It was taken up by hundreds of voices, until at last the civil governor found himself, by the popular voice, proclaimed spiritual ruler of the city. He objected strongly, and protested his unfitness; but the people were all the more insistent. All difficulties were finally overcome; Ambrose was baptized, ordained priest, and consecrated bishop on the 7th of December, the day on which his feast is kept.

As bishop he was wise and firm; and his learning and unflinching adherence to true Catholic doctrine made him a power against the heresy that had gained such sway in many places. He came to be regarded as one of the pillars of the Church; and to-day, in the famous tribune that terminates the nave of St. Peter's in Rome, his figure is one of the four that support the chair of St. Peter.

Though we can not trace the "Am-

brosian rite" directly to the Saint, still the people all connected it with him; and when the Emperor Charlemagne, in his anxiety for strict uniformity with Rome in every detail, ordered all Ambrosian books to be burned or removed from his dominions, there was an immediate appeal from the bishop and people of Milan.

At last, we are told, a trial by ordeal, in the strict Mediæval way, was decided on. Two books, one of them the Roman and the other the Ambrosian ritual, were placed side by side, closed, on the altar of St. Peter's. If one should be found open after three days it would be regarded as a sign of God's favor. When the books were examined both were open, signifying, as it was believed, that both had the approval of Heaven. So the Ambrosian rite survived, and it was finally confirmed by the Council of Trent in the Sixteenth Century, which allowed the continuance of all local variations in the Church's ceremonies, which could point to a continuous observance for two centuries.

The rite differs from the Roman in many small ways. The order of feasts during the year is somewhat different, and there are many changes in the Divine Office; but it is chiefly in the ceremonies of the Mass that the difference becomes apparent to the public. The ordinary Low Mass varies in only a slight degree from that of the Roman rite, the fact that the priest holds his arms outstretched during part of the Canon and washes his fingers a second time just before the Consecration being the only changes that strike the observer. The Solemn High Mass, however, with the full ceremonies carried out as they are on the feast of St. Ambrose in the church that bears his name in Milan, has some notable features, and is a strikingly picturesque ceremony.

In the first place, Mass is said facing the people on a plain flat altar with no

tabernacle, so that all the actions of the priest are fully visible to the congregation. When the time for the Gospel comes, the deacon, attended by acolytes, mounts the pulpit, and there reads it to the people—a relic of the days when Latin was still understood by all the faithful. At the Offertory, there is another interesting survival of the days when the congregation actively participated in the ceremonies of the Mass. An old man and woman approach the altar rails bearing the bread and wine. The subdeacon takes the offering from the woman at the gate of the sanctuary, but the man mounts the steps of the altar and hands his to the priest.

After the Offertory, all who are within the sanctuary file past and kiss the northern end of the altar. A few other minor changes are noticed also, the position of the deacon and subdeacon at each end of the altar facing the priest, the second "lavabo" in silence before the Consecration, as in Low Mass, the absence of bells, and so on. The liturgical music is also quite different from that of the Roman rite.

The Church of St. Ambrose, to which we have referred, is as old as the rite. It was founded by the Saint himself on the ruins of a temple of Bacchus, and many relics of the original structure remain. The doors of the church are said to be those which St. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius when, as bishop, he deemed him unfit to mingle with the faithful on account of the Massacre of Thessalonica. Whether St. Ambrose really took this public action or not is doubtful, but we know definitely that he imposed public penance on the Emperor for his crime; and it was fulfilled with exemplary humility. It was in this church, too, that the Lombard kings and the German emperors used to be crowned with the iron crown, which is said to be made of one of the nails of Our Lord's cross.

On the top of a pillar inside the church is a large serpent, which legend says is the identical one which Moses raised in the desert. A corresponding pillar on the other side of the church is surmounted by a cross, which was prefigured by the sign shown to the suffering Israelites. In a vault beneath is the tomb of St. Ambrose, together with those of Saints Gervase and Protase, martyrs, whose burial place is said to have been revealed to St. Ambrose in a dream.

The feast of St. Ambrose is a day to be remembered in Milan. The Piazza outside the church and all the neighboring streets are the scene of St. Ambrose's fair. Stalls and booths are erected, and the place presents a bright and animated scene until evening. It is a kind of Christian Carnival with all the simplicity of past ages, where St. Ambrose candles, St. Ambrose tapers, St. Ambrose ribbons, and a whole host of other traditional emblems, are offered for sale. The day is seemingly more important even than Christmas; it is a holiday of joy and good-fellowship; it is the time when gifts are exchanged among relatives and friends; and when two acquaintances meet, the greeting—like our "Merry Christmas!" is "*Viva Sant' Ambrozio!*"

WOMAN, in the eyes of the Church, is the free and independent ally of man; and, while safeguarding her weakness in the presence of the more forceful personality of the man, the Church has ever fostered her strength and secured her individuality. Through long ages of untutored barbarism and but half-disciplined brute force, the nun's veil was the charter of woman's freedom; and in the cloisters were developed types of strong, independent womanhood, to which the present world might well look for examples of the perfect woman.—*Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.*

The Curse of Redgate.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

IT was the first time a Benedictine monk had ever preached in the little Catholic church of Redgate; and the Sunday which was made thus memorable saw a goodly congregation assembled. Indeed, it was a difficult matter to find room for all the aliens from the neighboring town of Norcross, as well as for the Redgate folk who regularly attended. The unwonted interest had not been aroused by the fame of the preacher in question; for Dom Elphege Pendreth was but a young priest, quite recently ordained, and this was his first sermon. His presence there was due to the absence of Father Sandal, the pastor of Redgate, at the bedside of his dying father; and the kindness of the Abbot of St. Mary's, twenty miles distant, in sending one of his community to supply. The fact was that any Benedictine was calculated to excite keen interest in that neighborhood; for everyone knew that Minster Redgate, hard by the village, had been peopled in ancient days by the Black Monks. This, then, was the cause of so notable an attendance at Mass on that particular Sunday.

To Mrs. Calverley, wife of the owner of Redgate, the occasion awakened many disquieting thoughts. It was a tradition of the Calverleys, strengthened by many lamentable bereavements, that no eldest son could hope to succeed his father and grandfather in the possessions which had fallen to the family through the dissolution of monastic houses under the iniquitous Henry. With the marriage of Nicholas Calverley, the present squire, to Margaret Stanfield, a Catholic, daughter of a family which had never swerved from the ancient faith, and the baptism and upbringing of their only child, Nicholas, in the religion of his mother, new hopes had been born as

to the fortunes of the Calverleys. For the boy, contrary to precedent, had grown up strong and healthy, and bade fair to see a long life, and the falsification of the popular tradition. The presence of the young monk in the little chapel stirred up in the mother's heart forgotten fears, and moved her to more than ordinary intensity of supplication on behalf of the handsome youth of eighteen who knelt by her side. Surely God would be gracious to the first Catholic head of the house, the connecting link between the Calverleys who had professed the ancient Faith before sacrilege had enriched their family, and a race to come (should He so will) of no less fervent piety than that of old.

The sermon was simple and direct. Its theme was the duty of man to strive to draw ever nearer to God, his Creator and Redeemer, rising above the unworthy things of this world, and making of his ordinary actions a ladder to raise him toward heaven, his destined end. There was no mention of heroic sacrifice; rather did the sermon turn upon the little daily mortifications which must necessarily fall to the lot of every Christian who is seriously bent upon the salvation of his soul.

There was little allusion over luncheon at the Minster to the stranger priest or his discourse; for one reason because the squire, though generously acting up to the promises made at his marriage, in abstaining from all interference with the consciences of his wife and son, was not at all favorably disposed toward Catholic doctrines or practices, and his prejudices were never unnecessarily aroused by the others. But another topic was prominent on that particular day, and crowded out any remarks which might otherwise have cropped up regarding the fact of Father Sandal's absence from his flock,—that priest being regarded by the squire, apart from his sacred office, as one of his particular

friends. The new motor car, but recently purchased, and destined to supersede in time Mrs. Calverley's carriage, was to be utilized on the morrow for an excursion by father and son.

Nicholas was entering at Oxford in a week or two; this was his last vacation at home as a schoolboy, and he seemed bent upon enjoying it with all a boy's ardor. It pleased the squire immensely that his boy should make such a comrade of himself, and his own spirits rose in consequence. As Mrs. Calverley listened to the plans eagerly discussed between father and son in connection with the drive, she could almost fancy her own youth renewed, and her husband the same high-spirited, daring, handsome man who had won her heart nearly twenty years before.

Monday broke fair and calm, a typical Autumn day. Father and son, waving smiling adieux to Mrs. Calverley at her window, started off at an early hour on their carefully planned route, Mr. Calverley himself acting as chauffeur.

But two hours had sped, and Mrs. Calverley had barely breakfasted, when the visiting card of a doctor, whose name she recognized as practising in a town somewhat remote, was brought to her, with a request for an interview in spite of the early hour. Surprise rather than anxiety dominated her as the visitor entered. It took him but a few minutes to deliver his appalling message. Its import was that she had been suddenly widowed, and that the life of her only son hung in the balance.

A farm-laborer had backed his wagon across the road, after drawing aside to allow the motor to pass, and a terrible collision was the inevitable result. Mr. Calverley's car, after sweeping off the wagon from its wheels and killing both man and horses, had overturned. The doctor, hastily summoned by a spectator, had arrived on the scene to find the father already dead from ghastly in-

juries, and the son unconscious and suffering from more than one serious fracture. The best course of procedure seemed to him that of conveying the young man, with all care and celerity, to his mother; the nearest hospital calculated to be of any service in the emergency was as distant from the scene of the accident as Redgate. He had therefore wired for a specialist to come with all speed; and meanwhile had arranged everything for the transport of Nicholas, in the charge of a nurse, to the Minster.

The calmness which settled down upon the bereaved woman, after the first shock caused by the tidings, surprised the doctor exceedingly. Dashing aside the tears which had flowed unrestrainedly, when she began to realize her forlorn condition, Mrs. Calverley applied herself with energy to prepare for the reception of her dead husband and her half-dying son. With forced composure, she superintended all the necessary arrangements, the call for action deadening the grief which would otherwise have laid her prostrate. Hope, for a while, conquered in the struggle between the wife's sense of utter bereavement and the mother's anxiety for her child's safety.

The lagging hours passed by, and at last the two dread burdens were borne to their respective chambers. Who shall picture the anguish of that pale-faced woman, outwardly so calm, as all that was dearest to her on earth re-entered the home so joyously left but a few short hours before?

The traditional curse seemed still to cling to that house, despite the return of the hope of the family to the faith of his fathers. What could she do to avert the threatened penalty, exacted as it had been through all the ages since sacrilege had enriched the Calverleys of old at the cost of their religion? Surely nothing would avail now. Her boy, her only

treasure, had fallen under the curse.

Then, amid the terror that gripped her heart, came to the desolate woman's mind the recollection of a sentence of her favorite poet. She had always loved Shakespeare, and had studied him diligently, and this was what he said to her in that hour of her supreme anguish and despondency:

May one be pardoned, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.
There, is no shuffling; there, the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.

There was but one way. The ill-gotten possessions must be given back to God. But how? They were not hers to deal with. As long as her son lived—and a pang shot through her heart as she realized how short might be that tenure,—they were owned by Nicholas. And Nicholas lay close to the gates of death; no word of hers could reach him, even were that word powerful enough to move him to strip himself of all he had, so that, poor indeed, he might be spared to his mother.

Prayer came to her relief. She thought of that stricken mother at the gate of Naim, whose tears were dried by her Lord's compassionate word, as, "being moved with mercy toward her, He said to her: Weep not." She thought of that other sorrowing mother, Monica, who, ages after, met with a like compassion,—whose tears were dried when Augustine's soul, till then dead in sin, was restored to the life of grace in answer to her unremitting prayers. On her knees in her locked chamber she poured forth her soul in supplication. She divested herself of all share in the ill-gotten gains of Protestant greed, and promised to strive with all her power to lead her boy to do the same, if God would but spare him.

She rose from her knees strengthened and refreshed. Everything was in God's hands now. She could but wait and trust, and pray "without ceasing" for the accomplishment of the divine will.

Meanwhile the great specialist had formed his judgment. He could discover no fatal injury. He did not claim to be infallible. Unexpected turns might come about, which he could not foresee. Yet, with youth and a good constitution and skilful nursing on his side, Nicholas might still be spared to perpetuate his race and name.

None but God could estimate the depths of the widowed mother's thankfulness when the glad tidings reached her. Of the two so dearly loved, one had to be laid in the grave under the shadow of the ancient church which had seen many a generation of Calverleys borne thither; the other—as she firmly trusted—was to be spared to make reparation for the sins of his forefathers. He was free to act, for there was no entail on Minster Redgate. Her own little fortune, small as it was, would suffice for her own wants; she determined to stint herself in everything to give Nicholas his education and put him in the way of earning a livelihood until some property—insignificant compared with the broad acres of Redgate, but ample enough for a simple country gentleman—should pass to her at the death of an aged relative, to be at once bestowed upon her beloved boy. Thus, in spite of her overwhelming loss, there was a silver lining to her cloud of grief.

It was surprising how rapidly Nicholas gained strength, thanks to the diligent care and attention bestowed upon him. The presence of his mother by his sick-bed always filled him with pleasure. She, poor lady, thankful that her prayers had been so far granted, hid with zealous care her anxiety as to his acceptance of her proposal, awaiting the day when he should be capable of dis-

cussing the matter. At times she was tempted to suspect that he had gathered from her manner that something weighed upon her mind which had been concealed from him; for his eyes would search her face now and again with a questioning glance that needed no words to interpret a loving solicitude for her, of whose welfare and happiness he was now sole guardian.

Thus days and weeks passed by, and Nicholas was almost himself again. Father Sandal had long ago returned, and was a constant, almost daily visitor. Mrs. Calverley wondered sometimes why Nicholas should need so much advice from the priest; for their conferences were frequent and prolonged, as soon as the boy had grown really strong. Nicholas had always been edifying and regular as regards the practices of religion, without, however, displaying any extraordinary piety. The change puzzled her. Another disquieting sign was that he had begun to show embarrassment when they two were entirely alone. Had he guessed what was on her mind? Was he reluctant to confess to her that the sacrifice seemed to him uncalled for? Perhaps that was the meaning of these private talks with Father Sandal. She prayed long, and thought much upon the best way to broach the subject, but no satisfactory conclusion showed itself.

It was Nicholas himself who opened the way. He sought his mother one day.

"Mother," he began, "have you half an hour to spare?"

"As many half hours as you like," was her prompt reply.

"I have wanted to unburden my mind for days," he went on; "but I shrank from giving you pain. It must be told, however; Father Sandal says it is my duty to speak."

He paused nervously. Mrs. Calverley dared not interrupt, though her heart was beating violently.

"Ever since I was old enough to understand things," he went on, "I have been puzzled how you and I, as Catholics, could conscientiously live upon the spoils of the Church." (The mother's acts of thanksgiving rose swift to Heaven. How good God was to her!) "Of course dear old dad could not be expected to enter into such misgivings, and I hesitated about troubling your conscience. Now that he has gone, I am responsible. Mother dear, I must give it all up. You have enough for yourself, apart from Redgate; and I shall be all right. A way has opened out to me, of which I will tell you later. Say what you think about it."

What could she say but take him in her arms, and weeping with joy, tell him of her hopes and fears, now so happily banished?

"And what is this plan of yours?" she asked at last.

"It is that which I am afraid will really pain you," was his answer. "I want to give *myself* to God, as well as all I have. You remember the Benedictine monk who preached in the chapel just before that horrible day? I suppose it was his connection with the Order to which our house belonged that impressed his words so strongly upon my mind. Whatever it was, I made a promise to God during Mass on that day to restore these ill-gotten lands to their rightful owners in the way that He should make plain to me. Then, when I seemed near death, I offered myself to Him to serve Him in religion."

She spoke no word, she showed no sign even, of dissent, that heroic mother, though his words pierced her to the heart. God had accepted her sacrifice upon His own terms, not as she had planned it so carefully. He had changed the curse which had lowered over their house into a blessing; and that blessing was imparted, as blessings always are, with the Sign of the Cross.

An Irish Missionary in Italy.

BY A. J. REILLY.

A GENERATION or so ago, it was customary for even quite eminent scholars to speak of the period following the disintegration of the Roman Empire to the Reformation as the Dark Ages. The belief was apparently current among learned and unlearned alike that, owing to the various invasions of barbarians and semi-barbarians, coupled with the tyranny of the Church, education and learning were extinguished. And even to-day, when this idea has been pretty thoroughly disproved, popular writers are still reluctant to give credit to the part played by that country entitled to be considered the reservoir of culture during the earlier part of the period mentioned. But the recent centennial celebration at Bobbio, Italy, has turned the attention of students and scholars to Ireland.

The celebration at Bobbio was unique in that it was an Italian commemoration of the thirteenth centennial of a great Irishman, Columbanus or Columban, missionary and scholar. Columbanus must not be confused with that other Irish missionary, Columba or, in his own mellifluous Gaelic, Columcill, the Dove of the Cell. Columcill lived and worked in Iona, while Columbanus chose central Europe for his field of endeavor. Both were scholars of renown. But Columcill had attained man's estate, and had begun the work which, in the estimation of his countrymen, has placed him beside their patron, St. Patrick, when Columbanus was born, about the year 543 A. D. The latter pursued his mission upon the Continent during the disturbed reigns of the *Rois fainéants*. He was a contemporary of Pope Gregory and of Pope Boniface IV. Thus he lived at the beginning of the period of transition, which eventually

gave rise to the various distinct European nationalities.

Columbanus is but one of those giant figures who stalk across the pages of early Irish history, and whose story is as romantic, to our modern minds, as the tales of Cuchullain or Ossian. In him were commingled the natural virtues of the pagan Gael and the supernatural virtues of the ardent Christian. We are told by his biographer that he was singularly handsome of face and majestic of figure. Indeed, these personal perfections appear to have been the underlying reason for his departure from his native land.

Despite his attempt to lose himself in the study of grammar, rhetoric, geometry, the Holy Scriptures and other subjects, which attracted students of his day, he was constantly tempted by the seductions of the world. He left his home in Leinster, and sought refuge in the monastery of Bangor under the instruction of the great Congall. In the course of time he took monastic vows, and set out for Gaul accompanied by twelve other monks, as was then the custom. Among the twelve was Gall, who founded the famous monastery in Switzerland.

The earnestness, the eloquence, and above all the beauty and simplicity of the life of Columbanus won the semi-pagans of Gaul, where the people had lapsed in their practices of Christianity. King Gontran, grandson of Clovis, was so deeply impressed by the eloquent Irishman that he induced him to remain to convert the Franks and Burgundians. He settled at Annagrain, about the year 585 A. D. This was one of the wildest and most barren spots in the Vosges Mountains. But, nevertheless, the fame of the learning and sanctity of the Irish monks spread abroad, and soon the little monastery could not accommodate all who would learn wisdom at the feet of the Irish missionaries. The Saint

moved his school to more commodious quarters at Luxeuil, but did not entirely abandon his first settlement. At Luxeuil, the fame of Columbanus and his companions grew apace.

Agricultural labor formed no small part of the work of the monks over whom Columbanus ruled. And perhaps the example of these learned strangers, performing the common tasks of the simplest peasant, aided greatly in conquering the prejudices of the semi-pagans and reclaiming the fallen-away Christians. Be that as it may, in the beautiful words of St. Jerome, soon "the ploughman driving his team sang Alleluiah, the sweating mower chanted the psalms, and the vine-dresser, while he plied his knife, cheered his toil with snatches of sacred song." A beautiful picture, indeed, of life under the influence of the saintly Irish missionary.

But all this sweet tranquillity was soon to be interrupted for Columbanus. He became involved in a stirring controversy with the Frankish clergy. The peculiarity of the Irish dress and tonsure, and their different date for the celebration of Easter, were the subjects for attack from the Continental priests. Columbanus defended himself and his monks with patriotic vigor. His answer took the form of a letter to the Council, and is a singular mixture of humility and pride, of pathos and biting sarcasm,—truly a most remarkable document. But there is no trace of censure having been passed by the bishops of the Council upon him for his vigorous championship of the customs and practices of his native land, so dear to him and to his monks.

And the Easter controversy had scarcely concluded, when the Saint was engaged in a far more serious conflict with the Queen Brunehilde; and it terminated in his expulsion from the country. Frank and fearless, he stood out against this worldly and wicked woman,

and thundered his denunciation of the sins of those in high stations. The Queen, relying on the strength of her armed forces, refused to submit and to do penance for her crimes, and Columbanus was driven from the country. But the loss to Luxeuil was gain for Bobbio.

Arriving in Italy, Columbanus found the Arian heresy at its height, and immediately enlisted all his talents against it. He preached orthodoxy with a persuasive eloquence which kept him for some time in Milan, from which place he wrote his famous letter to Pope Boniface IV. In it was revealed all the Irishman's pride in, and love for, his country, as well as his loyalty to the Chair of Peter. "We Irish," wrote the ardent missionary, "though dwelling at the far ends of the earth, are all disciples of St. Peter and St. Paul... neither heretic, nor Jew, nor schismatic has ever been among us; but the Catholic faith, just as it was delivered to us by yourselves as successors to the Apostles, is held by us unchanged." The letter concludes: "We are devoted to the Chair of St. Peter; and Rome is the head of the Churches of the world."

The letters and messages of Columbanus from Italy to his monks at Luxeuil, are in striking contrast to his other epistles, and it is unfortunate more of them have not been preserved. But the works of Columbanus are still extant. His sermons, his "Book on the Eight Vices," and "Book of Latin Verse," give sufficient evidence of his erudition and versatility. Lannigan says of him that he was "a superior and very elegant genius, deeply versed, not only in every branch of ecclesiastical learning, but likewise in classical lore, both Greek and Latin."

His "Monastic Rules" give some idea of the manner of living of these early Irish missionaries, and are even more strict than the Benedictine rule. From

them we learn that high and low among the monks were equally bound to perform a certain amount of agricultural work under the direction of Columbanus himself. This would seem to prove him a master of the practical art of husbandry, and shows how he transformed a solitude into green fields and pastures. Another article ordained that the monks were to go to rest so fatigued that they should fall asleep on the way, and to get up before they had slept sufficiently. "It is at the cost of this excessive and perpetual labor," wrote the biographer of Columbanus, "that half of our own country and of ungrateful Europe has been restored to cultivation and life."

The death of Columbanus is supposed to have occurred in his monastery at Bobbio in the year 615, in the seventy-second year of his age. In Ireland, the 24th of November is celebrated as his festival with great solemnity, especially in the little chapel of Miltown, Rathmines, Dublin.

Farmer Thompson's Investment.

FARMER THOMPSON, although well versed in his own calling, was not considered the shrewdest of mortals in the knowledge of things in general. An instance of his reputed simplicity, however, turned out to be a very wise course of action.

One market day he went, as usual, to the neighboring city to dispose of a load of produce. When he had done so, and was ready to return home, he said to himself: "I guess 'twill be a good thing to take advantage of my opportunity. There's a lawyer feller here in town, and the advice he gives is generally satisfactory all round. I guess I'll go to him for an advice."

He accordingly inquired his way to the lawyer's office; but on arriving there found it full of clients. In consequence, he had to wait a long time;

finally came his turn to present himself, and he was shown into the private office.

"Take a seat, sir," said the lawyer. "What can I do for you to-day?"

"Well, you see, I've heard a good deal about you. From what everybody says, you give excellent advices. Now, as I had to come to town, I thought I had better hunt you up, and get an advice."

"Very well. About what do you wish me to advise you? Is it a lawsuit you have on hand?"

"Lawsuit! I never had one, and don't expect to. I don't take no stock in 'em."

"Are you thinking of making a division of your property? Is it a case of 'Betsy and I are out'?"

"No, there's no division at my place: all hands pull together first rate. As for Betsy, she's the old grey mare, and she has been out to pasture for the last six weeks or more."

The lawyer smiled. "Do you wish to raise money on a mortgage?"

"No, sir-ree! Not much I don't! The old farm is clear of debt now; and I don't propose to change that state of affairs, if I can help it."

"Well, then, what is the matter about which you desire to consult me?"

"Why, haven't I told you already that I want an advice? Of course I intend to pay you for it."

The lawyer smiled again, and, taking his pen, began to write:

"What is your name?"

"Judson Thompson."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-six."

"Your business?"

"Farmer."

Writing two lines in addition to this information, the lawyer folded the paper and handed it to his singular client, saying: "Ten dollars, please."

Mr. Thompson paid the fee, and carefully deposited the advice in his old-fashioned wallet, to be shown to and read by his wife. He himself was not

able to read writing that 'didn't look tolerable like print.'

Arriving home about five o'clock he was asked by one of the farm-hands whether or not the hay was to be hauled in that evening. It was all ready for the barn.

"Leave it till to-morrow," said Mrs. Thompson, "there's not time now."

"But the weather may change," said the harvester.

"Rest easy, Judson," rejoined Mrs. Thompson. "The wind is in the right quarter. There'll be no rain for three or four days, maybe."

Judson did not exactly know how to decide; but, happening to remember his visit to the lawyer, he produced the advice, and, handing it to his wife, said: "Here, Mirandy, read this."

She opened the paper and read: "*Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. In other words, don't procrastinate.*"

"You don't say so!" cried Judson. "Is that the way the thing reads? Well, that settles it. We'll get that hay in to-night, or I'll know the reason why. Here, boys," he called out, "get to work!"

Mrs. Thompson attempted to remonstrate, but was silenced by her husband's remarking,

"Look here, Mirandy. D'ye suppose I'm fool enough to pay ten dollars for that there advice and then not make use of it?"

So the hay was got in, and this turned out to be a most fortunate evening's work; for that night there came an extra high tide, which flooded the lowlands, and swept away the hay of all Mr. Thompson's neighbors.

Next day the old farmer discovered that the insurance on his big barn was about to expire, and acting on the advice he had purchased, renewed his policy within twenty-four hours. "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do

to-day," he repeated. Before the end of the week the building was struck by lightning and entirely destroyed.

"See what it is to have gumption, Mirandy! That lawyer is a knowing feller, I'll say that for him. *No more prognosticating!* My, but they do use big words! That one was worth ten dollars though, every cent of it."

Judson never regretted the money paid for his advice; on the contrary, he declared that it was the best investment he had ever made; and it is an excellent counsel to follow in matters spiritual as well as temporal.

Power in Weakness.

The power of a child's lips and a child's fingers over the heart of a strong man has often been remarked. It is a wonderful thing, this helpfulness of helpless childhood!

When the famous actor, Mr. Sol Smith Russell, lost a valuable business block in Minneapolis by fire one Winter, he became for a time deeply despondent. It was impossible to play the comical rôle that he had undertaken with such a load lying on his heart, for the fire had destroyed a large part of the earnings of a lifetime. While he was meditating his misfortune one evening in an Eastern city, a letter was handed to him, and a glance told him it was from his little daughter. His face brightened and his habitual smile returned as he read these words, laboriously scrawled in a childish hand:

DEAR PAPA:—I went to see your store that was burned down, and it looks ever so pretty, all covered with snow and ice. Love and kisses from

LILLIAN.

The child's point of view wrought a complete change in the mind of the susceptible actor. "Nobody," he said, in relating the incident, "ever went on the stage with a lighter heart than I did that night."

In Behalf of the Negro.

AS regards the Jews and ourselves, the assertion of Imperial Wizard Evans, of the "Invisible Empire," that "Jews, Catholics and Negroes do now, and forever will, defy every fundamental requirement of assimilation," is too preposterous to deserve notice. It is different, however, in the case of the Negroes, and we are glad to note an able rejoinder to the calumny by one of themselves, Mr. James Weldon Johnson, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. "There is every reason," he declares, "to believe that the Negro can and will rise to the highest level that American citizenship demands. Mr. Evans asserts that 'the experience of centuries confirms the conclusion' that he can not do this. I declare that the experience of the last half century demonstrates absolutely that he can. When it is remembered that only fifty-six years ago at the emancipation from slavery, which had lasted more than two centuries, the race was practically penniless, homeless and illiterate, and has had to meet almost insuperable obstacles, the progress which it has made economically, socially, educationally, is little short of amazing; and there are no signs that the race has reached the limits of its possibilities for development."

Preaching in St. Augustine's (colored) Church, Washington, D. C., many years ago, Archbishop Ireland expressed the same views. They were then characterized as extreme, but would now be regarded as the sober truth by all except the class to which the Ku-Kluxers belong. "Equality for the colored man is coming. The colored people are showing themselves worthy of it. . . . Let our colored brethren be industrious, purchase homes, respect law and order, educate themselves and their children, and keep insisting on their rights." And this is

what the colored people of the United States have been doing ever since, and what the persecution of the Ku-Klux Klan will cause them to continue doing, only with increased energy and renewed courage. As showing the spirit which animates them, and the enlightenment that is becoming more and more general, we append a letter received some time ago from a colored woman in one of our Western States. There are no changes in it, only omissions.

Rev. Father, while reading *THE AVE MARIA*, I read an article concerning the Negro.

The extract of the Southern Negro's speech is true, Father, and very mildly spoken at that. The same bitter prejudice exists right here in — where I was born and live.

We have a law on our statute books reading: "No one shall be excluded from any public place on account of race, color or previous servitude"; and yet, Father, we are not allowed into the majority of "movies," and are Jim Crowed in the ones admitting us. In no hotel or café are we allowed to walk in and eat. Can you blame the Negro for not respecting the law, and becoming Bolshevik? Think what the American Negro is—a mere ignorant, crawling babe in the lap of civilization, with no help to grow aright. It is not the South only that is making a human brute of him, but the North also.

Our boys rallied to "Old Glory," went overseas, fought and died for world-wide democracy, and, when the surviving ones returned, how were they greeted? With the same old story, "Jim Crow Car." And in one place where an officer (col.) refused, he was dragged from the coach in uniform and arrested.

In June, 1919, two other women and myself, hearing of a splendid picture in the Orpheum, went to the ticket office, and were refused tickets, unless we were buying for white persons. We told the agent they were for ourselves; she refused. We asked why, and she answered, "we do not admit your people." We told her we were law-abiding, red-blooded Americans. I said: "One of my sons went over and received a slight injury in the Argonne." We told her Mexicans had just entered who were as dark as we. Just then one of the young men ushers stepped forward and spoke like we were brutes.

We said let us speak to the manager, please. He was not in. We waited quietly for forty minutes, but he never came. The same usher

ran out to a near-by 'phone, then came back. After whispering to his co-workers, he stood in the entry, as if we should attempt to enter he would throw us out.

This is no fairy tale, Father. Neither religion, womanhood, motherhood, nor anything sane, could cover our race.

Now what can America expect of a mistreated, misguided people like the Negro? How can you demand respect, Father, for what you do not respect yourself?

Greece to herself doth a barbarian grow,—
Others could not, she doth herself o'erthrow.

And that is just what the white American is coming to by letting their race prejudice, in the Church and out of it, carry them beyond all law and order.

Not a year ago, Father, right here, a respectable (?) white man was killed in one of the lowest Negro resorts in town. He was married. His young wife, an expectant mother, sat at home waiting for him, when word was brought of his death. They said: The law must be respected, and the Negro (who shot the man unintentionally) was tried, sentenced, and is now serving time in the state prison.

In April of 1920, a Negro lad about 18, and a white lad near the same age, were "tramping" together near Mulberry, Kan., when they met a white girl. The same old act was committed,—the black boy was accused, and lynched right there and then, although he pleaded innocent; the white lad was placed in jail, and a few weeks later made a written confession of the whole crime.

These are only a very few of the horrors of race prejudice right here,—not in the South, for which, Father, I do pray that God will send deliverance. How can we grow into law-abiding citizens under such lawless influence!

On account of who you are, I am taking this liberty of writing to you, to assure you that even an unbiased statement of the true conditions of my people in America would be shocking and incredible.

I thank you, Father, and ask you to remember us in your daily Mass.

The writer evidently expressed only a part of what she felt, but her points are well taken. We have received letters from college graduates that were far less creditable to them than is the one above quoted to a representative of the race that is described as ignorant, superstitious, and "hopelessly incapable of higher development."

Notes and Remarks.

The assertion that the political prestige of a single powerful government would be the surest guarantee for the safeguarding of the rights of Christendom in the Holy Land, is combated by Cardinal Bourne in a preface to the new edition of Fr. Meistermann's "Guide to Palestine." His Eminence contends that it is only by the presence there of Catholics of every race and language that their rights can be maintained; and he expresses the hope that pilgrims in ever-increasing numbers from every country in the world will undertake the journey to the Holy Land. Of especial importance and timeliness is this statement of the Cardinal: "Reliance on any one nation, or influence, or speech, can, in present circumstances, only lead to misunderstanding and ultimate disaster. The Holy Places are the sacred and inalienable possession and concern of all who profess the Catholic Faith, whatever be the language in which they proclaim their Faith and offer their prayers to God. To use such things with a view to the maintenance or extension of worldly power or political influence would indeed be a misuse of them, neither meriting nor deserving to receive God's blessing."

Catholic organizations like the Knights of Columbus have a field for the exertion of their influence in Jerusalem as well as in Rome.

There is much with which many readers will not agree in a new book by Mr. Hubert Adams Gibbons ("Europe Since 1918"), though in the light of fuller knowledge, certain of his opinions and statements seem quite incontrovertible; for instance, that "the yearning for humanity expressed at the Peace Conference in Paris was a sham; and the proclamation of the doctrine of self-determination, a falsehood. The moral

issue was simply buncombe to make people feel good and to arouse them against the Germans."

Mr. Gibbons has travelled much in Europe, and talked with many leading men there during the five years which have elapsed since the peace, thus gaining a considerable amount of real knowledge which he is eager to impart to all who are disposed to accept it. As a result of his investigation of conditions and of his association with persons who are well informed, if not always so frank as they might be, he has come to the conclusion that: "These are the three reasons why Europe since 1918 has not found peace. The League of Nations is impotent, with or without the United States as a member, to restore Europe to peace until the three Furies—Vanity, Greed, and Revenge,—cease raging."

Presidential candidates are being announced by their supporters, or are announcing themselves. It is more or less inevitable that among names still to be definitely put forward will be that of Governor Smith of New York. His being a Catholic will undoubtedly affect his chances for the nomination, but possibly not to the extent that a good many of our co-religionists seem to take for granted. Political expediency, rather than religious prejudice, will most probably be the determining motive in naming the Democratic candidate. In any case, if we are ever to have a Catholic President, it is time that a Catholic candidate should face the country. Even if unsuccessful, as it is not improbable he would be, the ice of bigotry will at least be broken, the idea of a Catholic President will work its way into the mentality of average Americans—and some future Catholic candidate will be successful. In the meanwhile, there is something of timely interest in a declaration made by the late Theodore Roosevelt in Novem-

ber, 1908. In his characteristically vigorous style, he said:

"You say that 'the mass of the voters that are not Catholics will not support a man for any office, especially for President of the United States, who is a Roman Catholic.' I believe that when you say this you slander your fellow-countrymen. I do not for one moment believe that the mass of our fellow-citizens can be influenced by such narrow bigotry as to refuse to vote for any thoroughly upright and fit man because he happens to have a particular religious creed. Such a consideration should never be treated as a reason for either supporting or opposing a candidate for political office. Are you aware that there are several States in this Union where the majority of the people are now Catholics? I should reprobate in the severest terms the Catholics who in those States (or in any other States) refused to vote for the most fit man because he happened to be a Protestant; and my condemnation would be exactly as severe for Protestants who, under reversed circumstances, refused to vote for a Catholic."

While admitting that Dr. A. J. Barnouw, in his new book, "Holland Under Queen Wilhelmina," writes judiciously and with an intimate knowledge of the events he describes and of the men who controlled them, the *London Times Literary Supplement* reproduces the following passage to show the anti-British bias of the work:

Those who feared or hated the Germany of the Hohenzollerns did not necessarily love the England of the Harmsworths. Especially the older generation, who could neither forget nor forgive the Boer War, felt little inclined to give Great Britain credit for throwing in her lot with Belgium and France in their hour of need. Self-interest dictated to England that course. Her own safety demanded the maintenance of two small States such as Belgium and Holland on the opposite shore of the Continent; and for England to advertise herself

as the protector of small nations was deemed a piece of brazen hypocrisy. England's best friends in Holland did not deny the selfish motive.... The manner in which the Boer generals, Botha and Smuts, rallied to the assistance of the Empire was a painful surprise to the Dutch friends of the Boers. Instead of taking it as a proof that England's liberal policy in South Africa had made amends for the crime of fifteen years earlier, they saw in the two distinguished Boer leaders traitors to their own cause.

Hollanders have reason to be proud of the part played by their country during the World War, and of the firmness and courage shown by Queen Wilhelmina in maintaining its neutrality.

That the political and economic emancipation of women has been on the whole a benefit to the civilization of the Twentieth Century is a statement which may be disputed; but that the emancipation has been accompanied by conditions the reverse of lovely is scarcely open to question. The reaction to the acquisition of privileges from which they had long been debarred has been, in a number of cases, distressing; and there is good ground for re-echoing these words of the *Boston Pilot*: "Time was when the words, mother, wife, and child, bore about them a sweetness and a sanctity almost supernal. Modern women in the press and on the lecture platform will much more effectively advance the cause of true womanhood, if they use their best efforts to try to make society conform to these ideals, instead of sacrificing them, their noblest heritage through the ages, to the exactions of modern society."

From "Miss Watts," a new novel, described by its author, Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow, as "an old-fashioned romance," we quote the following fine passage, referring to the conversion to the Faith of one of the characters:

Of several things which have always vexed me in the Roman Catholic religion, the cultus

of the Virgin Mary has always been one of the foremost. — But all of a sudden my old grudge was torn up by the roots, my mind was wrenched right round. . . . This was the Woman whom a very archangel saluted; the Woman who said that all generations should call her blessed; the Woman on whom Christian art had lavished its most loving pains; before whom the purest Saints, the most learned Doctors, the most splendid Pontiffs, have knelt in reverence. A Woman, in one sense, dead nearly two thousand years; a Woman who was always sorrowful, always poor, yet a Woman who was, somehow, for Lady Hilda and Dollie, for the Marquis and Lady Cressover and Felix, and for Parkes, the postman, and for the little children from Sillmouth, a friend, a mother, yet, withal, a Queen enthroned above the sun and moon. And in the shadowy church, while the blinding heat ran like a river of molten lava, down Broad-street, we faced each other, this Woman and I,—she with her pity, I with my pride.

The daily newspaper has come up for discussion once more. Mr. Chester S. Lord's book, "The Young Man and Journalism," emphasizes the utility of the press as an instrument for arousing popular fervor during the war. "All governments," declares this candid volume, "used the press lavishly with intent to guide, to conceal, to accomplish. They 'felt the pulse' of the people constantly and subtly. Proposed policies were often tested. Often they were suggested to divert attack from the real policy, or to take the sting from it." Mr. Villard, the crusading editor of the *Nation*, thereupon shook his fist at the cynical and time-serving honesty of Mr. Lord. "He either fails to appreciate what this degradation meant to the press of the world, or he glories in its shame," comments the *Nation*. "That the free press of the world should have been so prostituted ought to cause every newspaper man to hang his head, for never in the history of journalism has it been so debased. At no other period has it printed such a mass of lies as during and since the war, with the result that

it has lost prestige and standing with the masses, who no longer have any faith whatever in the statements of the conventional daily."

A noble sentiment, but it smacks of idealism. Whether people have faith in newspapers or not, they spend most of their reading time going up and down the columns of the daily. Since this must build up practically their only mental conning-tower, it remains quite as plausible as ever to suppose with Mr. Lord that the world looks at the world through the windows of the newspaper office. Not to destroy these, but to repair and cleanse and brighten them is the great practical opportunity of the honorable journalist.

Any one who knows anything of the Roman Catholic Church in South America knows that never probably in the history of that Church—and that is saying a good deal—has its religion reached such a low ebb as in South America in recent times. There are multitudes of people who are supposed to be Christians of the Roman Catholic Church who are virtually non-religious, and in many cases absolutely nothing short of heathen.

This slur on the Catholicity of South America was made several months ago by Canon Wilson, Anglican rector of St. Mary's, Cheltenham, England. A long-delayed reply to it, by Richard Cannon, M. D., a resident of Viña del Mar, near Valparaiso, Chili, appears in a recent issue of the *London Tablet*:

I have been some fifty years a resident in Chili and have seen the country from Tacna to Punta Arenas, as well as many other countries in South America, and I have had a wide knowledge of Roman Catholicism both in the laity and clergy of these countries, and I can aver that a vast majority of those people are as good Catholics as can be found in any country; and, as regards being incredulous and heathen, they have nothing to envy the so-called more enlightened peoples of Europe or the States in those particulars.

Here in Chili we have a highly educated and saintly clergy and episcopacy, and a pious, devoted and most charitable laity; and I am sure

the Almighty will reward them in just proportion to their merits equally with the more pharisaical peoples who pride themselves on moral superiority.

I have known the piety of our Irish people, and Pius IX. personally told me that Ireland was very dear to his heart by having always preserved the Faith; but I can state that in our churches all over Chili I have been as much edified by the devotion I witnessed as ever I have been in Ireland. In the homes of the poor in Chili when illness or misfortune, such as earthquake or pestilence, tried to the utmost the hearts of the people, I have been edified beyond measure to see the true Christianity displayed by those poor souls in resignation to the Divine Will and in Samaritan-like help to one another. That is where true Roman Catholicism finds a field for its exercise and a touchstone for its sincerity. The country abounds in orphanages, hospitals, asylums, and such-like charities.

As regards public morals, this city puts to shame many and many a European city I could name. Here the streets are decent at night. One may be robbed, it is true, or murdered, as in any city; but pure-minded young men or maidens can safely walk without being molested by the vileness of solicitation which shames any great city in the United Kingdom after nightfall.

We reproduce only those passages of Dr. Cannon's letter which are most to the point. It is a deplorable circumstance that, as in this instance, false accusations against the Church should remain so long unanswered. It would have been easy for many persons nearer to London than is Valparaiso to have convicted Canon Wilson of ignorance and falsity; and no time should have been lost in doing this, considering the severity, frequency and wide publicity of strictures on the Catholics of South American countries.

An impression obtains, more or less generally, that the more absurd among the accusations against the Church gain credence only with the most illiterate people. It may be interesting, therefore, to quote a passage from the autobiography of a person of quite a different class. An ex-officer of the British

Army contributes, under his own signature, to a sectarian English paper (the *Christian Herald*) an article called "A British Soldier's Life-Story," which contains the following utterly preposterous statements:

My parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents were all Roman Catholics. They belonged to the strictest sect of the Roman Catholics—the Jesuits. Every Saturday night we had to confess before the priest, paying for the indulgence of our sins according to our worldly possessions. (I paid half a crown every week for I don't know how long.) If I cared to pay £5 down, I was granted an indulgence of three hundred days—that is, for three hundred days I could sin as much as I liked, and if I died during that time, I should certainly go to heaven.

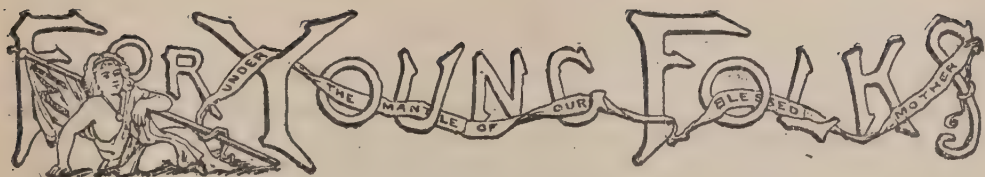
The United States, of course, has its fair share of morons, but it is altogether doubtful that, outside our insane asylums, there can be found so thorough a lack-wit as the author of such assertions as the foregoing.

If the religious condition of other States of the Union is found to be like that of Indiana, which is typically American, future statistics of the Institute of Social and Religious Research are sure to be studied with particular interest. Some of the facts gathered about Indiana are:

Sixty-one and one-fifth per cent of the population is not identified with any religious denomination, and half of the Protestant children of Indiana do not attend Sunday school; fifty per cent of those who do attend are absent half of the Sundays that their names are on the roll. So that only a small number receive a total of twelve hours of religious teaching annually.

These figures are all the more significant from the fact that Indiana is the most Ku-Klux of all our States, at least of all the Northern States. Indifference is likely to be followed by irreligion, and in time irreligion will be followed by anarchy.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



God's Fairest Flower.

BY M. W.

THE angel sang
Of thy blessed state,
O Mary born
Immaculate!


To thee, be honor,
Through every hour,
O purest lily,
God's fairest flower!

Oh, keep our hearts
As fresh as dew,
That we may sing
Thy praises, too!

Two Boys and a Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

XXIII.—SURPRISES.

HE brigadier and his sergeant, carrying behind them Harnissette and Nassimar, had started at a gallop on the trail of the moving picture artists. All four were boiling with rage and thirsting for vengeance, as was not unnatural in view of the trick which Snappy had played them.

Learning, from peasants met with along the way, the direction taken by the automobiles, they finally reached the entrance of the chateau's grounds where they saw the two cars near the gatekeeper's lodge.

"They are here!" exclaimed Harnissette and Nassimar, slipping off the horses' backs, and hurrying towards the gate.

Less impulsive, the brigadier and his companion concluded to get some information before dismounting. They called to the gatekeeper.

The keeper came out of his lodge and

approached the riders, politely saluting, as was proper, the representatives of authority.

"Could you perhaps inform me," questioned the brigadier, "where they have gone, the persons who occupied these automobiles?"

"You mean the cinema artists?" replied the keeper.

"Artists! Humph! Yes, they impress me as being famous artists! Didn't they have with them a young boy?"

"I saw two lads, and the bigger one was fashionably dressed. Good heaven, what a comical boy he was!"

"Comical, eh? That's your opinion, is it? Well, let me tell you that it is your taste that is comical," rejoined the officer, frowning on his informant. "'Tis for him that I am here. Sergeant, forward!"

He made as if to pass into the garden; but the keeper uttered a cry of protest, and placed himself before the horses with outstretched arms. He respected authority, of course, but on the other hand he had an equally strong sense of his responsibility.

"There's no entering here without permission from the owner," he protested. "I can't let you pass."

From the interior of the lodge the keeper's wife heard the discussion, and at once hastened out to assist her husband in resisting the invasion of the garden. The keeper seized the bridle of the brigadier's mount, and his wife grabbed that of the sergeant's horse.

"We are pursuing criminals," indignantly cried the officer.

"That makes no difference. This is private property," rejoined the keeper, who was beginning to grow somewhat angry, himself.

The brigadier dismounted in a rage, and his sergeant followed suit.

"We'll see whether you can prevent our going in," said the former. "Sergeant, follow me."

Leaving their horses in the hands of the protesting keeper and his wife, both policemen set off at a run through the nearest alley. Encouraged by their example, Harnisette and Nassimar hastened through the gate and followed them as fast as they could.

Occupied in holding the horses, the guardians of the gate had been unable to oppose their entrance. Outraged by the invasion, they now let go the bridles, and, seizing a rake and a pitchfork which leaned against the wall of their lodge, they made haste after the invaders, delivering at the same time threats and menaces.

It was this noise that Snappy had heard and that forewarned him of the arrival of the peasants and the police.

After running through different garden paths, the four pursuers of the escaped lawbreakers came in sight of the group on the terrace, in the centre of which stood Artie and his mother.

On beholding so respectable a company of ladies and gentlemen, both peasants and police were a little taken aback. Recognizing Snappy, however, they felt their anger flaming anew, and recovered their courage.

The anger of the respective couples, be it noted, was not directed against the same individual. It was towards Artie that Harnisette and Nassimar rushed, while the brigadier and his sergeant reserved their frowns and threats for Snappy, who, at sight of the officers, pretended to be overcome with terror, although he was on the sly making faces at both of them.

"Here he is! The young rascal!" cried Harnisette, running with outstretched arms towards Artie, who had taken refuge behind his mother.

And the furious Nassimar, giving free rein to his hatred, clenched his fists as he exclaimed:

"He's ours, and he must be returned to us. If not there'll be—"

"You little imp, I've got you at last," said the brigadier in his turn, grasping Snappy by the shoulders.

His words were drowned by a violent outbreak of barking. Rex had at once recognized the peasants, his persecutors at Tellivot; and he faced them with bared teeth that promised to do injury if they came any nearer to his young master. The noise grew tumultuous.

"For the love of the Muses, what is all this about?" groaned Madam Gibbous, covering her ears, and throwing horrified glances around her.

Ichabod, to show how completely he was in unison with his mistress, at once put on an expression of boredom, exclaiming: "What confusion! What a hurly-burly! How repugnant is all this to the artistic sense!"

There was one of Nolatri's company, however, who apparently did not think the scene at all repugnant to art; for Winder was busily working his camera with the utmost unconcern. Once there was question of a film, he allowed nothing whatever to interfere with his getting every movement faithfully entered on his reel.

Prevented by the valorous resistance of Rex from getting possession of Artie, the peasants appealed to the police officers.

"Are you going to make them give the boy back to us? Yes, or no?" demanded Harnisette.

As for Nassimar, allowing the instincts of his savage nature to overcome him, he brandished his cudgel as if to crush the dog's skull.

Artie uttered a cry of terror and put himself directly in front of Rex, to protect the beloved dog.

"Brigadier!" Madam Rolante in her

turn called out to the officer; "what is the meaning of this scene? By what right do you come into my garden to threaten my guests? I shall complain to your superiors about the violence of those who accompany you."

Thus recalled to order, the brigadier dropped Snappy and threw himself on Nassimar whose arm he arrested as it was about to deliver a blow with the cudgel.

"Have you lost your senses?" he demanded. "I'll finish by putting the iron bracelets on you."

Abashed, the peasant dropped his cudgel, saying: "Well, then, make them give up what is ours."

"To be sure!" chimed in Harnissette sharply. "'Tis queer business, I must say, to see the law taking the part of rascals against honest people. Yes, or no? Isn't it down on the paper that we are the guardians of the boy?"

"Yes, or no?" repeated Nassimar, "didn't he run away from us?"

"Doubtless, doubtless," said the brigadier in a soothing tone; "and I am here to see that justice is done to you."

Satisfied with this assurance, the peasants consented to let him explain matters to Madam Rolante.

The brigadier placed his hand on Artie's shoulder.

"Your pardon, Madam!" he began. "It is this boy that these persons have come to seek. Their documents are in order; I have examined them. Consequently, and with your permission, I arrest him in order to restore him to his lawful guardians."

Rather proud of having spoken so eloquently, the brigadier wiped his brow, while he took hold of Artie's arm.

"With my permission!" cried Madam Rolante. "Do you imagine for a moment that I shall allow you to take this child away? By what pretended right do these people claim him? I am curious to know."

"'Tis marked down on the papers," exclaimed Harnissette and Nassimar in unison, the former waving the will in triumph.

"That's about the way it is," commented the officer. "It appears that the deceased grandfather of this boy appointed them with all due legal form to be his guardians."

Thoroughly impressed, Madam Rolante took the greasy paper, and, with rising indignation, read the last proof of hatred left by her implacable father-in-law. At the same time, by the permission of Providence, this very paper, designed to keep Artie forever separate from his mother, furnished her with a new and absolute proof of the identity of her son.

"Making this will," said Artie's mother, "was a wicked action; but, fortunately, it is worth nothing at all."

"Worth nothing?" roared Nassimar, his eyes flashing with fury.

"That's to be proved," commented Harnissette, striking an attitude of strong defiance.

"And may one inquire," asked the astounded brigadier, "what makes it null and void?"

"It is null and void," said Madam Rolante, "because the grandfather of this boy had no right to dispose of him and confide him to the care of this, that, or the other guardian without the consent of the boy's mother,—the mother who is living. That mother is myself."

Harnissette and her son changed color. "You are—"

"The mother of Artie, the widow of Georges Rolante; or, if you will, Mrs. Mary Connor Rolante. I presume, brigadier, that a mother's rights take precedence over all others. You will not dispute that?"

The officer had no intention of disputing it. Turning on the stupefied peasants a withering glance, he dismissed them summarily.

"You have heard?" he said. "You've deceived me and mixed me up in a matter that might have effected my disgrace! Off with you, and see that you don't get in my way again!"

"Sold, you cowardly villains, sold!" shouted Snappy, charmed at this sentence.

His jubilation was, however, a little ill-timed; for his remark brought back to the brigadier's memory the account he had to render for the trick played at the inn. Through the intercession of Artie, aided by the request of his mother, however, the officer finally agreed to let bygones be bygones, and even consented to shake Snappy's hand, as did his sergeant.

In the meantime, the defeated peasants had resolved to make at least one more attempt to retain their position at Tellvot. They perceived that the appearance of Artie's mother had played havoc with their design of keeping control of the boy; but they cherished the hope that, by playing on the generosity of the mother, they might still hold their places on the property, and continue to enjoy the numerous privileges.

Accordingly, they asked permission to address Madam Rolante again; and, having obtained it, Harnisette proceeded to tell of the esteem they had always entertained for old Mr. Rolante, his good opinion of them, the length of time they had been in his service, their care for the little grandson, their affection for the boy, and the kindness they had shown him after the old man's death.

At this last barefaced lie, Artie made a movement forward, and was just going to contradict the old woman flatly, when Snappy, who had slipped up behind him, pulled his jacket; and, when Artie turned around, put his finger to his lips to impose silence. He wanted to see how far Harnisette would push her boldness and her lying.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Pope's Tiara.

The tiara, or triple crown of the Pope, was originally a plain high cap, much like those in which the Doges of Venice are so often represented in old pictures and medals. It was first introduced by Pope Nicholas I., in 860. It is doubtful when the first coronet was added; but the second was placed by Pope Boniface VIII., in 1295; and the third by Pope Urban V., about 1368. It has been held that the three crowns refer to the Holy Trinity, though that evidently could not have been the original idea, or they would not have been added one after the other, with an interval in each case of many years. Others affirm that they denote the threefold royalty of the Bishop of Rome: one being the symbol of the temporal power over the Roman States; another, the spiritual power exercised over men; and the third, the authority over all Christendom.

Punished as He Deserved.

A miser having lost a purse containing ten pounds, offered a reward of one pound to the finder. Next day a poor man presented himself with the purse, saying he had found it on the road. But the miser refused to pay the reward, insisting that the purse, which he pretended to examine very carefully, now contained only nine pounds. The poor man was advised to take the matter to court, and when the case was tried, the judge asked the miser if he had the purse with him. It was produced, and the judge ordered the clerk to count the money and whisper the amount to him. This being done, he said to the miser, "You are sure this purse contained only nine pounds when it was returned to you?" — "Yes, your Honor." — "Then this can not be your purse, for it contains ten pounds. The finder may keep it until the real owner appears."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Mr. Shane Leslie's new novel, "Doomsland," is written round the events leading up to the recent revolution in Ireland. Chatto and Windus are the publishers.

—A fine set of the famous Complutensian polyglot Bible, produced under the supervision of Cardinal Ximenes, in six folio volumes (1514-17), was sold last month in London. It came from a royal library.

—Mr. Hilaire Belloc's new book, "Sonnets and Verse," (Duckworth) includes only those poems which he wishes to preserve, though he has written three volumes of verse. The selection is varied, including epigrams, songs and fine tributes to the Faith.

—An admirably simple and concise method of practical bookkeeping, with sundry short cuts in figures, is "The Vest Pocket Book-keeper," by F. M. Payne (New York: T. J. Carey & Co.) In exceedingly brief space it imparts much that is of importance in the science of accounts.

—"Christianity and Reconstruction," a new book by the Rev. J. M. Bampton, S. J. (Sands & Co.), is described as "an attempt to indicate the lines on which reconstruction, especially in the world of Labor, would proceed, if carried out on the principles of Christian ethics, and an examination of methods proposed for the solution of the Labor Problem which involve a departure therefrom."

—The especial merit of Lady Lovat's new book, "The Church and the Christian Soul," is that it gives the cream of many treatises which are too voluminous and erudite for the generality of readers. She has rendered a distinct service, and it is a pleasure to recommend once more a book of such great excellence and usefulness. It is now for sale in this country (Price, \$2). A volume of convenient size, and nicely got up, it would be an appropriate and acceptable gift.

—Those who are interested in poetry are not justified in any way if they overlook contemporary beauty in verse-form. There is a host of singers on all sides of us, repeating in new strains the things that have always mattered, and discovering here and there something that had escaped attention. Many attempts have been made to gather into one book some of the best of modern poems. A fresh and interesting one is "Verse of Our Day," as collected by Margery Gordon and Marie B. King.

(D. Appleton & Co.) This book contains over three hundred poems by almost half as many authors. The principle of selection employed is broad and catholic enough, although not everybody will be satisfied. Personally we miss poems by Mr. Belloc, Lady Sackville, Wilfred Blunt, Irwin Russell, Helen Parry Eden and John Boyle O'Reilly, to mention just a few. In general, however, this volume will prove decidedly useful.

—Lord Charnwood, in his recent study of Lincoln, says of the famous address at Gettysburg, delivered on Nov. 19, 1863: "The few words of Abraham Lincoln were such as perhaps sank deep, but left his audience unaware that a classic had been spoken which would endure with the English language." The popular notion that this address was "dashed off" while on the way to Gettysburg is quite false; it was very carefully prepared. The first public appreciation of its beauty, strange to say, was expressed in England.

—A collection of poems, for the most part by undergraduates of the University of Notre Dame since 1917, has been brought out by the Scribblers' Club of that institution. The fifty selections are representative of the serious and excellent work which the young men have accomplished in the field of poetry. Religion, love, war, and nature in her varied moods are the chief subjects of the poems, and they are characterized by spontaneity, simplicity and felicity of expression. A creditable production in all respects is "The Scribblers' Book of Notre Dame Verse."

—"Goode's School Atlas," by J. Paul Goode, Ph. D. (Rand McNally & Co.), is a substantially bound large quarto of 149 pages thus distributed: 12 pages are given to the table of contents and preliminary advice to the student and teacher; 96 are devoted to the maps; and 40 to the very full index. The outstanding feature of this atlas is, at first view, the brightness of the coloring of the maps. Another feature which differentiates the work from others of its kind is the altogether subordinate place assigned to Mercator's projection. Among the maps worthy of particular mention are those showing climatic conditions, density of population, races of men, the great religions, paths of cyclones, world-trade divisions and regions, ocean cables, the flow of ocean commerce, steamship lines, and principal coaling and fuel oil stations. The index differs

from those of most other atlases, by referring one to the degree of latitude and that of longitude in which the particular place is situated on an indicated map. A very complete and valuable book.

—"Cures," by James Walsh, M. D., is more particularly described in the sub-title as "The Cures That Failed." The author's thesis seems to be that the cures under discussion were invariably successful whenever a patient had nothing very serious the matter with him, provided he could summon up enough belief to make himself well in spite of any objective ill-effects of the panacea. Among the means by which human credulity has thus been constituted a factor in pathology are a curious variety of drugs, fetiches, baths, harmless waters, mechanical and electrical devices, incantations, and laying on of hands. The book is up to the minute with a diverting exposition of Couéism which, it is interesting to note, is set down as a species of psycho-analysis. Dr. Walsh labors to be as serious as possible in treating the topics he takes up; but, of course, like a good many writers who are facetiously inclined, he misses an occasional opportunity of displaying restraint. However, the reader will be grateful to discover valuable scientific discussion as the flow of humor goes merrily on. D. Appleton & Co. are the publishers.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Life Everlasting." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan, D. D. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.

"The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal." Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers.) \$6.

"God or Gorilla." Alfred Watterson McCann. (Devin-Adair Co.) \$3.50.

"Christian Spirituality." Rev. P. Pourrat. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$4.20.

"The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart." Maud Monahan. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Marriage Verdict." Frank H. Spearman. (Scribner's Sons.) \$2.

"The Conversion of the Pagan World." Paolo Manna, M. Ap. (Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston.) \$1.50.

"The Life of Cornelia Connelly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." A. Member of the Society. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Secrets of the Religious Life." (Macmillan Co.) \$1.

"Carina." Isabel Clarke. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.

"The Jesuits." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. (The Encyclopedia Press.) \$6.

"The Life of Cardinal Gibbons." Allan Sinclair Will, Litt. D. Two volumes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$10.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Valentine Austin, of the archdiocese of San Francisco; and Rev. John Brislan, S. J.

Sister M. Joseph and Sister M. Xavier, of the Order of the Presentation; Sister M. Antoninus and Sister Rose Vincent, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Cyprian, Sisters I. H. M.; and Sister M. Vincent, Sisters of Mercy.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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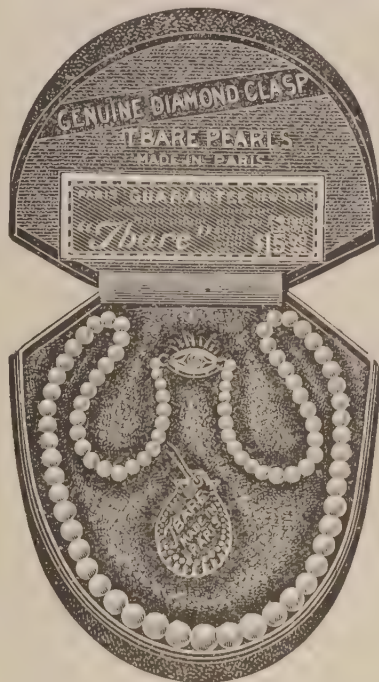
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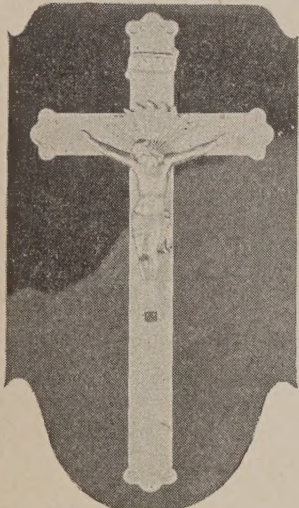
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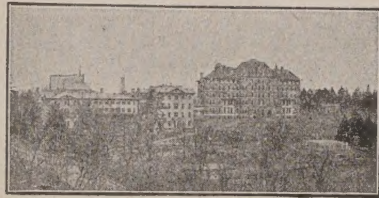
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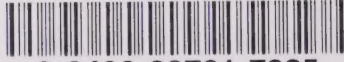
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